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THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

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— DET PRIMOS VERSIBUS ANNOS,
MÆONIUMQUE BIBAT FÆLICI PECTORE FONTEM. PETR.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,
By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.


VOLUME III.

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M DCC XCVI.





THE
EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE
I L I A D.

VOL. III.

B

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SECOND BATTLE, AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS.

JUPITER assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: *Minerva* only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; *Jupiter* on mount *Ida* weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. *Nestor* alone continues in the field in great danger; *Diomed* relieves him; whose exploits and those of *Heſtor*, are excellently described. *Juno* endeavours to animate *Neptune* to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of *Teucer*, who is at length wounded by *Heſtor*, and carried off. *Juno* and *Minerva* prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by *Iris*, sent from *Jupiter*. The night puts an end to the battle. *Heſtor* continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reembarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

HOMER, like most of the Greeks, is thought to have travelled into Ægypt, and brought from the priests there, not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in fables and hieroglyphicks. This is necessary to be considered by those who would thoroughly penetrate into the beauty and design of many parts of this author : for whoever reflects that this was the mode of learning in those times, will make no doubt but there are several mysteries both of natural and moral philosophy involved in his fictions, which otherwise in the literal meaning appear too trivial or irrational; and it is but just, when these are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that something of this kind may be hid under them. Nevertheless, as Homer travelled not with a direct view of writing philosophy or theology, so he might often use these hieroglyphical fables and traditions as embellishments of his poetry only, without taking the pains to open their mystical meaning to his readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himself. P.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.
The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke; 5
The Heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke.

Celestial states, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear;

Ver. 1.] A more faithful copy of the original arises with ease
from a correction of the old translators :

Now gay Aurora, deck'd in saffron robe,
Diffus'd her fluid radiance through the globe.

Ver. 5.] I would propose, for greater exactness and propriety,
The fire of Gods his awful silence *brake*;
The *powers with reverence listen'd*, as he *spake*.

Ver. 7.] Or, more faithfully to the text,
Ye Gods and Goddeses, attentive hear,
What my fix'd will inclines me to declare.

The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move;
 Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye pow'rs! approve!
 What God but enters yon' forbidden field, 11
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n:
 Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown, 15
 Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,

*Let none impede the purpose of my soul,
 Or dare Jove's sovereign mandates to controul;
 My acts shall speed. Who succour dares to yield
 To Greeks or Trojans in the martial field,
 Back to the skies with shame shall he be driv'n,
 Mark'd with disgraceful stripes, the scorn of heav'n.*

Ver. 16. *Low in the dark Tartarean gulf, &c.*] This opinion of Tartarus, the place of torture for the impious after death, might be taken from the Ægyptians: for it seems not improbable, as some writers have observed, that some tradition might then be spread in the Eastern parts of the world, of the fall of the angels, the punishment of the damned, and other sacred truths, which were afterwards more fully explained and taught by the prophets and apostles. These Homer seems to allude to in this and other passages; as where Vulcan is said to be precipitated from heaven in the first book, where Jupiter threatens Mars with Tartarus in the fifth, and where the Dæmon of Discord is cast out of heaven in the nineteenth. Virgil has translated a part of these lines in the sixth Æneid:

“ ————— Tum Tartarus ipse
 “ Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras,
 “ Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.”

And Milton in his first book:

As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' ethereal world. 20
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;
 And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
 League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove:
 Let down our golden everlasting chain, 25
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth,
 and main:

It may not be unpleasing just to observe the gradation in these three great poets, as if they had vied with each other, in extending this idea of the depth of hell. Homer says as far, Virgil twice as far, Milton thrice.

P.

Ver. 17.] With less innovation thus:

*There fast enclosed by adamantine doors,
 And stretch'd out hopeless on the brazen floors.*

Ver. 25. *Let down our golden everlasting chain.*] The various opinions of the ancients concerning this passage are collected by Eustathius. Jupiter says, *If he holds this chain of gold, the force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down, but he can draw up them, the seas, and the earth, and cause the whole universe to hang unactive.* Some think that Jupiter signifies the *Æther*, the golden chain the *Sun*: if the *Æther* did not temper the rays of the sun as they pass through it, his beams would not only drink up and exhale the ocean in vapours, but also exhale the moisture from the veins of the earth, which is the cement that holds it together: by which means the whole creation would become unactive, and all its power suspended.

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
 To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to earth:
 Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land; 30

Others affirm, that by this golden chain may be meant the days of the world's duration, *ἡμέρας αἰῶνος*, which are as it were painted by the lustre of the sun, and follow one another in a successive chain till they arrive at their final period: while Jupiter or the *Æther* (which the ancients called the soul of all things) still remains unchanged.

Plato, in his *Theætetus* says, that by this golden chain is meant the sun, whose rays enliven all nature, and cement the parts of the universe.

The Stoicks will have it, that by Jupiter is implied destiny, which over-rules every thing both upon, and above the earth.

Others (delighted with their own conceits) imagine that Homer intended to represent the excellence of monarchy; that the sceptre ought to be swayed by one hand, and that all the wheels of government should be put in motion by one person.

But I fancy a much better interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great reason to believe) that the *Ægyptians* understood the true system of the world, and that *Pythagoras* first learned it from them. They held that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitation upon the sun, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer*; and sometimes by the sun (as *Macrobius* informs us) is meant Jupiter himself: we see too, that the most prevailing opinion of antiquity fixes it to the *sun*; so that I think it will be no strained interpretation to say, that by the inability of the Gods to pull Jupiter out of his place with this *Catena*, may be understood the superior attractive force of the sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the rest of the planets toward him. P.

Ver. 26.] This line is an additional comment of the translator, who has exhibited this speech with a true sublimity, worthy alike of his author and the subject.

I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
 For such I reign unbounded and above;
 And such are men, and Gods, compar'd to Jove.
 Th'Almighty spoke, nor durst the pow'rs reply,
 A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky; 36
 Trembling they stood before their sovereign's
 look;
 At length his best-belov'd, the pow'r of Wisdom,
 spoke.

Oh first and greatest! God, by Gods ador'd!
 We own thy might, our father and our lord! 40

Ver. 35. *The Almighty spoke.*] Homer in this whole passage plainly shews his belief of one supreme, omnipotent God, whom he introduces with a majesty and superiority worthy the great ruler of the universe. Accordingly Justin Martyr cites it as a proof of our author's attributing the power and government of all things to one first God, whose divinity is so far superiour to all other Deities, that if compared to him, they may be ranked among mortals. *Admon. ad Gentes.* Upon this account, and with the authority of that learned father, I have ventured to apply to Jupiter, in this place, such appellatives as are suitable to the supreme Deity: a practice I would be cautious of using in many other passages, where the notions and descriptions of our author must be owned to be unworthy of the divinity. P.

Our poet, however, should have recollected, that it was the duty of a faithful translator to exhibit Homer in the dress of his own fancy, or rather that of the times, which he described; not *tricks and frounce* in the garb of modern theologians. The representation of men and manners in such remote antiquity constitutes one of the most valuable circumstances of the Iliad and Odyssey to a philosophical observer.

Ver. 39. *Oh first and greatest! &c.*] Homer is not only to be

Rapt by th' æthereal steeds the chariot roll'd;
 Braß were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
 Of heav'n's undrossy gold the God's array
 Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.
 High on the throne he shines: his coursers fly 55
 Between th' extended earth and starry sky.
 But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
 (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
 Where o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
 His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd: 60
 There, from his radiant car, the sacred Sire
 Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire:
 Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd;
 High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd;

He plies: the coursers fly with willing speed
 Between the globe of earth and stars of heaven.

Ver. 61.] I would propose a less diffuse exhibition of the passage, with fewer interpolations, as follows:

The fire of Gods and mortals there unbound
 His steeds, and pour'd a night of vapours round:
 Throned on the summits, in celestial joy,
 The ships of Greece surveys, and towers of Troy.

Or, as the phrase to *place a seat* in ver. 64. is scarcely proper, when a person sits down on the ground, this couplet might be thus corrected, so as to preserve an important thought of the original:

A veil of mists th' immortal steeds enclose:
 He on the top his seat triumphant chose.

Literally thus:

There stopt his steeds the fire of men and gods,
 Loos'd from the car, and pour'd thick air around.
 He on the tops in bliss exulting fate,
 And view'd the walls of Troy and ships of Greece.

Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas. 66

Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy rous'd as soon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay. 70

Ver. 65.] The rhymes are incongruous; and the version just given will point out the variation of this fine couplet from the original. Our poet had Dryden in view, *Æn.* x. 3.

Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all *th' inferior world*:

and again at *Æn.* xi. 1070.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,
With *his broad eye surveys* th' unequal fight.

Might Pope be adjusted thus?

Thron'd in triumphant state, he views from far
The fleet, Troy's turrets, and the field of war.

Ver. 69. *For on this dreadful day The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.*] It may be necessary to explain, why the Trojans thought themselves obliged to fight in order to defend their wives and children. One would think they might have kept within their walls; the Grecians made no attempt to batter them, neither were they invested; and the country was open on all sides except towards the sea, to give them provisions. The most natural thought is, that they and their auxiliaries being very numerous, could not subsist but from a large country about them: and perhaps not without the sea, and the rivers, where the Greeks encamped: that in time the Greeks would have surrounded them, and blocked up every avenue to their town: that they thought themselves obliged to defend the country with all the inhabitants of it, and that indeed at first this was rather a war between two nations, and became not properly a siege till afterwards. P.

Ogilby, by the help of a little amendment, will reflect no unpleasing image of the original:

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
 Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:
 Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling
 ground;
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
 And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,
 To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd, 76
 Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
 The founding darts in iron tempest flew,
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise; 80

The valiant Trojans, though *in number few*,
Their arms put on, the battle to renew;
 Compell'd by dire necessity their lives
 To venture for their children and their wives.

Ver. 71. *The gates unfolding, &c.*] There is a wonderful sublimity in these lines; one sees in the description the gates of a warlike city thrown open, and an army pouring forth: and hears the trampling of men and horses rushing to the battle.

These verses are, as Eustathius observes, only a repetition of a former passage; which shews that the poet was particularly pleased with them, and that he was not ashamed of a repetition, when he could not express the same image more happily than he had already done. P.

Ver. 74.] An addition to the original is found in the latter clause of this verse, which might be suggested by Ogilby:

——— shouts scale heav'n's crysfall arch.

Ver. 80.] Much in the same manner, Addison in his Campaign:

Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound.

With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
 Long as the morning beams encreasing bright,
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light;
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds, 85
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
 But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends;
 The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends,

Ver. 84. *The sacred light.*] Homer describing the advance of the day from morning till noon, calls it *ιερον*, or sacred, says Eustathius, who gives this reason for it, because that part of the day was allotted to sacrifice and religious worship. P.

Every thing peculiarly magnificent, eminently great and useful, or calculated to impress unusual admiration, was stiled *sacred* by the ancients, as if more particularly declaratory of the great properties inherent in the Divinity.

Ver. 85.] Ogilby has,

Commutuall javelins equally did gall.

But I would propose a closer and more faithful representation of this passage:

With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
 And *Greeks and Trojans* swell the *purple* tide.
While morning beam'd, while grew the sacred day,
Spears flew, both fell; and equal was the fray.

Ver. 88. *The sire of Gods his golden scales suspends.*] This figure representing God as weighing the destinies of men in his balances, was first made use of in holy writ. In the book of Job, which is acknowledged to be one of the most ancient of the scriptures, he prays to be *weighed in an even balance, that God may know his integrity*. Daniel declares from God to Balshazzar, *thou art weighed in the balances, and found light*. And Proverbs, ch. xvi. ver. 11. *A just weight and balance are the Lord's*. Our author has it again in the twenty-second Iliad, and it appeared so beautiful to succeeding poets, that Æschylus (as we are told by Plutarch de aud.

With equal hand: in these explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty
weight.

90

Poetis) writ a whole tragedy upon this foundation, which he called *Psychoſtaſia*, or the *weighing of ſouls*. In this he introduced Thetis and Aurora ſtanding on either ſide of Jupiter's ſcales, and praying each for her ſon, while the heroes fought.

Καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατρὸς ἐτίτανε τάλαντα,
Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε ταναηλέος θανάτοιο,
Ἐλκε δὲ μίσσα λαῶων: ῥέπει δ' αἰσιμον ἡμᾶς ἀχαιῶν.

It has been copied by Virgil in the laſt *Æneid*:

“ Jupiter ipſe duas æquato examine lances
“ Suſtinet, & fata imponit diverſa duorum:
“ Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.”

I cannot agree with Madam Dacier that theſe verſes are inferior to Homer's; but Macrobius obſerves with ſome colour, that the application of them is not ſo juſt as in our author; for Virgil had made Juno ſay before, that Turnus would certainly periſh:

“ Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fatiſ,
“ Parcarumque dies & viſ inimica propinquat.”

So that there was leſs reaſon for weighing his fate with that of *Æneas* after that declaration. Scaliger trifles miſerably, when he ſays Juno might have learned this from the fates, though Jupiter did not know it, before he conſulted them by weighing the ſcales. But Macrobius's excuſe in behalf of Virgil is much better worth regard: I ſhall tranſcribe it entire, as it is perhaps the fineſt period in all that author. *Hæc & alia ignoſcenda Virgilio, qui ſtudii circa Homerum nimietate excedit modum. Et revera non poterat non in aliquibus minor videri, qui per omnem poeſim ſuam hoc uno eſt præcipuè uſus archetypo. Acriter enim in Homerum oculos intendit, ut æmularetur ejus non modo magnitudinem ſed & ſimplicitatem, & præſentiam orationis, & tacitam majeſtatem. Hinc diverſarum inter heroas ſuas perſonarum varia magnificatio, hinc Deorum interpoſitio, hinc autoritas fabuloſa, hinc affectuum naturalium expreſſio, hinc monumentorum perſecutio, hinc parabolæ exaggeratio, hinc torrentis orationis ſonitus, hinc rerum ſingularum cum ſplendore faſtigium. Sat. l. v. c. 13.*

Prefs'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
 Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies.
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;

As to the ascent or descent of the scales, Eustathius explains it in this manner. The descent of the scale toward earth signifies unhappiness and death, the earth being the place of misfortune and mortality; the mounting of it signifies prosperity and life, the superiour regions being the seats of felicity and immortality.

Milton has admirably improved upon this fine fiction, and with an alteration agreeable to a christian poet. He feigns that the Almighty weighed Satan in such scales, but judiciously makes this difference, that the mounting of his scale denoted ill success; whereas the same circumstance in Homer points the victory. His reason was, because Satan was immortal, and therefore the sinking of his scale could not signify death, but the mounting of it did his *lightness*, conformable to the expression we just now cited from Daniel :

Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
 Between Astræa and the Scorpion sign:
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
 In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
 Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight:
 The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam.

I believe upon the whole this may with justice be preferred both to Homer's and Virgil's, on account of the beautiful allusion to the sign of Libra in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it since; so correspondent at once to philosophy, and to the style of the scriptures. P.

Ver. 93. *Then Jove from Ida's top, &c.*] This distress of the Greeks being supposed, Jupiter's presence was absolutely necessary to bring them into it: for the inferiour Gods that were friendly to Greece were rather more in number and superiour in force to those

Thick light'nings flash; the mutt'ring thunder
 rolls ; 95
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.

that favoured Troy; and the poet had shewed before, when both armies were left to themselves, that the Greeks could overcome the Trojans; besides, it would have been an indelible reflection upon his countrymen to have been vanquished by a smaller number. Therefore nothing less than the immediate interposition of Jupiter was requisite, which shews the wonderful address of the poet in his machinery. Virgil makes Turnus say in the last *Æneid*,

“ ——— Dii me terrent & Jupiter hostis.”

And indeed this defeat of the Greeks seems more to their glory than all their victories, since even Jupiter's omnipotence could with difficulty effect it. P.

Our translator has given scope to his heated imagination by expanding his author to a double extent, in a noble effusion of poetic beauties. But his genius might have preserved the sublimity of the original with less amplification of the thoughts :

Then Jove from Ida thunders : flash his skies
 Streams of red light'ning in the Græcian eyes.
 A livid paleness seizes every face ;
 Black horrors chill their blood, and strength unbrace.

Ver. 95. *Thick light'nings flash.*] This notion of Jupiter's declaring against the Greeks by thunder and lightening, is drawn (says Dacier) from truth itself: 1 Sam. ch. vii. *And as Samuel was offering up the burnt-offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them, and they were smitten before Israel.* To which may be added, that in the eighteenth Psalm *The Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them; he shot out lightnings and discomfited them.*

Upon occasion of the various successes given by Jupiter, now to Grecians, now to Trojans, whom he suffers to perish interchange-

Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
The God in terrours, and the skies on fire.

ably; some have fancied this supposition injurious to the nature of the Sovereign Being, as representing him variable or inconstant in his rewards and punishments. It may be answered, that as God makes use of some people to chastise others, and none are totally void of crimes, he often decrees to punish those very persons for lesser sins, whom he makes his instruments to punish others for greater: so purging them from their own iniquities, before they become worthy to be chastisers of other men's. This is the case of the Greeks here, whom Jupiter permits to suffer many ways, though he had destined them to revenge the rape of Helen upon Troy. There is a history in the bible just of this nature. In the twentieth chapter of Judges, the Israelites are commanded to make war against the tribe of Benjamin, to punish a rape on the wife of a Levite, committed in the city of Gibeah: when they have laid siege to the place, the Benjamites sally upon them with so much vigour, that a great number of the besiegers are destroyed: they are astonished at these defeats, as having undertaken the siege in obedience to the command of God: but they are still ordered to persist, till at length they burn the city, and almost extinguish the race of Benjamin. There are many instances in scripture, where heaven is represented to change its decrees according to the repentance or relapses of men: Hezekias is ordered to prepare for death, and afterwards fifteen years are added to his life. It is foretold to Ahab, that he should perish miserably, and then upon his humiliation God defers the punishment till the reign of his successor, &c.

I must confess, that in comparing passages of the sacred books with our author, one ought to use a great deal of caution and respect. If there are some places in scripture that in compliance to human understanding represent the Deity as acting by motives like those of men; there are infinitely more that shew him as he is, all perfection, justice, and beneficence; whereas in Homer the general tenour of the poem represents Jupiter as a Being subject to passion, inequality, and imperfection. I think M. Dacier has carried these comparisons too far, and is too zealous to defend him upon every occasion in the points of theology and doctrine. P.

Nor great Idomeneus that fight could bear,
 Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war: 100
 Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd;
 Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
 Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
 Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part; 104
 Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain:
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
 Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed, 110

Ver. 96.] Thus Milton, Par. Lost. vi. 851:

One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurs'd, that *wither'd all their strength*.

Ver. 100.] This title of these heroes is not in Homer, but introduced by the translator from Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 843:

———— *geminos, duo fulmina belli,*
 Scipiadas:

(where Dryden renders,

The Scipios' worth, those *thunderbolts of war*;))

who found it in his master Lucretius, iii. 1048.

Scipiades, *belli fulmen*, Carthaginis horror,
 Ossa dedit terræ proindè ac famul infimus esset.

Scipio, *the thunderbolt of war*, the dread
 Of Carthage, like the meanest slave, lies dead.

Ver. 106.] The term *stung* seems scarcely forcible enough in this application; but our poet found it in Chapman:

The hurt was deadly, and the pain so sore the courser *stung*—.

When dreadful Hector, thund'ring thro' the war,
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand
 The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,
 But Diomed beheld; from forth the croud 115
 He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud.

Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run?
 Oh flight unworthy great Laërtes' son!
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
 Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound? 120
 Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage
 The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.

Ver. 115. *But Diomed beheld.*] The whole following story of Nestor and Diomed is admirably contrived to raise the character of the latter. He maintains his intrepidity, and ventures singly to bring off the old hero, notwithstanding the general consternation. The art of Homer will appear wonderful to any one who considers all the circumstances of this part, and by what degrees he reconciles this flight of Diomed to that undaunted character. The thunderbolt falls just before him; that is not enough; Nestor advises him to submit to heaven; this does not prevail, he cannot bear the thoughts of flight: Nestor drives back the chariot without his consent; he is again inclined to go on, till Jupiter again declares against him. These two heroes are very artfully placed together, because none but a person of Nestor's authority and wisdom could have prevailed upon Diomed to retreat: a younger warrior could not so well in honour have given him such counsel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cause Diomed to fly, required both the counsel of Nestor, and the thunder of Jupiter. P.

Ver. 121. *Oh turn and save, &c.*] There is a decorum in making Diomed call Ulysses to the assistance of his brother sage; for who better knew the importance of Nestor than Ulysses? But the question is, whether Ulysses did not drop Nestor, as one great

His fruitless words are lost unheard in air;
 Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
 But bold Tydides to the rescue goes, 125
 A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;
 Before the coursers with a sudden spring
 He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king.

Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
 These younger champions will oppress thy might.
 Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow, 131
 Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.
 Then haste, ascend my feat, and from the car
 Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,

minister would do another, and fancied he should be the wise man when the other was gone? Eustathius indeed is of opinion that Homer meant not to cast any aspersion on Ulysses, nor would have given him so many noble appellations, when in the same breath he reflected upon his courage. But perhaps the contrary opinion may be ill-grounded, if we observe the manner of Homer's expression. Diomed called Ulysses, but Ulysses was deaf, he *did not hear*; and whereas the poet says of the rest, that they had not the hardiness to stay, Ulysses is not only said to *fly*, but *παρῖσθεν*, to make *violent haste* towards the navy. Ovid at least understood it thus, for he puts an objection in Ajax's mouth, Metam. xiii. drawn from this passage, which would have been improper, had not Ulysses made more speed than he ought: since Ajax on the same occasion retreated as well as he. P.

Ver. 131.] In translating these verses our poet might glance on Ogilby:

Your strength is much decay'd, you aged grow;
 Your charioteer is weak, your horses slow,

Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 135
 To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
 These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;
 Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:
 With these against yon' Trojans will we go,
 Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe; 140
 Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
 The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,
 Approves his counsel, and ascends the car:
 The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold; 145
 Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:
 The rev'rend charioteer directs the course,
 And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.

Ver. 135.] This is excellently rendered; and with a little correction Ogilby in this passage rises also into excellence:

How here and there they wheel, and through the plains
 Or fly, or follow, *as I rule the reins.*

Ver. 142. *The thirsty fury of my flying spear.*] Homer has figures of that boldness which it is impossible to preserve in another language. The words in the original are *Δόρυ μάλινται*, *Hector shall see if my spear is mad in my hands.* The translation pretends only to have taken some shadow of this, in animating the spear, giving it *fury*, and strengthening the figure with the epithet *thirsty*. P.

Ver. 148.] As the ornamental part of this verse is asciticious, and to speak of one *horse* only is inaccurate, and a mere accommodation to the rhyme, the following attempt may not be thought unseasonable:

The reverend chief the studded reins receives,
 And whip; the combat to Tydides leaves. 1

Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
 Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear. 150
 The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
 But plung'd in Eniopeus' bosom lay.
 His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;
 The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the
 plain.

Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd, 155
 Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field;
 Till to supply his place and rule the car,
 Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
 And now had death and horror cover'd all;
 Like tim'rous flocks the Trojans in their wall 160

Ver. 152.] He follows the vicious pronunciation of Chapman:
 His javeline Eniopeus smit, mightie Thebæus sonne.

Ver. 153.] More faithfully thus:
 Headlong he falls; the steeds, without controul,
 Start back; and vital strength forsakes his soul.

Ver. 155.] Our translator is concise. The literal sense of
 Homer appears in Chapman:

Hector had deep remorse
 Of his mishap; yet left he him, and for another fought.
 Not long his steeds did want a guide: for straight good fortune
 brought
 Bold Archeptolemus, whose life did from Iphytis spring.

Ver. 159. *And now had death, &c.*] Eustathius observes how
 wonderfully Homer still advances the character of Diomed: when
 all the leaders of Greece were retreated, the poet says that had not

Inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful sound
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
 Full in Tydides' face the light'ning flew;
 The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;

Jupiter interposed, Diomed alone had driven the whole army of Troy to their walls, and with his single hand have vanquished an army. P.

Perhaps, thus:

Now death and *havoc* had *their fury spent*;
 Like *lamb*s, the Trojans in their *ramparts pent*;
 But Jove *observant*, with *terrific* sound
Brandish'd bright thunder *through* the vast profound.

Ver. 164. *The ground before him flam'd.*] Here is a battle described with so much fire, that the warmest imagination of an able painter cannot add a circumstance to heighten the surprise or horror of the picture. Here is what they call the fracas, or hurry and tumult of the action in the utmost strength of colouring, upon the foreground: and the *repose* or *solemnity* at a distance, with great propriety and judgement. First, in the *eloignement*, we behold Jupiter in golden armour, surrounded with glory, upon the summit of mount Ida; his chariot and horses by him, wrapt in dark clouds. In the next place below the horizon, appear the clouds rolling and opening, through which the lightening flashes in the face of the Greeks, who are flying on all sides; Agamemnon and the rest of the commanders in the rear, in postures of astonishment. Towards the middle of the piece, we see Nestor in the utmost distress, one of his horses having a deadly wound in the forehead with a dart, which makes him rear and writhe, and disorder the rest. Nestor is cutting the harness with his sword, while Hector advances driving full speed. Diomed interposes, in an action of the utmost fierceness and intrepidity: these two heroes make the principal figures and subject of the picture. A burning thunderbolt falls just before the feet of Diomed's horses, from whence a horrid flame of sulphur rises.

This is only a specimen of a single picture designed by Homer, out of the many with which he has beautified the Iliad. And

The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the fight; 165
 And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright;
 He drop'd the reins; and shook with sacred dread,
 Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed.

O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
 Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence. 170
 This day, averse, the sov'reign of the skies
 Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.
 Some other sun may see the happier hour,
 When Greece shall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.
 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move: 175
 The great will glory to submit to Jove.

indeed every thing is so natural and so lively, that the history-painter would generally have no more to do, but to delineate the forms, and copy the circumstances, just as he finds them described by this great master. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been so often said, of Homer's furnishing ideas to the most famous painters of antiquity. P.

Ver. 165.] I would borrow an epithet from Chapman, and hazard an attempt to emulate the significant elegance of the original:

The *dazzled* steeds *covr'd trembling* at the fight.

For the true sense of the verb in Homer, the learned reader may consult my notes on the Hercules Furens of Euripides, vv. 976, 987.

Ver. 166.] Not unlike Ogilby:

Old *Nestor's trembling hands* the reins forsake.

Ver. 175.] Chapman may be chastised into a closer resemblance to their original:

Let no man tempt his unresisted will;
 Though *great his strength, yet Jove* exceeds him still.

O rev'rend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But ah, what grief! should haughty Hector boast,
 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast. 180
 Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
 O'erwhelm me Earth; and hide a warrior's
 shame.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus reply'd:
 Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
 Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast?
 Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host, 186
 Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;
 Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
 That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.
 He said, and hasty, o'er the gasping throng 190
 Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along,
 The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
 The storm of hissing jav'ins pours behind.

Ver. 179.] Ogilby has preserved the sprightliness of Homer,
 and is not contemptible with trifling alteration:

Should Hector boasting *to his* Trojans say,
 "I made their brave Tydides run away,
 "And *could* their champion *to the* navy drive:"
 Ah! may the earth first swallow me alive!

Ver. 193.] The rudiments of this fine verse are probably found
 in Chapman's translation:

And *pour'd* on darts, that made *aire sigh*.

Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
 Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies.
 Go, mighty hero! grac'd above the rest 196
 In seats of council and the sumptuous feast:
 Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
 Go, less than woman in the form of man!
 To scale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames,
 To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames, 201
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince!
 are fled;
 This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee
 dead.

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
 To stop his courfers, and to stand the fight; 205

Ver. 194. *The solid skies.*] Homer sometimes calls the heavens *braken*, Οὐρανὸν πολύχαλκον, and Jupiter's palace, χαλκοβατὶς δῶ. One might think from hence that the notion of the *solidity of the heavens*, which is indeed very ancient, had been generally received. The scripture uses expressions agreeable to it, *A heaven of brass*, and the *firmament*. P.

Ver. 195.] When Virgil says in his battle of the bulls, in the midst of silence and expectation,

—— reboant silvæque et magnus Olympus,

The woods and skies rebellow to the sound;

he pusht poetical license to the extremity of critical indulgence; but we read with delight such a noble enthusiasm in a description of genuine sublimity. Whether, amidst this *clamour* of battle, we can allow the hyperbole before us to the voice of a single *man*, though that man be Hector, let profaner critics than myself determine. We must remember, however, that Homer is not responsible, in this case; but the vehemence of his translator, who invented ver. 194.

Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's summits thunder'd from above.

Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,
(The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight.

Hear ev'ry Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band, 210
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame. 215
In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their flighted trench our steeds shall
bound;

And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
Soon as before yon' hollow ships we stand, 220
Fight each with flames, and tofs the blazing brand;

Ver. 214. *Heard ye the voice of Jove?*] It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the troops, by telling them that God was surely on their side: this, it seems, has been an ancient practice, as it has been used in modern times by those who never read Homer. P.

Ver. 215.] This is too much exaggerated: I should prefer
————— on Greece, *defeat and shame*.

Ogilby is good, with very trivial alteration: and, in general, with a few protuberances smoothed, and gaps filled up, he would put on a very tolerable appearance:

On us kind Jove will victory bestow;
Our's is the glory; their's, disgrace and woe.

Till their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke.
Now Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the
chace, 226

And thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.

Ver. 222.] Homely Chapman conveys no imperfect notion of the force of his original:

For I will all their ships inflame; with whose infestive smoke
Fear shrunke and hidden neare their keels, the conquer'd Greeks
shall choke.

Ver. 226. *Now Xanthus, Æthon, &c.*] There have been criticks who blame this manner, introduced by Homer and copied by Virgil, of making a hero address his discourse to his horses. Virgil has given human sentiments to the horse of Pallas, and made him weep for the death of his master. In the tenth Æneid, Mezentius speaks to his horse in the same manner as Hector does here. Nay, he makes Turnus utter a speech to his spear, and invoke it as a divinity. All this is agreeable to the art of oratory, which makes it a precept to speak to every thing, and make every thing speak; of which there are innumerable applauded instances in the most celebrated orators. Nothing can be more spirited and affecting than this enthusiasm of Hector, who, in the transport of his joy at the sight of Diomed flying before him, breaks out into this apostrophe to his horses, as he is pursuing. And indeed the air of this whole speech is agreeable to a man drunk with the hopes of success, and promising himself a series of conquests. He has in imagination already forced the Grecian retrenchments, set the fleet in flames, and destroyed the whole army. P.

For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand, ²³⁰
 Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand;
 For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,
 So oft has steep'd the strength'ning grain in wine.
 Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroull'd;
 Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold; ²³⁵

Ver. 232. *For this, my spouse.*] There is, says M. Dacier, a secret beauty in this passage, which perhaps will only be perceived by those who are particularly versed in Homer. He describes a princess so tender in her love to her husband, that she takes care constantly to go and meet him at his return from every battle; and in the joy of seeing him again, runs to his horses, and gives them bread and wine as a testimony of her acknowledgment to them for bringing him back. Notwithstanding the raillery that may be past upon this remark, I take a lady to be the best judge to what actions a woman may be carried by fondness to her husband. Homer does not expressly mention bread, but wheat; and the commentators are not agreed whether she gave them wine to drink, or steeped the grain in it. Hobbes translates it as I do. P.

Ver. 233.] After this verse our translator omits one of his original, thus literally rendered by Chapman:

Still serving you before my selfe, her husband young and deare.

Ver. 234.] This, perhaps, borders on extravagance. Thus?

Now swift pursue, *with ardour* uncontroull'd.

Ver. 235.] Our poet here omits some circumstances of his author, which he could have exhibited with ease in such numbers as his own muse alone could furnish: the subject too suited his luxuriant imagination, and his disposition to amplify and embellish. Ogilby has succeeded very well on this occasion:

Whose fame surmounts the skies; whose wond'rous mold
 With belt and buckles are of massie gold.

As it was the practice of our translator to compose in all places and on every occasion, and to write his distichs on any scrap of paper, which he happened to have about him, when thoughts presented

From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
 These if we gain, then victory, ye pow'rs!
 This night, this glorious night, the fleet is
 ours.

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's
 foul; 240
 She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
 And thus to Neptune: Thou, whose force can
 make
 The steadfast Earth from her foundations shake,
 See'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress,
 Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast? 245

themselves to his imagination; some adverse wind may have dispersed the *Sibyl* leaf, on which the couplet in question might be written, and have swept it to oblivion.

Ver. 236.] The phrase *costly load* may be thought a forced supplement to eke the verse and accommodate the rhyme: and who is Tydeus?

From great Tydides tear the costly spoil,
 His breast-plate, wrought by Vulcan's curious toil.

Ver. 237. *Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.*] These were the arms that Diomed had received from Glaucus, and a prize worthy Hector, being (as we are told in the sixth book) entirely of gold. I do not remember any other place where the shield of Nestor is celebrated by Homer. P.

Ver. 241.] This beautiful verse, so true to the original, he modelled by Ogilby:

Shaking her throne, which all Olympus shook.

Yet Ægæ, Helicè, thy pow'r obey,
 And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.
 Would all the Deities of Greece combine,
 In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine:
 Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend,
 And see his Trojans to the shades descend. 251
 Such be the scene from his Idæan bow'r;
 Ungrateful prospect to the fullen pow'r!

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
 What rage, what madness, furious Queen! is
 thine? 255

I war not with the Highest. All above
 Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Ver. 246. *Yet Ægæ, Helicè.*] These were two cities of Greece, in which Neptune was particularly honoured, and in each of which there was a temple and a statue of him. P.

Ver. 248.] Our translator here omits some things, and interpolates others. Hobbes is tolerably successful, but Mr. Cowper, of all the translators, conveys the truest likeness of the original:

Whom therefore thou should'st prosper. Would we all
 Who favour Greece, associate to repulse
 The Trojans, and to check loud-thund'ring Jove,
 On Ida seated he might lour alone.

Ver. 256.] Ogilby's version, with trifling chastisement, will not be unacceptable to the reader; and, on account of its fidelity, will point out the deviations and omissions of Pope:

"His single strength is more than all our force."
 Thus did these gods amongst themselves discourse.
 The space betwixt the fleet and trench's banks
 Was full of foot and horse in armed ranks;

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless
might

Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd
shields. 261

Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet. 265
The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command. 269

Pent up by Hector, like the martial god:
On him that day such honour Jove bestow'd!
And he, no question, had their navie fir'd,
But that heav'n's queen the *king of men* inspir'd
Once more with *words persuasive* to excite
His fainting army, and renew the fight.
He to their tents and ships *directs his way*;
His royall hands a purple vest *display*.

Ver. 262. *Where the deep trench.*] That is to say, the space betwixt the ditch and the wall was filled with the men and chariots of the Greeks: Hector not having yet past the ditch. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 269. *His purple robe.*] Agamemnon here addresses himself to the eyes of the army; his voice might have been lost in the confusion of a retreat, but the motion of this purple robe could not fail of attracting the regards of the soldiers. His speech also is very remarkable; he first endeavours to shame them into courage,

High on the midmost bark the king appear'd ;
 There, from Ulysses' deck, his voice was heard :
 To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
 Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
 Oh Argives ! shame of human race ; he cry'd,
 (The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd) 275
 Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
 Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore ?
 Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
 While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows ;
 But who to meet one martial man is found, 280
 When the fight rages, and the flames surround ?

and then begs of Jupiter to give that courage success ; at least so far as not to suffer the whole army to be destroyed. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 270. *High on the midmost bark, &c.*] We learn from hence the situation of the ships of Ulysses, Achilles, and Ajax. The two latter being the strongest heroes of the army, were placed to defend either end of the fleet, as most obnoxious to the incursions or surprises of the enemy ; and Ulysses being the ablest head, was allotted the middle place, as more safe and convenient for the council, and that he might be the nearer, if any emergency required his advice. Eustathius, Spondanus. P.

Ver. 273.] The reason assigned by Homer, for this station of Ajax and Achilles at the extremities, is passed over by our poet, but is thus literally rendered by Ogilby :

Confiding in their courage and their hands.

Ver. 275.] This is a gratuitous insertion, and, in my judgment, a puerile insertion, by the translator. He might have found something much superiour to the following attempt, and equally consonant to his author :

Oh ! Argives, shame of human race ; he cry'd :
 An outside beauty is your only pride.

Compare Rape of the Lock, iv. 96.

O mighty Jove! oh fire of the distress'd!
 Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?
 With pow'r immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
 My glory ravish'd, and my people slain! 285
 To thee my vows were breath'd from ev'ry
 shore;

What altar smok'd not with our victim's gore?
 With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
 And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name. 289
 Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;
 Give these at least to 'scape from Hector's hand,
 And save the relicks of the Grecian land! }

Thus pray'd the king, and heav'n's great
 father heard

His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
 The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares, 295
 And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.
 His eagle, sacred bird of heav'n! he sent,
 A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)

Ver. 293. *Thus pray'd the king, and heav'n's great father heard.*] It is to be observed in general, that Homer hardly ever makes his heroes succeed, unless they have first offer'd a prayer to heaven. Whether they engage in war, go upon an embassy, undertake a voyage; in a word, whatever they enterprise, they almost always supplicate some God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect some adversity to befall them in the course of the story. P.

Ver. 297. *His eagle, sacred bird.*] Jupiter upon the prayers of

High o'er the wondring hoſts he ſoar'd above,
 Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove; 300
 Then let the prey before his altar fall;
 The Greeks beheld, and tranſport ſeiz'd on all:

Agamemnon ſends an omen to encourage the Greeks. The application of it is obvious: the eagle ſignified Hector, the fawn denoted the fear and flight of the Greeks, and being dropt at the altar of Jupiter, ſhewed that they would be ſaved by the protection of that God. The word Πανομφαῖος (ſays Euſtathius) has a great ſignificancy in this place. The Greeks having juſt received this happy omen from Jupiter, were offering oblations to him under the title of the *Father of Oracles*. There may alſo be a natural reaſon for this appellation, as Jupiter ſignified the Æther, which is the vehicle of all ſounds.

Virgil has a fine imitation of this paſſage, but diverſified with many more circumſtances, where he makes Juturna ſhew a prodigy of the like nature to encourage the Latins, *Æn.* xii.

“ Namque volans rubrâ fulvus Jovis ales in æthrâ,
 “ Litoreas agitabat aves, turbamque ſonantem
 “ Agminis aligeri: ſubito cùm lapſus ad undas
 “ Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
 “ Arrexere animos Itali: cunctæque volucres
 “ Convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile viſu)
 “ Ætheraque obſcurant pennis, hoſtemque per auras
 “ Factâ nube premunt: donec vi victus & ipſo
 “ Pondere defecit, prædamque ex unguibus ales
 “ Projecit fluvio, penitusque in nubila fugit.”

P.

Ver. 300.] Our poet's verſion, like thoſe of Chapman and Ogilby, would lead an unlearned reader to ſuppoſe, that the Greeks were paying their offerings on that altar at the very time; whereas Homer only ſpeaks of it, as a place, where they were *accuſtomed* to worſhip. The tranſlation might be accommodated thus:

High o'er the wond'ring hoſts he ſoar'd above;
 And, where to *mighty* Panomphæan Jove
 An altar ſtood, he let the *viſtim* fall—.

Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
 And fierce on Troy with doubled fury drive.
 Tydides first, of all the Grecian force, 305
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
 Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
 And dy'd his jav'lin red with Trojan gore.
 Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his fire)
 With flying courfers shun'd his dreadful ire: 310

Ver. 305. *Tydides first.*] Diomed, as we have before seen, was the last that retreated from the thunder of Jupiter; he is now the first that returns to the battle. It is worth while to observe the behaviour of the hero upon this occasion: he retreats with the utmost reluctance, and advances with the utmost ardour; he flies with greater impatience to meet danger, than he could before to put himself in safety. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 306.] According to his author, he should have written,

O'er the broad ditch impell'd his *rapid* horse:

but I suspect him to have consulted, on this occasion at least, the English translations only, who give no epithet; and so he found himself at liberty to invent one.

But the same objection recurs, which I have stated more than once before. The reader would suppose, that Diomed was riding a single *horse*, and not in his chariot drawn by *two*. I would, therefore, propose the following correction:

The Græcian *hosts* Tydides *foremost* leads,
 And o'er the ditch *impells* his *rapid steeds*.

Ver. 307.] The latter clause of this verse will not, I presume, be much admired for it's expression. I would venture the following amendment:

Pierc'd *where the Trojan warriors thickest stood*,
 And *first* his javelin dy'd with *hostile blood*.

Struck thro' the back, the Phrygian fell oppress;
 The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
 Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
 His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
 Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed; 315
 Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:
 Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
 And god-like Idomen, now pass the mound;
 Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
 And last, young Teucer with his bended bow. 320
 Secure behind the Telamonian shield
 The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,

Ver. 311.] *Strook*, in the first edition. *Stricken* is the proper participle of *strike*. We may substitute,

His back transfix'd, the Phrygian fell oppress.

The next verse of our translator is uncommonly beautiful and happy, even for Pope himself. The flow of numbers is not less conspicuous, than the facility of expression.

Ver. 313.] Ogilby has

————— tumbling on the ground
 His heavie corps, his ponderous arms resound.

Ver. 321. *Secure behind the Telamonian shield.*] Eustathius observes that Teucer being an excellent archer, and using only the bow, could not wear any arms which would encumber him, and render him less expedite in his archery. Homer to secure him from the enemy, represents him as standing behind Ajax's shield, and shooting from thence. Thus the poet gives us a new circumstance of a battle, and though Ajax achieves nothing himself, he maintains a superiority over Teucer: Ajax may be said to kill these Trojans with the arrows of Teucer.

With ev'ry shaft some hostile victim flew,
 Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:
 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms, 325
 Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
 Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
 Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
 Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
 Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead: 330
 The god-like Lycophon next press'd the plain,
 With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain:
 Bold Hamopæon breathless sunk to ground;
 The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art, 335
 A Trojan ghost attending ev'ry dart.
 Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:

There is also a wonderful tenderness in the simile with which he illustrates the retreat of Teucer behind the shield of Ajax: such tender circumstances soften the horrors of a battle, and diffuse a sort of serenity over the soul of the reader. P.

Chapman's version in this place is precisely faithful to it's original; and has a simplicity, which must please the reader:

He still fought under Ajax' shield, who sometime held it by,
 And then he lookt his object out, and let his arrow flie:
 And whomsoever in the preasse, he wounded, him he *slue*;
 Then under Ajax' seven-fold shield he presently *withdrew*.

Ver. 333. This couplet is wholly destitute of merit.

Ver. 337. *Great Agamemnon views.*] Eustathius observes that Homer would here teach the duty of a general in a battle. He must observe the behaviour of his soldiers: he must honour the

Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
 Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd; 340
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
 Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace,
 The vig'rous offspring of a stol'n embrace, 344
 Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame,
 And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
 Now hear a monarch's vow: If heav'n's high
 pow'rs

Give me to raze Troy's long defended tow'rs;
 Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
 The next rich honorary gift be thine: 350
 Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
 With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war;
 Or some fair captive, whom thy eyes approve,
 Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.

hero, reproach the coward, reduce the disorderly; and for the encouragement of the deserving, he must promise rewards, that desert in arms may not be paid with glory only. P.

Ver. 343. *Sprung from an alien's bed.*] Agamemnon here, in the height of his commendations of Teucer, tells him of his spurious birth; this (says Eustathius) was reckoned no disgrace among the ancients; nothing being more common than for heroes of old to take their female captives to their beds; and as such captives were then given for a reward of valour, and as a matter of glory, it could be no reproach to be descended from them. Thus Teucer (says Eustathius) was descended from Telamon and Hesione the sister of Priam, a female captive. P.

Ver. 353.] In all instances of so unpleasant a concurrence of

To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,
 Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire. 356
 What strength I have, be now in battle try'd.
 'Till ev'ry shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
 Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
 Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow; 360
 Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
 And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
 But sure some God denies me to destroy
 This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon
 flies 365
 At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:

similar sounds, I should have recourse to an emollient, supplied by the genius of our language; thus:

Or some fair captive, whom *thine* eyes approve.

Ver. 363.] I would propose, in conformity to his original,

But *vain is every effort* to destroy
 This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.

And the learned reader may find the term here criticised by our poet, illustrated in my note on the *Hercules furens* of Euripides, ver. 419.

Ver. 364. *This dog of Troy.*] This is literal from the Greek, and I have ventured it, as no improper expression of the rage of Teucer, for having been so often disappointed in his aim, and of his passion against that enemy, who had so long prevented all the hopes of the Grecians. Milton was not scrupulous of imitating even these, which the modern refiners call unmannerly strokes of our author, (who knew to what extremes human passions might proceed, and was not ashamed to copy them.) He has put this very expression into the mouth of God himself, who upon beholding

He mis'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's
 heart,
 And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.
 (Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
 This offspring added to King Priam's line.) 370
 As full-blown poppies, over-charg'd with rain,
 Decline the head, and drooping kifs the plain;

the havock which *Sin* and *Death* made in the world, is moved in his indignation to cry out,

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance! P.

Ver. 365.] A couplet ingeniously formed from these words of his author:

He said, and from the string another shaft
 At Hector sent, eager to strike the chief.

Ver. 367. *He mis'd the mark.*] These words, says Eustathius, are very artfully inserted; the reader might wonder why so skilful an archer should so often miss his mark, and it was necessary that Teucer should miss Hector, because Homer could not falsify the history: this difficulty he removes by the intervention of Apollo, who wasts the arrow aside from him: the poet does not tell us that this was done by the hand of a God, till the arrow of Teucer came so near Hector as to kill his charioteer, which made some such contrivance necessary. P.

Ver. 371. *As full-blown poppies.*] The simile is very beautiful, and exactly represents the manner of Gorgythion's death: there is such a sweetness in the comparison, that it makes us pity the youth's fall, and almost feel his wound. Virgil has applied it to the death of Euryalus:

“ ——— Inque humeros cervix collapsa recumbit:
 “ Purpureus veluti cum flos succifus aratro
 “ Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
 “ Demisere caput, pluvia cum fortè gravantur.”

This is finely improved by the Roman author, with the particulars of *succifus aratro*, and *lasso collo*. But it may on the other hand be observed in the favour of Homer, that the circumstance of the

So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.

Another shaft the raging archer drew: 375

That other shaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry, or guiltless to the ground:

Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore. 380

Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
The steeds, that startle at his founding arms.

head being oppressed and weighed down by the helmet, is so remarkably just, that it is a wonder Virgil omitted it; and the rather because he had particularly taken notice before, that it was the helmet of Euryalus which occasioned the discovery and unfortunate death of this young hero and his friend.

One may make a general observation, that Homer in those comparisons, that breathe an air of tenderness, is very exact, and adapts them in every point to the subject which he is to illustrate: but in other comparisons, where he is to inspire the soul with sublime sentiments, he gives a loose to his fancy, and does not regard whether the images exactly correspond. I take the reason of it to be this: In the first, the copy must be like the original to cause it to affect us; the glass needs only to return the real image to make it beautiful: whereas in the other, a succession of noble ideas will cause the like sentiments in the soul; and though the glass should enlarge the image, it only strikes us with such thoughts as the poet intended to raise, sublime and great. P.

There is, perhaps, too much prettiness in this translation. A more simple representation of the original, which is beautiful and accurate in all its circumstances, may deserve acceptance at least from its fidelity:

*As full-blown poppies in the garden-bed,
The flower o'ercharg'd with dew-drops, bend their head.*

Ver. 381.] More conformably to his author, thus:

Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
 All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
 Then bids Cebriones direct the rein, 385
 Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
 Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
 And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
 The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;
 The shaft already to his shoulder drew; 390
 The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
 Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
 There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
 The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone:

As he rush'd on, he fell: his arms affright
 The shrinking steeds: his eyes are wrap'd in night.

Indeed the original mentions only the *starting back* of the horses
 without noticing the cause; as Chapman exactly renders:

——— to earth he fell, his swift horse backe did flie:
 and so Ogilby: but Dacier thus: “ Il tombe sans vie aux pieds
 “ de ses chevaux, qui reculent effrayés du bruit de ses armes.”

Ver. 383.] The rhyme is bad; or thus, more faithfully:

Hector with grief his *driver's fate* beheld,
 But *left, tho' griev'd, unrescued* on the field.

Ver. 390.] Our translator seems in this place to have incurred
 a mistake by referring a part of the description, which points out
 the place of the wound, to the action of the archer. I would
 entirely banish the next couplet, and correct thus:

The shaft already *fix'd, his* forceful yew
 With all his might the *skilful* archer drew.

The bow-string burst beneath the pond'rous
blow, 395

And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useles bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with the mighty shade;
Till great Alastor, and Mecistheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore. 400

Troy yet found grace before th'Olympian fire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts
with fire.

The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, 405
With terrour cloath'd, and more than mortal
strong.

Ver. 395.] He first wrote, the *tendon* burst. Thus Ogilby:

Breaking his string, *his hand numm'd* with *the blow*;
On's knee he staggering fell, and dropt *his bow*.

Ver. 397.] A more exact translation might be given than our poet's, and a far more elegant than mine:

Fall'n on his knees, his brother runs with aid,
And round him throws his buckler's ample shade.

Ver. 401.] The animation of our poet has poured out *six verses*, replete with additions of his own fancy, for *three* of his original; whose sense is simply exhibited in the following attempt:

Again th'Olympian rous'd the Trojans' force;
Back o'er the ditch profound they thrust the Greeks;
The foremost Hector, raging in his might.

As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
 With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
 Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels: 410
 Thus oft' the Grecians turn'd, but still they
 flew;

Thus following Hector still the hindmost flew.
 When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;
 Before the ships a desp'rate stand they made, 415
 And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.

Ver. 407. *As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace.*] This simile is the justest imaginable; and gives the most lively picture of the manner in which the Grecians fled, and Hector pursued them, still slaughtering the hindmost. Grattus and Oppian have given us particular descriptions of those sort of dogs, of prodigious strength and size, which were employed to hunt and tear down wild beasts. To one of these fierce animals he compares Hector, and one cannot but observe his care not to disgrace his Grecian countrymen by an unworthy comparison; though he is obliged to represent them flying, he makes them fly like lions; and as they fly, turn frequently back upon their pursuer: so that it is hard to say, if they, or he, be in the greater danger. On the contrary, when any of the Grecian heroes pursue the Trojans, it is he that is the lion, and the flyers are but sheep or trembling deer. P.

His author, might have been expressed thus with more fidelity:

As the bold hound, *confiding in his pace,*
 Gives the fierce boar, or rapid lion, chace.

Ver. 414.] In the ballad of Chevy-Chase:

And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground,

Fierce on his ratt'ling chariot Hector came;
 His eyes like Gorgon shot a fanguine flame
 That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood;
 Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God! 420
 Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
 Then pensive thus, to War's triumphant maid.

Oh daughter of that God, whose arm can
 wield

Th' avenging bolt, and shake the fable shield!
 Now, in this moment of her last despair, 425
 Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,

Ver. 417.] The following couplet is literal, and the rhyme is such as our correctest poets make no scruple to employ:

Circling his beauteous courfers Hector rode,
 With eyes of Gorgon and the martial God.

Ver. 423.] Our poet has spun out this speech of Juno to a double length. The entire sense of the original may be as clearly seen in the following attempt:

Shall Greece, O! child of ægis-bearing Jove!
 Thus lost, no more, though late, enjoy our love?
 One man's resiftless rage their doom fulfills,
 Great Hector's rage, the source of numerous ills.

Ver. 424.] I have elsewhere noted the mistake of our poet and other translators in supposing the *ægis* of Jove to mean his *shield*, and not his *breast-plate*: and verse 471 of this version is sufficient of itself to justify my remark. Indeed, or I mistake, the error is universal among the poets. Dr. Browne, if I rightly recollect, somewhere says, speaking of Warburton,

Religion's *ægis* blazing on his arm:

after our poet at the second Iliad, ver. 526:

The dreadful *ægis*, Jove's immortal shield,
 Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field.

Condemn'd to suffer the full force of Fate,
 And drain the dregs of heav'n's relentless hate?
 Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all? 429
 What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall!
 What pow'r divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?
 Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!

So spake th' imperial regent of the skies;
 To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes:
 Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with
 gore, 435

Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore;
 But He above, the Sire of heav'n withstands,
 Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.
 The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
 Forgets my service and deserv'd reward. 440

Ver. 437.] More exactly thus:

But he, *that fire of mine, our force withstands.*

Ogilby, with the slightest castigation, is not to be despised:

Then Pallas said: This slaughterer had been slain

By Græcian hands, and dy'd his native plain,

But that my father Jove, too cruel still,

Laies counterplots to cross me in my will.

Ver. 439. *The stubborn God, inflexible and hard.*] It must be owned that this speech of Minerva against Jupiter, shocks the allegory more than perhaps any in the poem. Unless the Deities may sometimes be thought to mean no more than beings that presided over those parts of nature, or those passions and faculties of the mind. Thus as Venus suggests unlawful as well as lawful desires, so Minerva may be described as the Goddess not only of Wisdom but of craft; that is, both of true and false wisdom. So the

Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite *son distrefs'd,
 By stern Euryftheus with long labours prefs'd?
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep difmay;
 I shot from heav'n, and gave his arm the day.
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event, 445
 When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,
 Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
 Averse to me of all his heav'n of Gods,
 At 'Thetis' fuit the partial Thund'rer nods. 450
 To grace her gloomy, fierce, refenting fon,
 My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.
 Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd
 To call his blue-ey'd maid his beft-belov'd.

moral of Minerva's fpeaking rashly of Jupiter, may be, that the wifeft of finite beings is liable to paffion and indiscretion, as the commentators have already obferved. P.

Ver. 447.] Or, more vigorously, perhaps:

Ne'er had the three-mouth'd monster felt his chain.

Ver. 448.] The fense of Homer is but obscurely represented in this version. I would propofe the following fubftitution:

Oh! had my wisdom known this dire event,
 When *through the gloomy gates of hell* he went,
 Grim Pluto's dog, *to fetch, he there had died,*
Nor fcap'd the billows of the Stygian tide.

Ver. 451.] He caft an eye on Chapman here, and ver. 454:

That he would honour with his aid her citie-razing *fonne*,
 Displeas'd Achilles; and for him our friends are thus *undone*.

- - - - -
 Will call me his Glaucopides, *his sweet and blew-ey'd maid.*

* Hercules.

Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon' ranks to
ride; 455

My self will arm, and thunder at thy side.
Then Goddeſs! ſay, ſhall Hector glory then,
(That terrour of the Greeks, that man of men)
When Juno's ſelf, and Pallas ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of war? 460
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore, }
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more, }
Shall feaſt the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore? }

Ver. 455.] The remainder of this ſpeech has ſo much obſcurity and in part miſrepresentation in our poet, that I doubt, if the Engliſh reader can deſcry the true purport of the original. I would offer the following explanation :

But haſte, prepare thy chariot, whiſt I go
To Jove's high hall, and arm againſt the foe :
Then will great Hector view us with delight,
Two Gods, pervade the crimſon walks of fight ?
Some Trojan, proſtrate then on yonder ſhore,
Shall dogs and vultures feaſt with fleſh and gore.

Ver. 460.] This was obviously derived from Chapman :

When in the crimſon paths of warre, I dreadfully appeare.

Homer's expreſſion, which he employs more than once elſewhere, is *πολεμοιο γεφυραι*, literally *the bridges of battle* : and this, I preſume, our great epic poet intended to repreſent in *Paradiſe Loſt*, vi. 236.

———— open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war :

and Virgil, perhaps, in *Æn.* ix. 528.

Et mecum ingentes oras evolvite belli.

Ver. 461. *What mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore.*] She means Hector, whoſe death the poet makes her foreſee in ſuch a lively

She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care;
 (Heav'n's awful empress, Saturn's other heir) 465
 Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
 The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove,
 Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of
 Jove.

Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest, 470
 Her cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
 The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends;
 Shook by her arm, the massy jav'lin bends;
 Huge, pond'rous, strong! that when her fury
 burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

manner, as if the image of the hero lay bleeding before her. This picture is noble, and agreeable to the observation we formerly made of Homer's method of prophesying in the spirit of poetry. P.

Ver. 469. *Floats in rich waves.*] The Greek word is *κατέχευεν*, *pours* the veil on the pavement. I must just take notice that here is a repetition of the same beautiful verses which the author had used in the fifth book. P.

This is a most incomparable exhibition of the beautiful figure of his original.

Ver. 471.] So Chapman :

Then put she *on her ample breast*, her under arming tire.

Ver. 472.] Literally thus :

The goddess' foot the flaming car ascends.

Saturnia lends the lash; the courfers fly; 476
 Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid sky.
 Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 480
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command;
 Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
 Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
 The founding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
 Prone down the steep of heav'n their course they
 guide. 485

But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd,
 And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their
 car;

Against the Highest who shall wage the war?
 If furious yet they dare the vain debate, 490
 Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is Fate.

Ver. 477. *Smooth glides the chariot, &c.*] One would almost think Homer makes his Gods and Goddeses descend from Olympus, only to mount again, and mount only to descend again, he is so remarkably delighted with the descriptions of their horses, and their manner of flight. We have no less than three of these in the present book. P.

Ver. 487.] Why should our translator avoid exactness?

And thus enjoin'd the *golden-pinion'd* maid.

Ver. 490.] Ogilby, with a little varnish, presents a more faithful picture of his original:

Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
 Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
 My light'ning these rebellious shall confound,
 And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,
 Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep 496
 The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
 So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
 Nor dare to combat her's and Nature's fire.
 For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 500
 She claims some title to transgress our will.

If disobedient they dare venture on,
These are my threats, and threats that shall be done.
 On them with light'ning will I vengeance take,
Will lame their coursers, and their chariot break:
 Thrown from their seats, shall they ten years endure
Deep wounds of thunder, which no skill can cure.
 That so Minerva may remember well,
Whene'er she dares against her fire rebell.
 Juno I less resent, whose custom still
 And whole endeavours *love* to cross my will.

Ver. 495.] Thus Paradise Lost, i. 44.

———— him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ætherial sky.

Ver. 497.] Thus Chapman:

In ten whole yeares they shall not heale the wounds I will *impreſſe*
 With horrid thunder.

Ver. 500. *For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, She claims,*
 &c.] Eustathius observes here, if a good man does us a wrong,
 we are justly angry at it; but if it proceeds from a bad one, it is
 no more than we expected, we are not at all surpris'd, and we bear
 it with patience.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid
 From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;
 To great Olympus' shining gates she flies, 504
 There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,
 Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
 And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move
 Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
 Desist, obedient to his high command; 510
 This is his word: and know his word shall stand.
 His light'ning your rebellion shall confound,
 And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground:
 Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
 Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky; 515

There are many such passages as these in Homer, which glance obliquely at the fair sex; and Jupiter is here forced to take upon himself the severe husband, to teach Juno the duty of a wife. P.

Ver. 513.] Write rather,
 And hurl *you* headlong:

nor will they, who love accuracy in language, and wish a greater share of grammatical uniformity to our own, receive such censures with disdain, as unseasonable and of no importance. Indeed, I perceive it to be so written in some editions, but probably from the correction of the printer. Mr. Gray has a most odious offence in this way to expiate, in his "Ode on a distant prospect of *Eton College*."

I feel the gales, that from *ye* blow,
 A momentary blifs bestow.

Ver. 514.] Chapman has,
 To *crush* in pieces your swift horse.

Your selves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
 The wounds imprefs'd by burning thunder deep.
 So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
 Nor dare to combat her's and Nature's Sire.
 For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 520
 She claims some title to transgress his will:
 But thee what desp'rate insolence has driv'n,
 To lift thy lance against the king of heav'n?

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,
 She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd. 525

Ver. 522. *But thee what desp'rate insolence.*] It is observable that Homer generally makes his messengers divine as well as human, very punctual in delivering their messages in the very words of the persons who commissioned them. Iris however in the close of her speech has ventured to go beyond her instructions and all rules of decorum, by adding these expressions of bitter reproach to a Goddess of superiour rank. The words of the original *Κύον ἀδδεις*, are too gross to be literally translated. P.

In the first edition it is *fire* of heav'n.

Ver. 525. *Juno her rage resign'd.*] Homer never intended to give us the picture of a good wife in the description of Juno: she obeys Jupiter, but it is a forced obedience: she submits rather to the governour than to the husband, and is more afraid of his lightening than his commands.

Her behaviour in this place is very natural to a person under a disappointment: she had set her heart upon preferring the Greeks; but failing in that point, she assumes an air of indifference, and says, whether they live or die, she is unconcerned. P.

There is much awkwardness in this line. Thus?

Then straight departs the tempest-footed maid;
 When thus to Pallas royal Juno said:
 Daughter of Jove, by my advice desist;
 Nor his high will in aid of man resist.

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
 Th'avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
 No more let beings of superiour birth
 Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
 Triumphant now, now miserably slain, 530
 They breathe or perish, as the Fates ordain.
 But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find;
 And ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of
 light, 534
 Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright.
 The Hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,
 And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.
 There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;
 The chariot propt against the crystal walls.

Ver. 530.] Thus Ogilby, somewhat modernised :

*Let all, whoe'er they be, or live or die,
 As Fortune shall decree and Destiny :
 Let Jove to Trojans or to Greeks incline,
 As prompts his wish, and wills his high design.*

Ver. 531. *They breathe or perish, as the Fates ordain.*] The translator has turned this line in compliance to an old observation upon Homer, which Macrobius has written, and several others have since fallen into: they say he was so great a fatalist, as not so much as to name the word *Fortune* in all his works, but constantly *Fate* instead of it. This remark seems curious enough, and indeed does agree with the general tenour and doctrine of this poet; but unluckily it is not true, the word which they have proscribed being implied in the original of this ver. 430. Ὅς τε τύχη. P.

Ver. 539.] Our poet here took a hint from Chapman's version :

The penfive Goddeffes, abafh'd, controul'd, 540
Mix with the Gods, and fill their feats of gold.

And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight
From Ida's fummits to th' Olympian height.
Swifter than thought the wheels inftinctive fly,
Flame thro' the vaft of air, and reach the fky. 545
'Twas Neptune's charge his courfers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal bafe;

the chariot they inclin'd
Beneath *the chriftall walls* of heaven.

Ver. 544.] This couplet is almoft wholly interpolation. It might eafily be fuperseded by thefe accommodations of the preceding to the fenfe of his original:

And now the Thund'rer's car, *in rapid flight*
From Ida's fummits, *gains* th' Olympian height.

But I fuppose our tranflator's imagination received it's impulse from a hint in Ogilby:

Whilst Jove from Ida *through untraçted fkyes*
Drove to high manfions of the deities.

Ver. 546.] The fertility of invention is luxuriantly indulged by our author here. The following couplet contains, I think, every idea, that occurs in Homer:

Famed Neptune ftation'd, who the fteeds unbound,
His car, and fpread a veil of canvafs round.

Ver. 547. *And fix the car on its immortal bafe.*] It is remarked by Eufthathius that the word *βωμοὶ* fignifies not only *altars*, but *pedeftals* or *bafes* of ftatues, &c. I think our language will bear this literally, though M. Dacier durft not venture it in the French. The folemnity with which this chariot of Jupiter is fet up, by the hands of a God, and covered with a fine veil, makes it eafy enough to imagine that this diftinction alfo might be fhewn it. P.

There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
 'Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.
 He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
 Th' eternal Thunderer, sat thron'd in gold. 551
 High heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,
 And wide beneath him, all Olympus shakes.
 Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd,
 Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd. 555
 He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:
 Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
 Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
 Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd. 559
 But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand!
 Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
 Who shall the sov'reign of the skies controul?
 Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.

Ver. 551.] I should prefer the abbreviated enunciation of the word *thunderer*, after the following manner:

Th' eternal Thund'rer, sat *enthron'd* in gold.

Ver. 554.] With a little correction I like Ogilby better; as the notion of *fear* seems too prominent in our poet's translation, and not warranted to such extent by his original:

But Juno and Minerva *sat* alone,
 At distance from great Jove's imperial throne.
There, silent *waiting*, no enquiry made:
 But he, well-knowing *their vexation*, said.

Ver. 558.] There is not a vestige of Homer here. Accept the following attempt:

From wasting Troy, 'gainst which your bosoms burn
 With such fell rage, unwearied ye return.

Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
 And each immortal nerve with horreur shake. 565
 For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;
 What pow'r foe'er provokes our lifted hand,
 On this our hill no more shall hold his place;
 Cut off, and exil'd from th' æthereal race.

Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom, 570
 But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.

Ver. 564.] He mistakes his author; which is the more surprising, as his predecessors in translation are right. What I shall propose, will at least be faithful:

But shivering fear through all your members ran,
 E'er war ye view'd, and deeds of death began.
 Else, I pronounce, by bolts of thunder riven,
 Ye ne'er had brought your chariot back to heaven.

Ver. 570. *Juno and Pallas.*] In the beginning of this book Juno was silent, and Minerva replied: here, says Eustathius, Homer makes Juno reply with great propriety to both their characters. Minerva repents the usage of Jupiter, but the reverence she bears to her father, and her king, keeps her silent: she has not less anger than Juno, but more reason. Minerva there spoke with all the submission and deference that was owing from a child to a father, or from a subject to a king; but Juno is more free with her husband, she is angry, and lets him know it by the first word she utters.

Juno here repeats the same words which had been used by Minerva to Jupiter near the beginning of this book. What is there uttered by Wisdom herself, and approved by him, is here spoken by a Goddess, who (as Homer tells us at this very time) imprudently manifested her passion, and whom Jupiter answers with anger. To deal fairly, I cannot defend this in my author, any more than some other of his repetitions; as when Ajax in the fifteenth Iliad, ver. 668. uses the same speech word for word to encourage the Greeks, which Agamemnon had made in the fifth, ver. 653. I think it

Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
 The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress:
 But Juno, impotent of rage, replies.
 What hast thou said, Oh tyrant of the skies! 575
 Strength and Omnipotence invest thy throne;
 'Tis thine to punish, ours to grieve alone.
 For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
 To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:
 From fields forbidden we submit refrain, 580
 With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;
 Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,
 Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove.

equally an extreme, to vindicate all the repetitions of Homer, and to excuse none. However Eustathius very ingeniously excuses this, by saying that the same speeches become entirely different by the different manner of introducing them. Minerva addressed herself to Jupiter, with words full of respect, but Juno with terms of resentment. This, says he, shews the effect of opening our speeches with art: it prejudices the audience in our favour, and makes us speak to friends: whereas the auditor naturally denies that favour, which the orator does not seem to ask; so that what he delivers, though it has equal merit, labours under this disadvantage, that his judges are his enemies. P.

I have elsewhere in these notes ventured an opinion, that many of Homer's repetitions have arisen from the detached manner, in which his poems were probably rehearsed at entertainments and sung by the bards, when head and tail pieces must necessarily be found to complete a portion; which of course were frequently brought together from extraneous parts of the poem. And in some of these cases a mere allusion to a preceding circumstance would have been obscure, and an insertion of the whole passage became indispensable for the full information of the hearers. See iv. 27.

'The Goddefs thus: and thus the God replies,
 Who fwells the clouds, and blackens all the skies.
 The morning fun, awak'd by loud alarms, 586
 Shall fee th' almighty Thunderer in arms.
 What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,
 Thofe radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.
 Nor shall great Hector ceafe the rage of fight, 590
 The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
 Ev'n 'till the day, when certain fates ordain
 That ftern Achilles (his Patroclus flain)
 Shall rife in vengeance, and lay wafte the plain. }

Ver. 589.] This ingenious turn to the original *epithet βοωπις* might be fuggefted by Ogilby's tranflation:

Thou fhalt tomorrow with *thofe splendid eyes*
 Behold, if fo thou please —:

who found it in Chapman:

————— for, if thy *faire eyes* please,
 This next red morning they fhall fee —.

Ver. 590. *Nor fhall great Hector ceafe, &c.*] Here, fays Eufthathius, the poet prepares the reader for what is to fucceed: he gives us the out-lines of his piece, which he is to fill up in the progrefs of the poem. This is fo far from cloying the reader's appetite, that it raifes it, and makes him defirous to fee the picture drawn in its full length. P.

I fhould prefer this alteration:

Nor fhall great Hector ceafe the rage of fight,
 'Till, the *fhips* flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
 That day, when *Peleus' fon* the Fates ordain
 To rife in vengeance for Patroclus flain.

Ver. 592.] I fuppofe Chapman's tranflation was before him:

For such is fate, nor can'st thou turn its course 595
 With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
 Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
 Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;
 Where curs'd Iäpetus and Saturn dwell,
 Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell; 600
 No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there;
 No chearful gales refresh the lazy air;
 There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
 And arm in vain: for what I will, shall stand.

Now deep in Ocean sunk the lamp of light, 605
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:

In that day, when before their ships, for *his Patroclus slain*,
 The Greekes in great distresse shall fight; for so the *Fates ordaine*:
 which is neat and accurate.

Ver. 595.] This distich is a mere interpolation, and entirely
 superfluous: and the remainder of this speech is much disguised in
 our poet's version. I would propose the following amendment:

Thy spleen I reckon not: if it please thee, fly,
 Where earth and sea's remotest borders lie:
 Where no bright suns diffuse one cheering ray,
 No vernal breezes fan the gloomy day:
 Thy rage I scorn, to Tartarus should'st thou rove;
 Most bold, most forward of the powers above!

Ver. 601.] The reader will recollect a beautiful line in Gray:
 The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 And gilds the horrors of the deep.

Ver. 605.] More exactly thus:
 Nor answer'd she: and now the lamp of night,
 In ocean sunk, drew on the veil of night.

The conqu'ring Trojans mourn his beams
decay'd;

The Greeks rejoicing blefs the friendly fhade.

The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls: 610

Thefe to Scamander's bank apart he led,
Where thinly fcatter'd lay the heaps of dead.
Th'affembled chiefs, defcending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince furround.

A maffy fpear he bore of mighty ftrength, 615

Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;

The point was brafs, refulgent to behold,

Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:

The noble Hector on his lance reclin'd, 619

And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind.

Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!

Ye Dardan bands, and gen'rous Aids, give ear!

This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring
flame

Greece with her fhips, and crown our toils with
fame. 624

Ver. 618.] He might have borrowed a term from Chapman in lieu of the fuperfluous *epithet* here given:

Fix'd to the wood with rings of *burnifh'd* gold.

Ver. 621. *Ye valiant Trojans, &c.*] Eufthathius obferves that Hector here fpeaks like a foldier: he bears a fpear, not fceptre in his hand; he harangues like a foldier, but like a victor; he feems to be too much pleas'd with himfelf, and in this vein of felf-flattery, he promifes a compleat conquelt over the Greeks. P.

But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden
walls.

Obeys the Night, and uses her peaceful hours
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
Strait from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
And strength'ning bread, and generous wine be
brought. 630

Wide o'er the field, high-blazing to the sky,
Let numerous fires the absent sun supply;
The flaming piles with plentiful fuel raise,
Till the bright Morn her purple beam displays;
Left in the silence and the shades of night, 635
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.

Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, and safely cleave the main;
Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe, 640
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses
care,

And warn their children from a Trojan war.

Ver. 623.] The following essay is more exact:

This day shall we the Greeks and ships destroy,
I said; and go triumphant back to Troy.

Ver. 632.] The open vowel is a blemish to this verse. Thus?

Wide o'er the field let frequent fires arise,
And shoot their streams of radiance to the skies.

Now thro' the circuit of our Ilian wall,
 Let sacred heralds found the solemn call; 644
 To bid the fires with hoary honours crown'd,
 And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
 Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,
 And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:
 Lest under covert of the midnight shade,
 Th' insidious foe the naked town invade. 650
 Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey;
 A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
 The Gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
 From these detested foes to free the land, 654

Ver. 648. *And let the matrons.*] I have been more observant of the decorum in this line than my author himself. He calls the women *Θηλύτρουαι*, an epithet of scandalous import, upon which Porphyry and the Greek scholiast have said but too much. I know no man that yet had the impudence to translate that remark, in regard of which it is politeness to imitate the Barbarians, and say, *Græcum est, non legitur*. For my part, I leave it as a motive to some very curious persons of both sexes to study the Greek language. P.

Our poet, notwithstanding, could not deny himself a share in this waggery, as the line before us sufficiently evinces:

Th' insidious foe the *naked* town invade:

insinuating, that some of the Græcian gallants might feel disposed to spy out the nakedness of the land by night.

Ver. 653.] The entire sense of the original is included in the following triplet, which will serve to shew the innovations of our translator in these two couplets:

Jove and the Gods, I trust, will give this hand
 To drive these dogs of havoc from the land,
 Sent here in ships by Fate, a cursed band!

}

Who plow'd, with fates averſe, the wat'ry way;
 For Trojan vultures a predeſtin'd prey.
 Our common ſafety muſt be now the care;
 But ſoon as Morning paints the fields of air,
 Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,
 And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage. 660
 Then, then ſhall Hector and Tydides prove,
 Whoſe fates are heavieſt in the ſcales of Jove.
 To-morrow's light (oh haſte the glorious morn!)
 Shall ſee his bloody ſpoils in triumph borne,
 With this keen jav'lin ſhall his breaſt be gor'd,
 And proſtrate heroes bleed around their lord. 666
 Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
 From age inglorious, and black death ſecure;

Ver. 661.] I crave the reader's indulgence to a cloſer representation of the original:

Then ſhall their champion, great Tydides, try
 Back from the ſhips to make your Hector fly;
 Or I to pierce him with my brazen ſpear,
 And his ſtain'd armour in proud triumph bear.
 To-morrow proves his courage; if this hand
 He dare encounter, and it's rage withſtand:
 But ſure the ſun will ſee his boſom gor'd,
 And proſtrate heroes bleed around their lord.

Ver. 667.] I think Chapman's tranſlation of this paſſage is diſtinguiſhed by a very meritorious ſimplicity:

O that I were as ſure to live immortall, and ſuſtaine
 No frailties with increaſing yeares, but evermore remaine
 Ador'd like Pallas, or the ſunne; as all doubts die in me,
 That heavens next light ſhall be the laſt, the Greekes ſhall
 ever ſee.

So might my life and glory know no bound,
 Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the fun renown'd;
 As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,⁶⁷¹
 Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of
 Troy.

The leader spoke. From all his host around
 Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
 Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd,
 And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot-side.⁶⁷⁶
 Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
 With gen'rous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
 Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
 The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore. ⁶⁸⁰

Ver. 676.] Thus Ogilby :

And with strong *headstalls* to their chariots *ty'd* :

after Chapman :

———— which severally with *headstalls* they repose.

Ver. 679. *Full hecatombs, &c.*] The six lines that follow being a translation of four in the original, are added from the authority of Plato in Mr. Barnes's edition : that author cites them in his second Alcibiades. There is no doubt of their being genuine, but the question is only whether they are rightly placed here? I shall not pretend to decide upon a point which will doubtless be the speculation of future criticks. P.

Thus, with more fidelity :

With store of wood collected: from the shore

The winds to heav'n *rich steams of victims* bore.

And, with respect to the verses inserted on the authority of Plato, it is most highly probable, that they belong to this passage.

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Thus, with more fidelity:

With store of wood collected: from the shore

The winds to heav'n rich steams of victims bore.

And, with respect to the verses inserted on the authority of Plato, it is most highly probable, that they belong to this passage.

Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan tow'rs;
 Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
 Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting fat in order round, 685
 And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,

Ver. 687. *As when the moon, &c.*] This comparison is inferior to none in Homer. It is the most beautiful night-piece that can be found in poetry. He presents you with a prospect of the heavens, the seas, and the earth: the stars shine, the air is serene, the world enlightened, and the moon mounted in glory. Eustathius remarks that *φασινὴν* does not signify the moon at full, for then the light of the stars is diminished or lost in the greater brightness of the moon. And others correct the word *φασινὴν* to *φάει νῆν*, for *φάει νέν*; but this criticism is forced, and I see no necessity why the moon may not be said to be bright, though it is not in the full. A poet is not obliged to speak with the exactness of Philosophy, but with the liberty of Poetry. P.

An alteration of one word, suggested to me by the taste of a poetical friend, would give both consistency and additional dignity to this most masterly translation of the *simile* before us:

As when the moon, refulgent *Queen* of night —.

So Milton, in an admirable passage, that will constitute a very agreeable comparison with that before us: Par. Lost, iv. 604:

— now glow'd the firmament
 With living saphirs: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent *Queen* unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

And Drummond, part i. sonnet 5:

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene; 690
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies: 696
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lightenglimm'ring Xanthus with their rays:

How sun posts heaven about, how *Night's* pale *Queen*
 With borrowed beams looks on this hanging round.

Ver. 692.] A verse of exquisite beauty! but Milton above, in a strain still more poetical and sublime, not unobserved by Pope

————— now *glow'd* the firmament
 With *living* saphirs.

Ver. 695.] Homer says nothing about the *vales*, which had better been omitted on this occasion; but our poet found them in Ogilby and Chapman.

Ver. 696.] Thus, with equal magnificence, in his *Eloisa*, ver. 341.
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine.

Ver. 699.] We can easily excuse the luxuriance of our translator's fancy, which has produced such a noble specimen of descriptive poetry: but all Homer's thoughts are comprised in the following humble effort:

So numerous, 'midst the ships and Xanthus' stream,
 Before Troy's turrets seem'd their fires to gleam:

The long reflections of the distant fires 701
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.

A thousand fires spread through the plain their rays;
 With fifty warriors sitting at each blaze.
 The couriers feeding stood the chariots near,
 Expectant till the gay-thron'd Morn appear.

Ver. 703. *A thousand piles.*] Homer in his catalogue of the Grecian ships, though he does not recount expressly the number of the Greeks, has given some hints from whence the sum of their army may be collected. But in the same book where he gives an account of the Trojan army, and relates the names of the leaders and nations of the auxiliaries, he says nothing by which we may infer the number of the army of the besieged. To supply therefore that omission, he has taken occasion by this piece of poetical arithmetick, to inform his reader, that the Trojan army amounted to fifty thousand. That the assistant nations are to be included herein, appears from what Dolon says in l. x. that the auxiliaries were encamped that night with the Trojans.

This passage gives me occasion to animadvert upon a mistake of a modern writer, and another of my own. The Abbè Teraſſon, in a late treatise against Homer, is under a grievous error in saying that all the forces of Troy and the auxiliaries cannot be reasonably supposed from Homer to be above ten thousand men. He had entirely overlooked this place, which says there were a thousand fires, and fifty men at each of them. See my observations on the second book, where these fires by a slip of my memory are called funeral piles: I should be glad it were the greatest error I have committed in these notes. P.

Ver. 704.] This expression of *shady lustre* is among the happiest and boldest flights of imagination; comparable to the *darkness visible* of Milton. We may compare also a passage in Dryden, *Æn.* vi. 285:

And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
 Whose *glittering shadow* gilds the sacred ground.

Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend, 705
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
 Loud neigh the courfers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

Cowley also in his *Davideis*, i. 595. has an admirable couplet to our purpose, by which Milton may have profited :

In the close room a well-plac'd taper's *light*
Adds a becoming *horror* to the fight :

for thus our epic bard ; Par. Lost, i. 61.

A dungeon *horrible* on all sides round
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
 No *light*, but rather *darkness visible*
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe.

Ver. 707. *The courfers o'er their heaps of corn.*] I durst not take the same liberty with M. Dacier, who has omitted this circumstance, and does not mention the horses at all. In the following line, the last of the book, Homer has given to the *Morning* the epithet *fair-spher'd*, or *bright-thron'd*, εὐσφαιρον ἡώς. I have already taken notice in the preface of the method of translating the epithets of Homer, and must add here, that it is often only the uncertainty the moderns lie under, of the true genuine signification of an ancient word, which causes the many various constructions of it. So that it is probable the author's own words, at the time he used them, never meant half so many things as we translate them into. Madam Dacier generally observes one practice as to these throughout her version : she renders almost every such epithet in Greek by two or three in French, from a fear of losing the least part of its significance. This perhaps may be excusable in prose ; though at best it makes the whole much more verbose and tedious, and is rather like writing a dictionary than rendering an author : but in verse, every reader knows such a redoubling of epithets would not be tolerable. A poet has therefore only to chuse that, which most agrees with the tenour and main intent of the particular passage, or with the genius of poetry itself.

It is plain that too scrupulous an adherence to many of these, gives the translation an exotick, pedantick, and whimsical air, which it is not to be imagined the original ever had. To call a hero the *great artificer of flight*, the *swift of foot*, or the *horse-tamer*, these give us ideas of little peculiarities, when in the author's time they were epithets used only in general to signify alacrity, agility, and vigour. A common reader would imagine from these servile versions, that Diomed and Achilles were foot-racers, and Hector a horse-courser, rather than that any of them were heroes. A man shall be called a faithful translator for rendering *ποδὺς ἄνδρς* in English, *swift-footed*; but laughed at if he should translate our English word *dext'rous* into any other language, *right-handed*.

P.

THE
NINTH BOOK

OF THE
I L I A D.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

WE have here a new scene of action opened; the poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only: the two following books relate the adventures of the night.

It may be thought that Homer has crowded a great many actions into a very short time. In the ninth book a council is convened, an embassy sent, a considerable time passes in the speeches and replies of the ambassadors and Achilles: in the tenth book a second council is called; after this a debate is held, Dolon is intercepted, Diomed and Ulysses enter into the enemy's camp, kill Rhesus, and bring away his horses: and all this is done in the narrow compass of one night.

It must therefore be remembered, that the ninth book takes up the first part of the night only; that after the first council was dissolved, there passed some time before the second was summoned, as appears by the leaders being awakened by Menelaus. So that it was almost morning before Diomed and Ulysses set out upon their design, which is very evident from the words of Ulysses, Book x. ver. 251.

Ἄλλ' ἵομεν· μάλα γὰρ νύξ ἀνέσται, ἔσγυθι δ' ἡώς.

So that although a great many incidents are introduced, yet every thing might easily have been performed in the allotted time. P.

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch
of night;
While Fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred Horrour, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.
As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth, 5
A double tempest of the west and north

Ver. 1.] The full sense of the original the following couplet more accurately contains :

Thus watcht the Trojans; whilst the Greeks that night
Cold Fear's companion harra'st, heav'n-born Flight.

Our poet seems to have followed the plan of Ogilby :

And thus the Trojans kept strong guards all *night*,
Whilst panick *Fear*, the usher of cold *Flight*,
Did on *the Grecian brow* dejection stamp,
And universal sorrow seiz'd their camp.

Ver. 5.] The following attempt is a literal version of the *simile*, by which a judgement of our translator's accuracy may be formed :

Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
 Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
 This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;
 Such various passions urg'd the troubled host. 10
 Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;
 Superiour sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
 Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
 To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
 But bid in whispers: these surround their chief,
 In solemn sadness, and majestic grief. 16

As when two winds raise up the fishy sea,
 Boreas and Zephyr from the Thracian coast,
 With sudden blast, while curls the fable wave,
 And pours abundant sea-weed on the shore:
 Such tumult rent the bosoms of the Greeks.

Ver. 7. *From Thracia's shore.*] Homer has been supposed by Eratosthenes and others, to have been guilty of an error, in saying that Zephyrus, or the west wind, blows from Thrace, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the poet speaks so either because it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the winds; or with respect to the particular situation of Troy and the Ægean sea. Either of these replies are sufficient to solve that objection.

The particular parts of this comparison agree admirably with the design of Homer, to express the distraction of the Greeks: the two winds representing the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclined to return, the other to stay. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 15. *But bid in whispers.*] The reason why Agamemnon commands his heralds to summon the leaders in silence, is for fear the enemy should discover their consternation, by reason of their nearness, or perceive what their designs were in this extremity. Eustathius. P.

The king amidst the mournful circle rose;
 Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
 So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
 In fable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20
 With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd;
 Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his
 breast.

Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care;
 Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!

Ver. 19.] Chapman is neat and faithful:

They sadly fate; the king arose, and pour'd out teares as fast
 As from a loslie rocke a spring doth his blacke waters cast.

Ver. 23. *Agamemnon's speech.*] The criticks are divided in their opinion, whether this speech, which is word for word the same with that he makes in lib. ii. be only a feint to try the army as it is there, or the real sentiments of the general. Dionysius of Halicarnassus explains it as the former, with whom Madam Dacier concurs; she thinks they must be both counterfeit, because they are both the same, and believes Homer would have varied them, had the design been different. She takes no notice that Eustathius is of the contrary opinion; as is also Monsieur de la Motte, who argues as if he had read him. "Agamemnon (says he) in the Iliad, thought himself assured of Victory from the dream which Jupiter had sent to him, and in that confidence was desirous to bring the Greeks to a battle; but in the ninth book his circumstances are changed, he is in the utmost distress and despair upon his defeat, and therefore his proposal to raise the siege is in all probability sincere. If Homer had intended we should think otherwise, he would have told us so, as he did on the former occasion; and some of the officers would have suspected a feint, the rather because they had been imposed upon by the same speech before. But none of them suspect him at all. Diomed thinks him so much in earnest as to reproach his cowardice, Nestor applauds Diomed's liberty, and Agamemnon makes not the least defence for himself."

Of partial Jove too justly we complain, 25
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.

A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with
spoils:

Now shameful flight alone can save the host;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost. 30
So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all!

Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And tow'rs and armies humbles to the dust.

Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields, 35
Haste to the joys our native country yields;

Dacier answers, that Homer had no occasion to tell us this was counterfeit, because the officers could not but remember it to have been so before; and as for the answers of Diomed and Nestor, they only carry on the same feint, as Dionysius has proved, whose reasons may be seen in the following note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this point; but which way soever it be, I think Agamemnon's design was equally answered by repeating the same speech: so that the repetition at least is not to be blamed in Homer. What obliged Agamemnon to that feint, in the second book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army, by being the cause of Achilles's departure; this made it but a necessary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battle, whether the Greeks were disposed to it: and it was equally necessary, in case the event should prove unsuccessful, to free himself from the odium of being the occasion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the same words, was the readiest way to put them in mind that he had proposed the same advice to them before the battle; and to make it appear unjust that their ill fortune should be charged upon him. See notes, ver. 93 and 138 of the second Iliad. P.

Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.

He said; deep silence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand, 40
A pensive scene! 'till Tydeus' warlike son
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.

Ver. 43. *The speech of Diomed.*] I shall here translate the criticism of Dionysius on this passage. He asks, "What can be
" the drift of Diomed, when he insults Agamemnon in his griefs
" and distresses? For what Diomed here says, seems not only very
" ill timed, but inconsistent with his own opinion, and with the
" respect he had shewn in the beginning of this very speech:

" If I upbraid thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,

" The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

" This is the introduction of a man in temper, who is willing to
" soften and excuse the liberty of what is to follow, and what neces-
" sity only obliges him to utter. But he subjoins a resentment of
" the reproach the king had formerly thrown upon him, and tells
" him that Jupiter had given him power and dominion without
" courage and virtue. These are things which agree but ill toge-
" ther, that Diomed should upbraid Agamemnon in his adversity,
" with past injuries, after he had endured his reproaches with so
" much moderation, and had reprov'd Sthenelus so warmly for the
" contrary practice in the fourth book. If any one answer, that
" Diomed was warranted in this freedom by the bravery of his war-
" like behaviour since that reproach, he supposes this hero very
" ignorant how to demean himself in prosperity. The truth is,
" this whole accusation of Diomed's is only a feint to serve the
" designs of Agamemnon. For being desirous to persuade the
" Greeks against their departure, he effects that design by this coun-
" terfeited anger, and licence of speech: and seeming to resent,
" that Agamemnon should be capable of imagining the army would

If I oppose thee, prince! thy wrath with-hold,
 The laws of council bid my tongue be bold. 46
 Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
 Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
 Nor from a friend th'unkind reproach appear'd,
 The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard. 50
 The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours
 spring,

The Gods have made thee but by halves a king:
 They gave thee scepters, and a wide command,
 They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;

"return to Greece, he artfully makes use of these reproaches to
 "cover his argument. This is farther confirmed by what follows,
 "when he bids Agamemnon return, if he pleases, and affirms that
 "the Grecians will stay without him. Nay, he carries the matter
 "so far, as to boast, that if all the rest should depart, himself and
 "Sthenelus alone would continue the war, which would be extremely
 "childish and absurd in any other view than this." P.

This couplet has no resemblance to Homer, whose sense is compressed in this line,

I first, Atrides, thy rash speech oppose.

Ver. 51.] There is much elegance in some of these verses, but they are too diffuse. Ogilby's fidelity gives a better idea of the original:

I grant the sceptre Jove on you bestow'd,
 And more than any did with honour load;
 But fortitude did sparingly impart:
 Above a crown is an undaunted heart.

Ver. 53. *They gave thee scepters, &c.*] This is the language of a brave man, to affirm and say boldly, that courage is above scepters and crowns. Scepters and crowns were indeed in former times not

The noblest pow'r that might the world controul
 They gav' thee not—a brave and virtuous soul. 56
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
 Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breast?
 Confiding in our want of worth, he stands;
 And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands. 60
 Go thou inglorious! from th' embattl'd plain;
 Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main;
 A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
 Here Greece shall stay; or if all Greece retire,
 My self will stay, 'till Troy or I expire; 66
 My self, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame;
 God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

hereditary, but the recompence of valour. With what art and haughtiness Diomed sets himself indirectly above Agamemnon! Eustathius. P.

Ver. 59.] This couplet is a superfluous interpolation.

Ver. 61.] Here our poet is too concise, and does no justice to the simplicity of his author. Thus Ogilby, somewhat chastised:

If *thou* would'st fain be gone, why *then* stay here?
Thy way lies open, and *thy* navy near,
 On ocean's brink, which *thee* in safety bore,
 And all *thy* party, from the Græcian shore.

Ver. 62. *And nearest to the main.*] There is a secret stroke of satyr in these words; Diomed tells the king that his squadron lies next the sea, insinuating that they were the most distant from the battle, and readiest for flight. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 68. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.*] This is literal from the Greek, and therein may be seen the style of holy

He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
 And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise. 70
 Wife Nestor then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
 He spoke: the host in still attention heard.

O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
 Such strength of body with such force of mind;

scripture, where it is said that they *come with God*, or that they are not come *without God*, meaning that they did not come without his order: *Numquid sine Domino ascendi in terram istam?* says Rabshakeh to Hezekiah, in Isaiah xxxvi. ver. 8. This passage seems to me very beautiful. Homer adds it to shew that the valour of Diomed, which puts him upon remaining alone with Sthenelus, when all the Greeks were gone, is not a rash and mad boldness, but a reasonable one, and founded on the promises of God himself, who cannot lye. Dacier. P.

Ver. 73. *The speech of Nestor.*] Dionysius gives us the design of this speech in the place above cited. "Nestor (says he) seconds
 "the oration of Diomed: we shall perceive the artifice of his
 "discourse, if we reflect to how little purpose it would be without
 "this design. He praises Diomed for what he has said, but does
 "it not without declaring, that he had not spoken fully to the
 "purpose, but fallen short in some points, which he ascribes to his
 "youth, and promises to supply them. Then after a long pre-
 "amble, when he has turned himself several ways, as if he was
 "sporting in a new and uncommon vein of oratory, he concludes
 "by ordering the watch to their stations, and advising Agamemnon
 "to invite the elders of the army to a supper, there, out of many
 "counsels to chuse the best. All this at first sight appears absurd;
 "but we must know that Nestor too speaks in figure. Diomed seems
 "to quarrel with Agamemnon purely to gratify him; but Nestor
 "praises his liberty of speech, as it were to vindicate a real quarrel
 "with the king. The end of all this is only to move Agamemnon
 "to supplicate Achilles; and to that end he so much commends the
 "young man's freedom. In proposing to call a council only of the
 "eldest, he consults the dignity of Agamemnon, that he might

In conduct, as in courage, you excel, 75
 Still first to act what you advise so well.
 Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom
 moves,
 Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
 Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent
 youth;
 And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with
 truth. 80

“not be exposed to make this condescension before the younger
 “officers. And he concludes by an artful inference of the absolute
 “necessity of applying to Achilles from the present posture of their
 “affairs.

“See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,

“How near our fleets approach the Trojan fires!

“This is all Nestor says at this time before the general assembly of
 “the Greeks; but in his next speech when the elders only are present,
 “he explains the whole matter at large, and openly declares that
 “they must have recourse to Achilles.” Dion. Hal. *περί ἐσχηματισ-*
μένων, p. 2.

Plutarch de Laud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece of decorum
 in Nestor, who when he intended to move for a mediation with
 Achilles, chose not to do it in publick, but proposed a private meet-
 ing of the chiefs to that end. If what these two great authours have
 said, be considered, there will be no room for the trivial objection
 some moderns have made to this proposal of Nestor's, as if in the
 present distress he did no more than impertinently advise them to go
 to supper. P.

Ver. 73. *O truly great!*] Nestor could do no less than com-
 mend Diomed's valour, he had lately been a witness of it when he
 was preserved from falling into the enemy's hands till he was rescued
 by Diomed. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 79.] Hobbes, who is sufficiently full in this place, conveys
 a more adequate notion of Homer:

And yet those years that sincethy birth have run,
 Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.
 Then let me add what yet remains behind,
 A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind;
 Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I
 bring

85

Distaste the people, or offend the king:

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
 Unworthy property, unworthy light,

None will deny but what you say is right;

But you have not said all you could have done:

And no great wonder, since for age you might

(So young you are) have been my youngest son.

Ver. 87. *Curs'd is the man.*] Nestor, says the same author, very artfully brings in these words as a general maxim, in order to dispose Agamemnon to a reconciliation with Achilles: he delivers it in general terms, and leaves the king to make the application. This passage is translated with liberty, for the original comprises a great deal in a very few words, ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθίμις, ἀνέσι. It will be proper to give a particular explication of each of these: 'Αφρήτωρ, says Eustathius, signifies one who is a vagabond or foreigner. The Athenians kept a register, in which all that were born were enrolled, whence it easily appeared who were citizens, or not; ἀφρήτωρ therefore signifies one who is deprived of the privilege of a citizen. 'Αθίμις is one who had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws of his country. 'Ανέσι, one that has no habitation, or rather, one that was not permitted to partake of any family sacrifice. For Ἑστία is a family goddess; and Jupiter sometimes is called Ζεύς ἑστιᾶχος.

There is a sort of gradation in these words. 'Αθίμις signifies a man that has lost the privileges of his country: ἀφρήτωρ those of his own tribe, and ἀνέσι those of his own family. P.

Our translator has dilated *two* verses of his author into *six*: it is proper, therefore, that the English reader should have a more exact

Unfit for publick rule, or private care;
 That wretch, that monster, who delights in
 war: 90

Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
 To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
 This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
 Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
 Be that the duty of the young and bold; 95
 But thou, O king, to council call the old:

conception in one view of Homer's words, which Ogilby, though homely, will sufficiently convey:

Let him be outlaw'd, friendless, want a house,
 Who loves a private quarrel to espouse.

Ver. 94. *Between the trench and wall.*] It is almost impossible to make such particularities as these appear with any tolerable elegance in poetry: and as they cannot be raised, so neither must they be omitted. This particular space here mentioned between the trench and wall, is what we must carry in our mind through this and the following book: otherwise we shall be at a loss to know the exact scene of the actions and counsels that follow. P.

I wish our annotator had adhered to the spirit of this remark throughout his translation.

Ver. 96.] Our poet did not enter into the intention of his master in this place, though Chapman and Ogilby had not misconceived their original: but Mr. Cowper's version only is a just representation of Homer:

Next, Atrides, thou begin
 (For thou art here supreme) thy proper talk.
 Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace
 Thy sov'reignty, but shall become thee well.

Great is thy fway, and weighty are thy cares;
 Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
 With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
 For happy counsels flow from sober feasts. 100
 Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distressed,
 And such a monarch as can chuse the best.
 See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
 How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires! 104
 Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
 What eye beholds 'em, and can close to night?
 This dreadful interval determines all;
 To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must
 fall.

Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey;
 Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
 His son was first to pass the lofty mound, 111
 The gen'rous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd:

Ver. 99.] Ogilby is more expressive of his author:

Thy royall tent with purest wine is fraught,
 Daily from Thrace in Græcian bottoms brought.

Ver. 101.] More accurately with this alteration;

Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distressed,
 And *much this day our army needs* the best.

Ver. 103.] Our translator expatiates without necessity, but he delighted in giving free scope to his luxuriant fancy. His version might be compressed thus, with more justice to his author:

See! near our *ships* how *flames* the hostile light!
 What eye *well-pleas'd* can *view* the dreadful *fight*?

Next him, Ascalaphus, Iälmen, stood,
 The double offspring of the Warriour-God.
 Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,
 And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.

Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
 And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
 The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,
 Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men, on publick counsels bent,
 Conven'd the princes in his ample tent ;
 Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
 But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceast.

Ver. 119. *The fires they light.*] They lighted up these fires that they might not seem to be under any consternation, but to be upon their guard against any alarm. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 120.] Homer says simply,

They 'midst the ditch and wall their station took ;

but our translator seems to have cast an eye on Chapman :

Some placed on the rampires top, and some amidst the dike.

Ogilby's version, with trivial castigation, is very good and faithful :

Seven captains; each a hundred men commands ;

In ranks *they march*, long javelins in their hands :

These straight the trenches and the out-works guard,

And suppers *each* at *kindled* fires prepar'd.

Ver. 124. *When thirst and hunger ceast.*] The conduct of Homer in this place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long description of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and passes on to the consultation. Eustathius. P.

Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd, ¹²⁵
And slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.

Monarch of nations! whose superiour sway
Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,
The laws and scepters to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
O king! the counsels of my age attend; ¹³¹
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood, ¹³⁵
And ratify the best for publick good.
Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.

Ver. 125.] The same Ogilby has happily represented the original by an elegant turn of expression, which would admit of an easy polish, but is here exhibited without alteration:

Nestor the business breaks; and who before
Did counsel well, thus counsell'd them once more,

Ver. 127.] The purport and spirit of Homer are but dimly seen beneath the ornaments, which our translator has thrown over them. The following attempt is nearly literal:

Most glorious son of Atreus! king of men!
With thee my words shall cease, with thee begin:
For thou art king of myriads; thine from Jove
The laws and sceptres to direct mankind.

Ver. 138. *And make the wisdom thine.*] Eustathius thought that Homer said this, because in council, as in the army, all is attributed to the princes, and the whole honour ascribed to them: but this is by no means Homer's thought. What he here says, is a maxim drawn from the profoundest philosophy. That which often does

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
 At once my present judgment, and my past. 140
 When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
 I first oppos'd, and faithful, durst dissuade;
 But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
 You wrong'd the man, by men and God's admir'd:
 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, 145
 With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.
 To whom the king. With justice hast thou
 shown
 A prince's faults, and I with reason own.

men the most harm, is envy, and the shame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatness and capacity in following good advice, than in proposing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we ravish even the property of it from its author; and Eustathius seems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards says, Homer makes him that follows good advice, equal to him that gives it; but he has not fully expressed himself. Dacier. P.

Ver. 140. *At once my present judgment, and my past.*] Nestor here by the word *πάλαι*, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel, in the first book: he says, as it was his opinion then, that Agamemnon ought not to disgrace Achilles, so after the maturest deliberation, he finds no reason to alter it. Nestor here launches out into the praises of Achilles, which is a secret argument to induce Agamemnon to regain his friendship, by shewing the importance of it. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 145.] It were easy to have been exact:

Consult we now his fatal wrath to end;

Ogilby is respectable:

Now let us think how best we may assuage
 With precious gifts and gentle words his rage.

That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
 Is more than armies, and himself an host. 150
 Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
 Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our hands.
 Fain wou'd my heart, which err'd thro' frantick
 rage,
 The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage.
 If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155
 Hear all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow.

Ver. 151. *This wond'rous hero.*] It is remarkable that Agamemnon here never uses the name of Achilles: though he is resolved to court his friendship, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impression which the dissension made, is not yet worn off, though he expatiates in commendation of his valour. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 154.] Better, perhaps, without interpolation, thus:

Fain wou'd my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
 The *deep resentment of the* chief assuage:

and, I suppose, he profited by Ogilby:

I rashly wrong'd, and willing would *assuage*
 With costly gifts his just conceived *rage*:

whence Pope's second line would be well adjusted to his author:

The wrathful chief *with costly gifts* assuage.

Ver. 155. *If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow.*] The poet, says Eustathius, makes a wise choice of the gifts that are to be proffered to Achilles. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his resentment. If he had been addicted to the fair sex, there was a king's daughter, and seven fair captives to win his favour: or if he had been ambitious of greatness, there were seven wealthy cities, and a kingly power to court him to a reconciliation: but he takes this way to shew us that his anger was stronger than all his other passions. It is farther observable, that Agamemnon promises these presents at

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;

three different times; first, at this instant; secondly, on the taking of Troy; and lastly, after their return to Greece. This division in some degree multiplies them. Dacier. P.

Ver. 157. *Ten weighty talents.*] The ancient criticks have blamed one of the verses in the enumeration of these presents, as not sufficiently flowing and harmonious, the pause is ill placed, and one word does not fall easily into the other. This will appear very plain, if we compare it with a more numerous verse.

"Ακρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἄλως πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

"Αἰθωνας δὲ λέεητας εἴκοσι, δάδεναι δ' ἵππους.

The ear immediately perceives the musick of the former line; every syllable glides smoothly away, without offending the ear with any such roughness, as is found in the second. The first runs as swiftly as the coursers it describes; but the latter is a broken, interrupted, uneven verse. But it is certainly pardonable in this place, where the musick of poetry is not necessary; the mind is entirely taken up in learning what presents Agamemnon intended to make Achilles: and is not at leisure to regard the ornaments of versification; and even those pauses are not without their beauties, as they would of necessity cause a stop in the delivery, and so give time for each particular to sink into the mind of Achilles. Eustathius. P.

Ogilby helpt him to his rhyme:

With these, ten talents of refined *gold*,
And twenty caldrons, all of antique *mould*:

which is infinitely preferable to that absurd phrase *refulgent mold*. And the criticism, quoted by our poet from Eustathius, is, in my opinion, destitute of true taste. These diversities in versification are the most effectual antidotes against that disgust and satiety, which an endless uniformity must ever excite. Such power of variation gives the poetry of the Greeks and Romans so great a superiority over the measures of the moderns, and constitutes the chief excellence of English blank verse. He quoted in the first edition,

Ἰλιθεν μὲ φερων ανειμῶ Κικονισσι πιλασσι,

Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
 Yet knows no officè, nor has felt the flame: 160
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course:
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)
 Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line, 165
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
 The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:

Ver. 159. *Sev'n sacred tripods.*] There were two kinds of tripods, in the one they used to boil water, the other was entirely for shew; to mix wine and water in, says Athenæus: the first were called *λίθιται*, or cauldrons, for common use, and made to bear the fire; the other were *ἄνθη*, and made chiefly for ornament. It may be asked why this could be a proper present to Achilles, who was a martial man, and regarded nothing but arms? It may be answered, that these presents very well suited to the person to whom they were sent, as tripods in ancient days were the usual prizes in games, and they were given by Achilles himself in those which he exhibited in honour of Patroclus: the same may be said of the female captives, which were also among the prizes in the games of Patroclus. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 161. *Twelve steeds unmatch'd.*] From hence it is evident that games used to be celebrated in the Grecian army during the time of war; perhaps in honour of the deceased heroes. For had Agamemnon given Achilles horses that had been victorious before the beginning of the Trojan war, they would by this time have been too old to be of any value. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 164.] Our poet seems to have been indebted for this turn of his original to Chapman's translation:

That man should not be poore, that had but what their winged pace
 Hath added to my treasury.

All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid;
 With all her charms, Briseïs I resign, 171
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
 Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
 These instant shall be his; and if the pow'rs 175
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
 Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
 With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race 179
 With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
 Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,

Ver. 175.] Thus Ogilby :

These now I'll send : but *if* celestia^l pow'ers
 Grant us possession of Troy's lofty towers —.

Ver. 179.] Our translator suffered to escape him no opportunity of indulging the luxuriance of imagination on these luscious topics : otherwise he might have comprised his author in an equal number of verses :

Him twenty nymphs of *Troy* their lord shall own,
That yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.

Ver. 183.] The tender simplicity of his original is not happily preserved on the present occasion. I shall possibly be able to suggest a method of improvement to an abler artist than myself :

There shall he live my son, our honours share, 185
 And with Orestes' self divide my care.
 Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair; 190
 Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve,
 I ask no presents, no reward for love:

When fruitful Argos, wars and labours done,
 We safe revisit, he shall be my son:
 With my Orestes equal tendance share;
 That fond, sole object of a father's care!

Ver. 189. *Laodice and Iphigenia, &c.*] These are the names of Agamemnon's daughters, among which we do not find Electra. But some affirm, says Eustathius, that Laodice and Electra are the same, (as Iphianassa is the same with Iphigenia) and she was called so either by way of sur-name, or by reason of her complexion, which was, ἡλεκτρώδες, *flava*; or by way of derision ἡλέκτρα, *quasi ἡλεκτρον*, because she was an old maid, as appears from Euripides, who says that she remained long a virgin:

Παρθένε, μακρὸν δὲ μῆκος ἡλέκτρα χρόνῳ.

And in Sophocles, she says of herself Ἀνύμφευτος αἰὲν οἶχ' ὦ, *I wander a disconsolate unmarried virgin*, which shews that it was ever looked upon as a disgrace to continue long so. P.

He received some help in this difficulty of unaccompanied *proper names* from Chapman's version:

Three daughters, in my well-built court, unmarried are and *faire*,
 Laodice, Chrysothemis, that hath the *golden haire*.

Ver. 192. *I ask no presents — Myself will give the dow'r.*] For in Greece the bridegroom, before he married, was obliged to make two presents, one to his betrothed wife, and the other to his father-in-law. This custom is very ancient; it was practised by the Hebrews in the time of the patriarchs. Abraham's servant gave

Myself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway, 195
 Him Enope, and Pheræ him obey,
 Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields: 200
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the foil;
 There shall he reign with pow'r and justice
 crown'd, 205
 And rule the tributary realms around.

necklaces and ear-rings to Rebecca, whom he demanded for Isaac, Genesis xxiv. 22. Shechem son of Hamor says to Jacob and his sons, whose sister he was desirous to espouse, "Ask me never so much dowry and gifts," Genesis xxxiv. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter. This present served for her dowry, and the other presents were for the father. In the first book of Samuel xviii. 25. Saul makes them say to David, who by reason of his poverty said he could not be son in-law to the king: "The king desireth not any dowry." And in the two last passages, we see the presents were commonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no mention in Homer of any present made to the father, but only of that which was given to the married daughter, which was called *ἔδνα*. The dowry which the father gave to his daughter was called *μυρία* wherefore Agamemnon says here *ἐπιμύρια δώσω*. Dacier. P.

Ver. 205.] This most beautiful passage might be brought to a closer correspondence with it's model by this correction:

All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
 Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares, 209
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.
 Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus: the rev'rend Nestor then:
 Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men! 216
 Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
 And such as fits a gen'rous king to make.

There shall he reign, with *godlike honours* crown'd,
 And rule the tributary *nations* round.

Ver. 207.] More accurately thus:

All this, his vengeful passion to assuage,
 I offer freely: let him tame his rage.

Ver. 209. *Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares.*] The meaning of this may be gathered from Æschylus, cited here by Eustathius.

Μόνος θεῶν γὰρ θάνατος ἔδωκεν ἑρᾶ,
 Οὐδ' ἄν τι θύων ἔδ' ἐπισπένδων λάτρεαι,
 Οὐδ' ἔστι βωμὸς, ἔδ' ἐπαιωνίζεται.

“Death is the only God who is not moved by offerings, whom
 “you cannot conquer by sacrifices and oblations, and therefore he
 “is the only God to whom no altar is erected, and no hymns are
 “sung.” P.

A more close translation was practicable, and would have appeared to advantage from himself, far beyond the feeble effort, which is now proposed:

Unfooth'd, untamed, the king of hell's abode
 Is deem'd by men the most detested god.

Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
 (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent: 220
 Let Phœnix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
 Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.

Ver. 221. *Let Phœnix lead.*] How comes it to pass that Phœnix is in the Grecian camp: when undoubtedly he retired with his pupil Achilles? Eustathius says, the ancients conjectured that he came to the camp to see the first battle: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that Achilles would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himself absent from the fight: and as his revenge and glory were to be satisfied by the ill success of the Grecians, it is highly probable that he sent Phœnix to enquire after it. Eustathius farther observes, Phœnix was not an ambassador, but only the conductor of the embassy. This is evident from the words themselves, which are all along delivered in the dual number; and farther, from Achilles's requiring Phœnix to stay with him when the other two departed. P.

Ver. 222. *Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.*] The choice of these persons is made with a great deal of judgment. Achilles could not but reverence the venerable Phœnix his guardian and tutor. Ajax and Ulysses had been disgraced in the first book, line 187, as well as he, and were therefore proper persons to persuade him to forgive as they had forgiven: besides, it was the greatest honour that could be done to Achilles, to send the most worthy personages in the army to him. Ulysses was inferior to none in eloquence but to Nestor. Ajax was second to none in valour but to Achilles.

Ajax might have an influence over him as a relation, by descent from Æacus; Ulysses as an orator: to these are joined Hódus and Eurybates, two heralds, which though it were not customary, yet was necessary in this place, both to certify Achilles that this embassy was the act of Agamemnon himself, and also to make these persons who had been witnesses before God and man of the wrong done to Achilles in respect to Briseïs, witnesses also of the satisfaction given him. Eustathius. P.

In what respect the circumstance referred to, and recorded at line 145. of the *first* book in the original, was a *disgrace* to Ajax and Ulysses, as our poet insinuates, I am at a loss to discover.

Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
 Let Hodus and Eurybates attend. 224
 Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
 Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
 The cleansing water from the living spring.
 The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
 And large libations drench'd the sands around. 230
 The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
 Then from the royal tent they take their way;
 Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
 Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:

Ver. 226.] Mr. Cowper alone of the translators has preserved the true sense of his author:

————— Bring water for our hands;
 Give charge that *every tongue abstain from speech*
Portentous, and propitiate Jove by prayer.

Our poet follows Ogilby:

Bring water, and be *silent*:
 and so M. Dacier.

Ver. 229.] He might have a view to Ogilby:

The young men *goblets* bring, *with rich wine crown'd*;
 They fill about, and still the cup goes round.

And as Pope's second verse is too hyperbolical for Homer, I would propose an alteration from Ogilby, for greater accommodation to the original:

Th' *attendant* youth with wine the goblets crown'd:
All pour'd libations, and the cups went round.

Ver. 234.] This is a strange interpolation. Let the reader accept a plain and literal exhibition of the passage:

Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most, 235
 To deprecate the chief, and save the host.
 Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
 Of murm'ring billows on the sounding shore.
 To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound, 239
 Whose liquid arms the mighty globe furround,
 They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
 And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
 And now, arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay
 The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay;
 Amus'd at ease, the god-like man they found, 245
 Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.

Them Nestor much admonisht, viewing each
 With eyes expressive, but Ulysses most,
 By every art Achilles to persuade.

Ver. 235. *Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most.*] There is a great propriety in representing Nestor as so particularly applying himself on this occasion to Ulysses. Though he of all men had the least need of his instructions; yet it is highly natural for one wise man to talk most to another. P.

Ver. 237.] The congenial terms *roar*, *murmuring*, and *sounding* seem too numerous for one clause: I would propose,

Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
 Of billows *beating* on the *lonely* shore.

Ver. 241.] I would propose a correction with the help of Ogilby's rhymes:

They pour forth vows their embassy to *aid*,
 And stern *Pelides'* haughty soul *persuade*.

Ver. 245.] More accurately thus:

There sweetly solacing himself, they found
The hero, with his lyre's harmonious sound.

(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ
 came,
 Of polish'd silver was its costly frame;) 245
 With this he sooths his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings. 250
 Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:

Ver. 246. *Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.*]
 "Homer (says Plutarch) to prove what an excellent use may be
 "made of musick, feigned Achilles to compose by this means the
 "wrath he had conceived against Agamemnon. He sung to his
 "harp the noble actions of the valiant, and the achievements of
 "heroes and demigods, a subject worthy of Achilles. Homer
 "moreover teaches us in this fiction the proper season for musick,
 "when a man is at leisure and unemployed in greater affairs. For
 "Achilles, so valorous as he was, had retired from action through
 "his displeasure to Agamemnon. And nothing was better suited
 "to the martial disposition of this hero, than these heroick songs,
 "that prepared him for the deeds and toils he afterwards undertook,
 "by the celebration of the like in those who had gone before him.
 "Such was the ancient musick, and to such purposes it was ap-
 "plied." Plut. of musick. The same author relates in the life
 of Alexander, that when the lyre of Paris was offered to that prince,
 he made answer, "He had little value for it, but much desired
 "that of Achilles, on which he sung the actions of heroes in
 "former times." P.

Ver. 249.] I should prefer, as more agreeable to the spirit of
 Homer,

With this the tumults of his soul he charms;
 Sings glorious chiefs, and noble deeds of arms.

Ver. 251.] The full purport of the original might have been
 included in a single couplet:

Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Placed in his *front*, awaits the *ceasing* strain.

And, I suppose, our poet might have an eye on Ogilby:

Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting 'till he ceas'd the song.
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds 255
 To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
 Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
 With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:
 Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun. 260
 Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
 Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
 To me more dear than all that bear the name.

Patroclus silent sat, expecting *long*,
 When he would finish his heroick *song*.

Ver. 258.] Ogilby furnisht our translator with this prettiness:

Achilles starting up did much admire,
 And where he sat *laid down* his silver lyre:
 and he could not relinquish it, though Dacier might have taught
 him better: "Achille, surpris de les voir, se leve avec precipitation,
 "sa Lyre encoré entre les mains:" and Chapman:

Who *with his harpe* and all arose.

Ver. 261. *Princes, all hail!*] This short speech is wonderfully
 proper to the occasion, and to the temper of the speaker. One is
 under a great expectation of what Achilles will say at the sight of
 these heroes, and I know nothing in nature that could satisfy it but
 the very thing he here accosts them with. P.

No translator has given, what appears to me the true meaning of
 this passage; which, as I suspect, should be rendered thus:

Whether a friendly visit leads your steps,
 Or some necessity impels, all hail!
 To me, though sad, most dear of all the Greeks.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
 And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread. 266
 Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
 Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry foul.
 Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
 Thy friend most honours these, and these thy
 friend. 270

He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire:

Ver. 268. *Mix purer wine.*] The meaning of this word ζωρότερον is very dubious; some say it signifies warm wine, from ζέω, *ferveo*: according to Aristotle it is an adverb, and implies to mix wine *quickly*. And others think it signifies pure wine. In this last sense Herodotus uses it. Ἐπὶ ζωρότερον βύλονται οἱ Σπαρτιάται πινεῖν, ἐπισκύθισον λίγυσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθῶν, οἳ, φησιν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ἰδὲ δαξαν τὸν Κλεομένην ἀκρατοποιεῖν. Which in English is thus: “When the Spartans have an inclination to drink their
 “ wine pure and not diluted, they propose to drink after the manner
 “ of the Scythians; some of whom coming ambassadors to Sparta,
 “ taught Cleomenes to drink his wine unmixed.” I think this sense of the word most natural, and Achilles might give this particular order not to dilute the wine so much as usually, because the ambassadors, who were brave men, might be supposed to be much fatigued in the late battle, and to want a more than usual refreshment. Eustathius. See Plutarch. Symp. l. iv. c. 5. P.

Mix purer wine, that is, as our poet rightly understood it, Pour in a less proportion of water: for the ancients always diluted their wine. Aristotle in his poetics touches on the different senses of the word ζωρότερον. but the sense of *more quickly* appears to me inapposite and groundless. The reader, who is so disposed, may see more to the purpose of this passage in section clxi. of my Silva Critica.

Ver. 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing fire, &c.*] The reader must not expect to find much beauty in such descriptions as these: they

The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep and goat contains:

give us an exact account of the simplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of Homer's design; there being, no doubt, a considerable change of customs in Greece, from the time of the Trojan war to those wherein our author lived; and it seemed demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the Greeks an idea of the manners of their predecessors. But however that matter stood, it should, methinks, be a pleasure to a modern reader, to see how such mighty men, whose actions have survived their persons three thousand years, lived in the earliest ages of the world. The ambassadors found this hero, says Eustathius, without any attendants; he had no ushers or waiters to introduce them, no servile parasites about him: the latter ages degenerated into these pieces of state and pageantry.

The supper also is described with an equal simplicity: three princes are busied in preparing it, and they who made the greatest figure in the field of battle, thought it no disparagement to prepare their own repast. The objections some have made, that Homer's Gods and heroes do every thing for themselves, as if several of those offices were unworthy of them, proceed from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur: whereas in truth it is rather a weakness and imperfection to stand in need of the assistance and ministry of others. But however it be, methinks those of the nicest taste might relish this entertainment of Homer's, when they consider these great men as soldiers in a camp, in whom the least appearance of luxury would have been a crime. P.

Ver. 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing fire.*] Madam Dacier's general note on this passage deserves to be transcribed. "Homer," says she, is in the right not to avoid these descriptions, because "nothing can properly be called vulgar which is drawn from the "manner and usages of persons of the first dignity; and also "because in his tongue even the terms of cookery are so noble, "and of so agreeable a sound, and he likewise knows how to place "them so well, as to extract a perfect harmony from them: so "that he may be said to be as excellent a poet when he describes "these small matters, as when he treats of the greatest subjects. "It is not so either with our manners, or our language. Cookery "is left to servants, and all its terms so low and disagreeable, even

Achilles at the genial feast presides, 275
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
 The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
 Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;

“ in the found; that nothing can be made of them, that has not
 “ some taint of their meanness. This great disadvantage made me
 “ at first think of abridging this preparation of the repast; but
 “ when I had well considered it, I was resolved to preserve and
 “ give Homer as he is, without retrenching any thing from the
 “ simplicity of the heroick manners. I do not write to enter the
 “ lists against Homer; I will dispute nothing with him; my design
 “ is only to give an idea of him, and to make him understood: the
 “ reader will therefore forgive me if this description has none of
 “ its original grace.” P.

Ver. 272. *In a brazen vase.*] The word *κεῖλον* signifies the vessel, and not the meat itself, as Euphorion conjectured, giving it as a reason that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat: but this does not hinder but that the meat might be parboiled in the vessel to make it roast the sooner. This, with some other notes on the particulars of this passage, belong to Eustathius, and Madam Dacier ought not to have taken to herself the merit of his explanations. P.

Ver. 277.] Better, perhaps, thus, after the modern taste:
 Mean while Patroclus *toils* the fire to raise.

Ver. 282. *And sprinkles sacred salt.*] Many reasons are given why salt is called sacred or divine, but the best is because it preserves things incorrupt, and keeps them from dissolution. “ So thunder
 “ (says Plutarch Sympos. l. v. qu. 10.) is called divine, because
 “ bodies struck with thunder will not putrify; besides generation is
 “ divine, because God is the principle of all things, and salt is
 “ most operative in generation. Lycophron calls it *ἀγνίτην τὸν ἅλα*:

With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
 Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in fight, 285
 Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
 The first fat off'rings, to th' Immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
 Then each, indulging in the social feast,
 His thirst and hunger soberly repress. 290
 That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
 Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine

“ for this reason Venus was feigned by the poets to spring from the
 “ sea.” P.

Our poet mistook the sense of his original, which seems rightly
 represented by Chapman :

Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and took it from the *rackes* :
 meaning thereby the range of *wire-spits*.

Ver. 285.] We want the customary elegance of our translator.
 Thus?

Himself against Ulysses takes his seat,
 Near the front wall ; and portions out the meat.

Ver. 287.] More faithfully thus :

The first fat off'rings, *which* th' immortals *claim*,
With these he bade Patroclus *feed the flame*.

Ver. 291. *To Phœnix Ajax gave the sign.*] Ajax, who was a
 rough soldier and no orator, is impatient to have the business over :
 he makes a sign to Phœnix to begin, but Ulysses prevents him.
 Perhaps Ulysses might flatter himself that his oratory would prevail
 upon Achilles, and so obtain the honour of making the recon-
 ciliation himself : or if he were repulsed, there yet remained a
 second and third resource in Ajax and Phœnix, who might renew
 the attempt, and endeavour to shake his resolution : there would
 still be some hopes of success, as one of these was his guardian

The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the God-like man.

Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests! 295
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:

the other his relation. One may farther add to these reasons of Eustathius, that it would have been improper for Phoenix to have spoken first, since he was not an ambassador; and therefore Ulysses was the fitter person, as being empowered by that function to make an offer of the presents in the name of the king. P.

Ver. 295. *Health to Achilles!*] There are no discourses in the Iliad better placed, better timed, or that give a greater idea of Homer's genius, than these of the ambassadors to Achilles. These speeches are not only necessarily demanded by the occasion, but disposed with art, and in such an order, as raises more and more the pleasure of the reader. Ulysses speaks the first, the character of whose discourse is a well-addressed eloquence: so the mind is agreeably engaged by the choice of his reasons and applications; Achilles replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the sentiments of the hero: Phoenix discourses in a manner touching and pathetick, whereby the heart is moved; and Ajax concludes with a generous disdain that leaves the soul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleases, by the arrangement of his matter; and I believe it is not possible to propose a better model for the happy disposition of a subject. These words are Monsieur de la Motte's, and no testimony can be more glorious to Homer than this, which comes from the mouth of an enemy. P.

Our poet seems to have consulted Ogilby:

All health, Æacides; we now thy guests

No entertainment want nor sumptuous feasts.

Ver. 296. *Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts.*] I must just mention Dacier's observation: with what cunning Ulysses here slides in the odious name of Agamemnon, as he praises Achilles, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiarised to that name. P.

Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
 That, Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
 But greater cares fit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls. 300
 What scenes of slaughter in yon' fields appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
 Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call! 305
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall:
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they pro-
 claim,
 And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame!
 For them the Father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs. 310

Ver. 301.] These excellent verses would be more true to their exemplar, if modelled in the following manner:

What prospects, chief divine! of woe appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear:
 Fast on the brink of Fate our navy stands,
 And hopes no help but from thy potent hands.

The *second* verse is a mere interpolation, but highly beautiful, and perfectly consonant to the tenour of the passage, and the previous circumstances of the poem.

Ver. 307.] This is a fine couplet; but the former verse is an alien to the original, and the latter a perversion of it. The following attempt, by the help of Ogilby's rhymes, will convey the purport of the passage:

Fires blaze through all their camp; and "no retreat,"
 Say they, "we make, 'till ruin seize your fleet."

See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
 See! heav'n and earth the raging chief defies;
 What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his
 eyes!

He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame ³¹⁴
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.

Ver. 312.] Correspondence to his author, and consistency with what precedes, required our translator to render,

See! *men* and *gods* the raging chief defies:

because in defying *heaven*, he defied *Jupiter* also; but the scope of the paragraph naturally interprets the version proposed to mean the *inferiour deities*.

Ver. 314. *He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame, The ships, the Greeks, &c.*] There is a circumstance in the original, which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preserves a piece of antiquity, I must not forget it here. He says that Hector will not only fire the fleet, but bear off the *statues of the Gods*, which were carved on the prows of the vessels. These were hung up in the temples, as a monument of victory, according to the custom of those times. P.

Chapman is not inelegant, and will serve to shew the omission of our poet:

Wilde rage invades him; and he prays, that soon the sacred morn
 Would light his furie; boasting then, our streamers shall be torne,
 And all our navall ornaments, fall by his conquering stroke;
 Our ships shall burne, and we ourselves, lie stifled in the smoke.

What our poet has produced in his note, is from Eustathius: and it seems to me, that the *κορυμβοι* of Homer may be properly interpreted from Juvenal, sat. x. 135.

Et curtum temone jugum, victæque triremis
 Aplustre:

where the old scholiast may be consulted.

Heav'ns! how my country's woes distract my
mind,

Lest Fate accomplish all his rage design'd.

And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?

Return, Achilles! oh return, tho' late, 320

To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of Fate;

If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,

Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!

The day may come, when all our warriors slain,

That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.

Regard in time, O prince divinely brave! 326

Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.

When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd

His parting son, these accents were his last.

My child! with strength, with glory and success,

Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless! 331

Ver. 316.] More accurately thus, with some help from Ogilby:

Ah! how my mind forbodes th' impending storm;

Lest all his rage the favouring Gods perform:

Lest from our country far, our heads we lay

In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day!

Ver. 325.] Our translator here omits a point of his author,
which may be thus rudely represented:

While pausing Fates this transient respite give,

Resolve to succour; bid thy Greece to live.

Ver. 326.] More conformably to his original with this alteration:

Recall those counsels, prince divinely brave!

Which, when to war he sent, thy father gave.

Trust that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe; 335
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtues of Humanity be thine —
 This, now despis'd advice, thy father gave;
 Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
 If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers, 340
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.

Ver. 337.] Perhaps, Chapman's word had been preferable:
 The virtues of *benignity* be thine.

Ver. 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd presents.*] Monsieur de la Motte finds fault with Homer for making Ulysses in this place repeat all the offers of Agamemnon to Achilles. Not to answer that it was but necessary to make known to Achilles all the proposals, or that this distinct enumeration served the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any person of common taste, whether the solemn recital of these circumstances does not please him more than the simple narration could have done, which Monsieur de la Motte would have put in its stead. *Ulysses made all the offers Agamemnon had commissioned him.*
 P.

Our poet is mistaken in this turn of the passage, and appears to have been misled by Dacier. We may correct thus:

Come then, and hear me, while I number o'er —.

But the next verse displeases; and yet I will not affirm, that I can mend it. Thus?

*Come then, and listen, whilst these lips recount
 Of all these proffer'd gifts the vast amount.*

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mold; 345
Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in
force,

And still victorious in the dusty course:
(Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed) 351
Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid, 356
And join'd with these the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseïs he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes, 360
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
These instant shall be thine; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil
divides)

With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. 365
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;

Such as thyself shall chuse ; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.

Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore, 371
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide his care.

Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed; 375
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,

And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
He asks no presents, no reward for love:
Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,
As never father gave a child before. 381

Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee Enope, and Pheræ thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd: 385
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.

There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil; 390
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.
There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice
crown'd,

And rule the tributary realms around.

Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king. 395
 But if all this relentless thou disdain,
 If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain;
 Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
 And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
 If no regard thy suff'ring country claim, 400
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
 For now that chief, whose unresisted ire
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
 Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405

Then thus the Goddess-born. Ulysses hear
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;

Ver. 396.] Thus, with more fidelity:

But if all this relentless thou disdain,
And hate for him make all his offerings vain.

Ver. 402.] This passage bears no resemblance to the original;
 which will be better reflected by a correction of Ogilby:

Now Hector may'st thou kill, who *dares* engage,
 Spurr'd on by *late* success and frantic rage:
 For now he boasts, *that none*, fail'd hither, dare
 In *martial* prowess with *himself* compare.

Ver. 406. *Achilles's speech.*] Nothing is more remarkable than
 the conduct of Homer in this speech of Achilles. He begins
 with some degree of coolness, as in respect to the ambassadors,
 whose persons he esteemed; yet even there his temper just shews
 itself in the insinuation that Ulysses had dealt artfully with him,
 which in two periods rises into an open detestation of all artifice.
 He then falls into a fullen declaration of his resolves, and a more

What in my secret soul is understood,
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain: 410
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,
 Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend; 415
 Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
 Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

sedate representation of his past services; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies out into extravagance. His rage, awakened by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind that sinks and rises by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for those intermissions. P.

On this occasion of respect and ceremony, the address of the original should, in my opinion, have been more punctually preserved. I would propose the following alteration, of which the first verse is from Mr. Cowper:

Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race:
 O! thou, whom feats and words of wisdom grace,
 Laertes' son divine, Ulysses! hear —.

Ver. 411.] The contemptuous impatience of the original is not seen in this version. I should prefer,

Nor with *fresh mutterings* tease my peace in vain.

Ver. 419.] Better, perhaps,
Corwards and *heroes* find their prize the same.

Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends, 424
 From danger guards them, and from want defends;
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her wives, her infants by my labours sav'd;
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.

Ver. 422.] The spirit of Homer does not breathe in this couplet; nor am I able to rival the original, and only claim fidelity:

What fruit is mine from all this martial strife,
 For woes encounter'd, and endanger'd life?

Ver. 424. *As the bold bird, &c.*] This simile (says la Motte) must be allowed to be just, but was not fit to be spoken in a passion. One may answer that the tenderness of the comparison renders it no way the less proper to a man in a passion: it being natural enough, the more one is disgusted at present, the more to recollect the kindness we have formerly shewn to those who are ungrateful. Eustathius observes, that so soft as the simile seems, it has nevertheless its *fertè*; for Achilles herein expresses his contempt for the Greeks, as a weak defenceless people, who must have perished, if he had not preserved them. And indeed, if we consider what is said in the preceding note, it will appear that the passion of Achilles ought not as yet to be at the height. P.

Our translator expatiates: I should prefer, for faithful conciseness, a melioration of Ogilby:

As the *fond bird* supplies her callow brood,
 Nor, press'd *with* cares and *hunger*, tastes the food —.

I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
 Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possesse;
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid;
 And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made:
 I only must refund, of all his train; 440
 See what preheminance our merits gain!
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:

Ver. 432. *I sack'd twelve ample cities.*] Eustathius says, that the anger of Achilles not only throws him into tautology, but also into ambiguity: for, says he, these words may either signify that he destroyed twelve cities with his ships, or barely cities with twelve ships. But Eustathius in this place is like many other commentators, who can see a meaning in a sentence, that never entered into the thoughts of an author. It is not easy to conceive how Achilles could have expressed himself more clearly. There is no doubt but δώδεκα agrees with the same word that ἑνδεκα does, in the following line, which is certainly πόλεις; and there is a manifest enumeration of the places he had conquered by sea, and by land. P.

Ver. 436.] Ogilby chastised is more expressive of his author:

He, *safe and easy, in his fleet* remain'd:
 Some spoils were shared, *himself* the prime retain'd.

And, because in the next couplet is a recurrence of rhymes, which still vibrate on our ears, I would propose a farther correction of his predecessor:

On *kings and* princes, in this war employ'd,
 He *gifts bestow'd, and gifts by them* enjoy'd.

The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy; 444
 But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
 What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause?
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
 Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
 The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
 Sure ev'ry wise and worthy man will love. 451

Ver. 445.] I would exterminate this colloquial vulgarity.

But *what* the quarrel then of Greece with Troy?

Ver. 447.] More accurately,

What brought *Atrides*, but *fair Helen's* cause?

Ver. 450. *The wife whom choice and passion both approve, Sure ev'ry wise and worthy man will love.*] The argument of Achilles in this place is very a-propos with reference to the case of Agamemnon. If I translated it *verbatim*, I must say in plain English, *Every honest man loves his wife*. Thus Homer has made this rash, this fiery foldier governed by his passions, and in the rage of youth, bear testimony to his own respect for the ladies. But it seems Poltis king of Thrace was of another opinion, who would have parted with two wives, out of pure good-nature to two mere strangers; as I have met with the story somewhere in Plutarch. When the Greeks were raising forces against Troy, they sent ambassadors to this Poltis to desire his assistance. He enquired the cause of the war, and was told it was the injury Paris had done Menelaus in taking his wife from him. "If that be all, said the good king, let me accommodate the difference: indeed it is not just the Greek prince should lose a wife, and on the other side it is pity the Trojan should want one. Now I have two wives, and to prevent all this mischief, I'll send one of them to Menelaus, and the other to Paris." It is a shame this story is so little known, and that poor Poltis yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recommend him to the modern poets. P.

Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
 Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again. 455
 Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake?

Ver. 453.] There is something in this use of the word *dame* not altogether acceptable to modern ears. Thus?

Nor did my fair-one's *graces* less controul,
 Though captive she, each movement of my soul.

Ver. 455.] I should like better,
 And, once deceiv'd, I trust not kings again.

Homer, however, says nothing about *kings* here: and it is observable with what eagerness our translator on every occasion, both in this version and his original poetry, went out of his way to fall on *kings*: sometimes, as in this passage, naming them expressly; sometimes, by insinuation only, as in the proëm to the Dunciad:

You, by whose care in vain decry'd and curst,
 Still *Dunce* the *second* reigns like *Dunce* the *first*.

This was the devotion of *popery* to the *Stuart* line:

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

Ver. 456.] Thus, with more fidelity:

For him, Ulysses and ye kings, contrive,
 How from your fleet the hostile flames to drive.

Ver 457. *Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.*] Achilles still remembers what Agamemnon said to him when they quarrelled, *Other brave warriors will be left behind to follow me in battle*, as we have seen in the first book. He answers here without either sparing Ajax or Ulysses; as much his friends as they are, they have their share in this stroke of raillery. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 459. *Has he not walls?*] This is a bitter satire (says

Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round, 460
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repel the rage of Priam's sngle son?
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders
 wrought; 465

Eustathius) against Agamemnon, as if his only deeds were the making of this wall, this ditch, these pallisades, to defend himself against those whom he came to besiege: there was no need of these retrenchments, whilst Achilles fought. But (as Dacier observes) this satire does not affect Agamemnon only, but Nestor too, who had advised the making of these retrenchments, and who had said in the second book, *If there are a few who separate themselves from the rest of the army, let them stay and perish*, ver. 346. Probably this had been reported to Achilles, and that hero revenges himself here by mocking these retrenchments. P.

The latter part of the verse is his own addition, suggested possibly by Ogilby:

Strong bulwarks rais'd, and works *not to be storm'd*.

Ver. 462.] The original suggests,

But not e'en these —

without an *interrogation*, which appeared, I suppose, more spirited to our translator, after Ogilby,

And will not all these keep one Hector out?

who followed Chapman:

And cannot all these helps repress, this kil-man Hector's fright?

Ver. 464.] There is an inelegance and want of polish in this verse. I would propose:

Time was, when I *with Greeks embattled* fought,
This Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought.

He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
 Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was fav'd by Fate.
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
 To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore, 470
 Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
 The third day hence, shall Pthia greet our fails,
 If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;

Ver. 466.] Thus, according to his original:

*Near 'Troy he kept, nor dared my fury wait
 Beyond the beach-tree, and the Scæan gate.*

Ver. 469.] Our poet has not well exhibited his author in this passage. I will venture some alterations, for the sake of fidelity:

*Yet now no more with Hector I contend;
 But, with to-morrow's dawn, my vows will send
 To Jove and all the Gods; my ships will store,
 And launch them from this station on the shore;
 Then, if thy soul incline, shalt thou descry
 My men with ardour o'er yon ocean ply.*

Ver. 472.] This additional thought originated with Dacier: "Et l'*Hellespont* gemir sous l'effort de mes rameurs." What he means by the vessels *crown'd*, it is not easy to discover.

Ver. 473. *The third day hence shall Pthia, &c.*] Monsieur de la Motte thinks the mention of these minute circumstances not to agree with the passionate character of the speaker; that *he shall arrive at Pthia in three days, that he shall find there all the riches he left when he came to the siege, and that he shall carry other treasures home.* Dacier answers, that we need only consider the present situation of Achilles, and his cause of complaint against Agamemnon, and we shall be satisfied here is nothing but what is exactly agreeable to the occasion. To convince the ambassadors that he will return home, he instances the easiness of doing it in

Pthia to her Achilles shall restore 475
 The wealth he left for this detested shore :
 Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
 The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brags ;
 My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey. 480
 One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
 And that resum'd; the fair Lyrnessian slave.
 Then tell him; loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear:

the space of three days. Agamemnon had injured him in the point of booty, he therefore declares he had sufficient treasures at home, and that he will carry off spoils enough, and women enough, to make amends for those that prince had ravished from him. Every one of these particulars marks his passion and resentment. P.

Ver. 474.] He cast his eye, it should seem, on Ogilby :

And, if great Neptune grant a prosperous *gale*,
 We the third day shall fertile Pthia *sail*.

Ver. 478.] He had been accurate by writing thus :

The gold, the *shining* steel, and ruddy brags.

Ver. 481. *One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave.*] The injury which Agamemnon offered to Achilles is still uppermost in his thoughts; he has but just dismissed it, and now returns to it again. These repetitions are far from being faults in Achilles's wrath, whose anger is perpetually breaking out upon the same injury. P.

Better, perhaps, as more close to the original :

One valu'd gift *th' insulting* tyrant gave —.

Ver. 484.] He disguises and misrepresents his author. Let the reader accept the following attempt to rectify our poet's version :

(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, 485
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
 Tho' shameless as he is, to face these eyes
 Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join; 490
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
 No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
 His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. 495

Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
Nor thus his wrongs with passive meanness bear.
If, clad in impudence, he dare deceive,
And other Argives of their gifts bereave;
Let not your monarch, shameless though he be,
Presume to turn his dog-like front on me:

nor can I allow this expression to be too coarse for the enraged bitterness of Achilles; but think it suitably characteristic of him.

Ver. 490.] The rhyme is imperfect, and the translation here somewhat mean, nor sufficiently close. I would alter thus:

Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline;
 Nor *mine* his council, nor his battle mine.
He wrong'd my fond credulity before
With words delusive, but shall wrong no more.

Ver. 494. *Kings of such a kind Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.*] The words in the Greeks are, *I despise him as a Carian.* The Carians were people of Bœotia, the first that sold their valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their pay. This was looked upon as the vilest of actions in those heroical ages. I think there is at present but one nation in the world distinguished for this practice, who are ready to prostitute their hands to kill for the highest bidder.

Not tho' he proffer'd all himself posselt,
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
 The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
 Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain, 500
 The world's great empress on th' Ægyptian plain,

Eustathius endeavours to give many other solutions of this place, as that ἐν καρῶς may be mistaken for ἐγκαρῶς from ἐγκας, *pediculus*; but this is too mean and trivial to be Homer's sentiment. There is more probability that it comes from κῆρ, κηρῶς, and so καρῶς by the change of the Eta into Alpha; and then the meaning will be, that Achilles hates him as much as hell or death, agreeable to what he had said a little before:

Ἐχθρός μὲν μοι κτεῖν' ὁμῶς αἰῶας πύλῃσι.

P.

Ver. 496.] Literally thus:

Not ten and twenty times the proffer'd store;
 What he now has, and what hereafter more.

Ver. 498.] If such amplification must be conceded, I should prefer:

Not all the golden tides of wealth, that pours
 Where Orchomen displays her pompous towers.

But something more compressed would be superiour to either:

No wealth, that Orchomen's proud walls receive,
 No treasures, that Ægyptian Thebes could give.

Ver. 500. *Not all proud Thebes', &c.*] These several circumstances concerning Thebes are thought by some not to suit with that emotion with which Achilles here is supposed to speak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more usual for persons transported with anger, than to insist, and return to such particulars as most touch them; and that exaggeration is a figure extremely natural in passion. Achilles therefore, by shewing the greatness of Thebes, its wealth and extent, does in effect but shew the greatness of his own soul, and of that insuperable resentment which renders all these riches (though the greatest in the world) contemptible in his sight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has received.

P.

(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,

Ver. 500. *Proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls, &c.*] “ The city
“ which the Greeks call Thebes, the Ægyptian Diospolis (says
“ Diodorus, lib. i. par. ii.) was in circuit a hundred and forty
“ *stadia*, adorned with stately buildings, magnificent temples, and
“ rich donations. It was not only the most beautiful and noble city
“ of Ægypt, but of the whole world. The fame of its wealth
“ and grandeur was so celebrated in all parts, that the poet took
“ notice of it in these words :

ἔδ' ὅσα Θήβας
Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κλήματα κίται,
Αἰθ' ἑκατόμυλοί εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἂν ἐκάστην
Ἀνέρες ἐξοιχνέουσι σὺν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχλεισφιν. ver. 381.

“ Though others affirm it had not a hundred gates, but several vast
“ porches to the temples ; from whence the city was called the *hun-*
“ *dred-gated*, only as having many gates. Yet it is certain it fur-
“ nished twenty thousand chariots of war ; for there were a hundred
“ stables along the river, from Memphis to Thebes towards Libya,
“ each of which contained two hundred horses, the ruins whereof
“ are shewn at this day. The princes from time to time made it
“ their care to beautify and enlarge this city, to which none under
“ the sun was equal in the many and magnificent treasures of gold,
“ silver, and ivory ; with innumerable Colossuses, and obelisks of
“ one entire stone. There were four temples admirable in beauty
“ and greatness, the most ancient of which was in circuit thirteen
“ *stadia*, and five and forty cubits in height, with a wall of four and
“ twenty feet broad. The ornaments and offerings within were
“ agreeable to this magnificence, both in value and workmanship.
“ The fabrick is yet remaining, but the gold, silver, ivory, and
“ precious stones were ransacked by the Persians, when Cambyfes
“ burned the temples of Ægypt. There were found in the rubbish
“ above three hundred talents of gold, and no less than two thou-
“ sand three hundred of silver.” The same author proceeds to give
many instances of the magnificence of this great city. The descrip-
tion of the sepulchres of their kings, and particularly that of Osy-
manduas, is perfectly astonishing, to which I refer the reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the kings of Thebes extended their
conquests as far as Scythia, Bactria, and India.

Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars) 505
 Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call;
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
 Atrides' daughter never shall be led 510
 (An ill-match'd comfort) to Achilles' bed;
 Like golden Venus tho' she charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
 Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race. 515

Ver. 503.] This fine verse is an addition from the translator :
 and Homer says nothing about horses and chariots for war; but our
 poet took the first from Ogilby :

Where through a hundred gates with marble arch
 To *battell* twenty thousand chariots march :

or from Chapman :

Two hundred *soldiers* may, afront, with horse and chariots passe
 and much in the same manner Hobbes, Dacier, and I see Mr. Cow-
 per; all, I think, injudiciously : because it is a sublime sentiment
 to suppose, that such a number might casually issue even in peace
 through so renowned and populous a city ; though such a supposition
 is not necessary, and yet the notion of *war* may be excluded. No-
 thing more plain than Homer's meaning.

Ver. 509.] More exactly,

My wrongs yet unrevenged, I scorn them all.

Ver. 514.] The *second* verse of this couplet is the inventive
 interpolation of our poet. Something like the following would
 keep pace better with the incomparable energy of the original :

*Nor then would I receive her : let her grace
 Some fitter Grecian, one of nobler race.*

If heav'n restore me to my realms with life,
 The rev'rend Peleus shall elect my wife;
 Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
 Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away, 520
 Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
 There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold, 525

Ver. 519.] Thus, a little more faithfully :

Some king's illuſtrious daughter ſhall be mine.

But our poet followed Dacier: " Il n'y a point de roi, qui ne ſe
 " tienne honoré de mon alliance."

Ver. 520.] Here alſo he treads in the ſteps of the French tranſ-
 lator: " Auſſi tous mes deſirs ne tendent plus qu'a mener une vie
 " tranquille."

Ver. 522.] This couplet is a mere invention of the tranſlator,
 but finely introduces the glorious paſſage, which immediately ſuc-
 ceeds.

Ver. 524.] Notwithſtanding two or three beautiful verſes, the
 merit of the original, and eſpecially it's delightful ſimplicity, is by
 no means preſerved in our poet's verſion, nor can be entirely in any.
 I have ventured on an attempt, and truſt it to the candid reader:

To me, not life compenſate all the ſtores
 Of Troy, e'er Greece laid waſte her fruitful ſhores;
 Not all the maſs of coſtly gifts, that load
 The ſhrines and portals of the Pythian god.
 Rich herds and flocks ſucceſſful rapine gains,
 Victorious ſteeds and tripods gold obtains:
 But breath, nor force retrieves nor treaſures buy,
 If through the barrier of the teeth it fly.

Ver. 525. *Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures.*] The temple of

Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
 Lost herds and treasures, we by arms regain,
 And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:
 But from our lips the vital spirit fled, 530
 Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
 My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd:

Apollo at Delphos was the richest temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts; there were statues of massy gold of a human size, figures of animals in gold, and several other treasures. A great sign of its wealth is that the Phocians pillaged it in the time of Philip the son of Amyntas, which gave occasion to the holy war. It is said to have been pillaged before, and that the great riches of which Homer speaks, had been carried away. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 529.] This thought, not found in his author, was derived from Dacier's translation: "Des chevaux, qui ne seront jamais vaincus à la course."

Ver. 530. *The vital spirit fled, Returns no more.*] Nothing more could be better imagined, or more strongly paint Achilles's resentment, than this commendation which Homer puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That hero, whose very soul was possessed with love of glory, and who preferred it to life itself, lets his anger prevail over this his darling passion: he despises even glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his revenge at the same time; and rather than lay this aside, becomes the very reverse of himself. P.

Ver. 532. *My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd.*] It was very necessary for Homer to put the reader more than once in mind of this piece of Achilles's story: there is a remark of Monsieur de la Motte, which deserves to be transcribed entire on this occasion.

Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown: 535
 If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:

“ The generality of people, who do not know Achilles by the
 “ Iliad, and who upon a most noted fable conceive him invulnerable
 “ all but in the heel, find it ridiculous that he should be placed at
 “ the head of heroes: so true it is, that the idea of valour implies
 “ it always from danger.

“ Should a giant, well armed, fight against a legion of children,
 “ whatever slaughter he should make, the pity any one would have
 “ for them, would not turn at all to any admiration of him; and
 “ the more he should applaud his own courage, the more one would
 “ be offended at his pride.

“ Achilles had been in this case, if Homer, besides all the
 “ superiority of strength he has given him, had not found the art
 “ of putting likewise his greatness of soul out of all suspicion.

“ He has perfectly well succeeded in feigning that Achilles before
 “ his setting out to the Trojan war, was sure of meeting his death.
 “ The destinies had proposed to him by the mouth of Thetis, the
 “ alternative of a long and happy, but obscure life, if he staid in
 “ his own state; or of a short, but glorious one, if he embraced
 “ the vengeance of the Greek. He wishes for glory in contempt of
 “ death; and thus all his actions, all his motions are so many proofs
 “ of his courage; he runs, in hastening his exploits, to a death
 “ which he knows infallibly attends him; what does it avail him,
 “ that he routs every thing almost without resistance? It is still
 “ true, that he every moment encounters and faces the sentence of
 “ his destiny, and that he devotes himself generously for glory.
 “ Homer was so sensible that this idea must force a concern for his
 “ hero, that he scatters it throughout his poem, to the end that the
 “ reader having it always in view, may esteem Achilles even for
 “ what he performs without the least danger.” P.

To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy, 540
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.
 Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
 Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join, 545
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.
 Go then—digest my message as ye may— 550
 But here this night let rev'rend Phœnix stay:
 His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
 But whether he remain, or sail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free. 555

The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
 In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,

Ver. 544.] Thus, more conformably to the original:

Go then, *and tell your chiefs* our fix'd design;
This office fits you: bid your counsels join —.

Ver. 550.] Our translator has shewn great ingenuity in the conclusion of this speech, but he deviates widely from the track of his master. Ogilby is more exact; and, somewhat chastised, runs thus:

Go then: but Phœnix, if he please, *shall* stay;
 (Force him I *will* not) that by break of day
 Together we may plow the swelling main,
 And *visit each our native shore* again.

Attend the stern reply. Then Phœnix rose;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
 And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,
 With accents weak these tender words return'd. 561

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind?

Ver. 561.] This notion is unknown to his original; but he seems to have consulted Chapman on this occasion:

All wondred at his *stern reply*; and Phœnix full of fears
 His *words* would be more *weak* than just, supplide their wants
 with teares.

Our poet might have contrived to condense his original in some such manner as the following:

Then Phœnix rose,
Alarm'd for Greece; while copious sorrow flows.

Ver. 565. *How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind?*
 This is a strong argument to persuade Achilles to stay, but dressed up in the utmost tenderness; the venerable old man rises with tears in his eyes, and speaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, though the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and restore him to his youth: but in the midst of so much fondness, he couches a powerful argument to persuade him not to return home, by adding that his father sent him to be his guide and guardian; Phœnix ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of Achilles, but Achilles the directions of Phœnix. Eustathius.

“The art of this speech of Phœnix (says Dionysius, *περὶ ἰσχυρισμῶν*, lib. i.) consists in his seeming to agree with all that Achilles has said: Achilles, he sees, will depart, and he must go along with him; but in assigning the reasons why he must go with him, he proves that Achilles ought not to depart. And thus while he seems only to shew his love to his pupil in his inability to stay behind him, he indeed challenges the other's

The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast 566
 He sent thee early to th' Achaian host;
 Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field:
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war; 570
 To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.

“gratitude for the benefits he had conferred upon him in his infancy
 “and education. At the same time that he moves Achilles, he
 “gratifies Agamemnon; and that this was the real design which he
 “disguised in that manner, we are informed by Achilles himself
 “in the reply he makes: for Homer, and all the authors that treat
 “of this figure, generally contrived it so, that the answers made
 “to these kind of speeches, discover all the art and structure of
 “them. Achilles therefore asks him,

“Is it for him these tears are taught to flow?

“For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?

“You see the scholar reveals the art and dissimulation of his master;
 “and as Phœnix had recounted the benefits done him, he takes off
 “that expostulation by promising to divide his empire with him,
 “as may be seen in the same answer.” P.

The tenderness of Homer had been thus preserved:

How shall thy Phœnix stay, *my child!* behind?

Ver. 567. *He sent thee early to th' Achaian host.*] Achilles (says Eustathius) according to some of the ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the wars of Troy; (πέμπε νέπιον) and it may be gathered from what the poet relates of the education of Achilles under Phœnix, that the fable of his being tutored by Chiron was the invention of later ages, and unknown to Homer.

Mr. Bayle, in his article of Achilles, has very well proved this. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learned musick and physick of Chiron, without having him formally as his tutor; for it is plain from this speech, that he was put under the direction of Phœnix as his governour in morality, when his father sent him along with him to the siege of Troy. P.

Ver. 571.] No translator can hope to rival the beautiful sim-

Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not tho' the God, that breath'd my life, restore
 The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, 575
 When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
 (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames.)
 My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
 Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.

plicity of the Greek in this passage. There is something pleasing in Chapman, who is here very faithful to his author :

Yet young, and when in skill of armes, thou didst not so abound;
 Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renown'd:
 In all which I was set by him, t' instruct thee as my sonne,
 That thou might'st speake, when speech was fit, and do, when deeds
 were done.

Ver. 576.] Our poet, though highly spirited, much disguises his model here; of which the following is a more faithful copy :

When Greece I left, for female beauty famed,
 And fled my father's wrath, whom love inflamed,
 Amyntor, faithless to my mother's arms;
 Old as he was, he wooed a stranger's charms:
 To win the maid I try'd (at her desire)
 To my embrace, and make her loath my fire.
 This done, my fire with curses loads my head;
 And prays the Furies, from my barren bed
 No child might climb his knee: the Gods below,
 Jove and dread Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.

To the end of our poet's note an anonymous hand has subjoined the following remark: "Add to this, that Homer always makes "old men narrative and loquacious: and, I believe, very properly."

Ver. 578. *My father, faithless to my mother's arms, &c.*] Homer has been blamed for introducing two long stories into this speech of Phœnix; this concerning himself is said not to be in the proper place, and what Achilles must needs have heard over and over: it

I try'd what youth could do (at her desire) 580
 To win the damsel, and prevent my fire.
 My fire with curses loads my hated head,
 And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
 Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
 And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow. 585

also gives (say they) a very ill impression of Phœnix himself, and makes him appear a very unfit person to be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is answered, that though Achilles might have known the story before in general, it is probable Phœnix had not till now so pressing an occasion to make him discover the excess his fury had transported him to, in attempting the life of his own father. The whole story tends to represent the dreadful effects of passion: and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience. P.

Ver. 581. *To win the damsel.*] The counsel that this mother gives to her son Phœnix is the same that Achitophel gave to Absalom, to hinder him from ever being reconciled to David. *Et ait Achitophel ad Absalom: ingredere ad concubinos patris tui, quas dimisit ad custodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis Israel quod fœdaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum.* 2. Sam. xiv. 20. Dacier. P.

Ver. 581. *Prevent my fire.*] This decency of Homer is worthy observation, who to remove all the disagreeable ideas, which might proceed from this intrigue of Phœnix with his father's mistress, took care to give us to understand in one single word, that Amyntor had no share in her affections, which makes the action of Phœnix the more excusable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her husband: besides, his father had yet no commerce with this mistress to whose love he pretended. Had it been otherwise, and had Phœnix committed this sort of incest, Homer would neither have presented this image to his reader, nor Peleus chosen Phœnix to be governour to Achilles. Dacier. P.

Ver. 584. *Infernal Jove.*] The Greek is ζεύς τε καὶ ἄχθονος. The

Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind!
 Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd?

ancients gave the name of Jupiter not only to the God of heaven, but likewise to the God of hell, as is seen here; and to the God of the sea, as appears from *Æschylus*. They thereby meant to shew that one sole deity governed the world; and it was to teach the same truth, that the ancient statuaries made statues of Jupiter, which had three eyes. Priam had one of them in that manner in the court of his palace, which was there in Laomedon's time: after the taking of Troy, when the Greeks shared the booty, it fell to Sthenelus's lot, who carried it into Greece. Dacier. P.

[Ver. 586. *Despair and grief distract, &c.*] I have taken the liberty to replace here four verses which Aristarchus had cut out, because of the horror which the idea gave him of a son who is going to kill his father; but perhaps Aristarchus's niceness was too great. These verses seem to me necessary, and have a very good effect; for Phoenix's aim is to shew Achilles, that unless we overcome our wrath, we are exposed to commit the greatest crimes: he was going to kill his own father. Achilles in the same manner is going to let his father Phoenix and all the Greeks perish, if he does not appease his wrath. Plutarch relates these four verses in his treatise of reading the poets; and adds, "Aristarchus frightened
 "at this horrible crime, cut out these verses; but they do very
 "well in this place, and on this occasion, Phoenix intending to shew
 "Achilles what wrath is, and to what abominable excesses it hurries
 "men, who do not obey reason, and who refuse to follow the
 "counsels of those that advise them." These sort of curtailings from Homer, often contrary to all reason, gave room to Lucian to feign that being in the Fortunate Islands, he asked Homer a great many questions. "Among other things (says he in his second
 "book of his *True History*) I asked him whether he had made all
 "the verses which had been rejected in his poem? He assured me
 "they were all his own, which made me laugh at the impertinent
 "and bold criticisms of Zenodorus and Aristarchus who had re-
 "trenched them." P.

These thoughts which are not in his author, were derived from Dacier: "J'avoue, que dans ce moment *la douleur et le desespoir*
 "penferent me faire commettre le plus grand de tous les crimes."

I thought (but some kind God that thought
supprest)

To plunge the poniard in my father's breast:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain 590
With pray'rs entreat me, and with force detain,
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine
nights entire; 594

The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all;
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend;
In Pthia's court at last my labours end.

Ver. 587. I would thus adjust the passage, and supply the omissions of our translator :

To plunge a poinard in my father's breast
I thought; but some kind God that thought supprest:
Some God, who warn'd me of my future shame,
Damn'd to a parricide's detested fame.
No more at home to stay resolved in mind,
Nor face the visage of a fire unkind,
I meditate my flight.

Ver. 594.] Ogilby is more faithful, and not mean. I quote him without correction :

The court they guard by turns, their fires ne'er slept:
One in the portico they blazing kept,
Another through my chamber cast a light.
When the tenth evening brought obscuring night,
I broke both bars and locks, past through the hall,
And, guards and women scaping, leapt the wall.

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Ver. 598.] Ogilby better exhibits their original:

Your fire receiv'd me, as his son cares'd, 600
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blest'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my
 reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd: 605
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Thy infant breast a like affection show'd;
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
 Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'st thou stand;
 No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand. 611

Then wandering spacious Greece, I Phthia found,
 Whose plains with silver-fleeced flocks abound.

But I would propose the following alteration :

I traverse spacious Greece, and Phthia gain,
 Where fleecy flocks o'erspread the fertile plain.
 Your fire carest me, like a wealthy heir,
 A darling infant, with a parent's care.
 He gave me wealth: Dolopians own'd my sway,
 And numerous tribes, where utmost Phthia lay.

Ver. 604.] This entire passage, to the irreparable loss of his readers, the fastidious and false delicacy of our poet would not allow him to exhibit in the dress of it's original simplicity. On account of it's length, I must content myself with referring to Mr. Cowper's translation; who has executed this arduous task, upon the whole, in a style becoming a man of such taste and genius. The most exceptionable clause to the delicate sensations of modern refinement, is not contemptibly done by Ogilby:

Where oft, disgorging wine upon my breast,
 Thou stain'd'st with childish surfeitings my vest.

I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares;
 The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee: 615
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:

Ver. 612. *I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years.*] In the original of this place Phœnix tells Achilles, that as he placed him in infancy on his lap, *he has often cast up the wine he drank upon his cloaths.* I wish I had any authority to say these verses were foisted into the text: for though the idea be indeed natural, it must be granted to be so very gross, as to be utterly unworthy of Homer; nor do I see any colour to soften the meanness of it: such images in any age or country, must have been too nauseous to be described. P.

Our poet adopts the manner and language of Dacier: “ Je ne
 “ vous représenterai point ici, combien vous avez été difficile à
 “ élever, et ce que j'ai eu à essuyer de cette première enfance; toutes
 “ les peines, les soins, les assiduités, les complaisances, qu'il falloit
 “ avoir pour vous, je les avois avec un très-grand plaisir.”

Ver. 618.] Ogilby, with a few corrections, will be no unpleasant variety to the reader, and is not unfaithful:

Assuage *thy wrath*; obdurate thoughts remove,
 And, like the yielding Gods, *forgiveness* love.
 For greatness thou *canst* not with them compare,
 Yet they *receive the* penitential prayer;
 They send a *free* indulgence from the skies
 For *offer'd* incense, and a sacrifice.
 The Litæ, daughters of all-potent Jove,
 Are blear-ey'd, wrinkled, and but slowly move:
 These cripples follow Ate, strong and fleet,
 Who far out-strips them *with her* winged feet,
 And makes poor mortals *numerous* woes endure
 Through the wide world; which, *after, Litæ, cure.*

The Gods (the only great, and only wife) 620
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
 Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lamè are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;

Ver. 624. *Pray'rs are Jove's daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddesses of Homer's creation; he sets before us their pictures in lively colours, and gives these fancied beings all the features that resemble mankind who having offered injuries have recourse to prayers.

Prayers are said to be the daughters of Jove, because it is he who teaches man to pray. They are lame, because the posture of a suppliant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, because those that pray have a countenance of dejection and sorrow. Their eyes are turned aside, because through an awful regard to heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow Ate or Injury, because nothing but prayers can atone for the wrongs that are offered by the injurious. Ate is said to be strong and swift of foot, &c. because injurious men are swift to do mischief. This is the explanation of Eustathius, with whom Dacier agrees: but when she allows the circumstance of lameness to intimate the custom of kneeling in prayer, she forgets that this contradicts her own assertion in one of the remarks on Iliad vii. where she affirms that no such custom was used by the Greeks. And indeed the contrary seems inferred in several places of Homer, particularly where Achilles says in the 608th verse of the eleventh book in the original, *The Greeks shall stand round his knees supplicating to him.* The phrases in that language that signify praying, are derived from the knee, only as it was usual to lay hold on the knee of the person to whom they supplicated.

A modern author imagines Ate to signify *divine Justice*; a notion in which he is single, and repugnant to all the Mythologists. Besides, the whole context in this place, and the very application of the allegory to the present case of Achilles, whom he exhorts to

With humble mien and with dejected eyes, 626
 Constant they follow, where Injustice flies:
 Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweepsthe wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind, }
 While Pray'rs, to heal her wrongs, move slow }
 behind. 630

Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above:
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughters' sake;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then 635
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.

Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway;
 These reconciling Goddesses obey:
 Due honours to the seed of Jove belong; 639
 Due honours calm the fierce and bend the strong.
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king;
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage. 644

be moved by prayers, notwithstanding the injustice done him by Agamemnon, makes the contrary evident. P.

Ver. 626.] I would propose a few gentle corrections, thus:

With *downcast visage* and *distorted eyes*;
Companions faithful, where Injustice flies.

Our poet follows Dacier: "Toujours les yeux baissés,—et toujours
 "humiliées."

Ver. 643. *Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes.*] Plato in the third book of his Republic condemns this passage, and thinks it very

But since what honour asks, the gen'ral sends,
And sends by those whom most thy heart com-
mends,

The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!

wrong, that Phœnix should say to Achilles, hat if they did not offer him great presents, he would not advise him to be appeased: but I think there is some injustice in this censure, and that Plato has not rightly entered into the sense of Phœnix, who does not look upon these presents on the side of interest, but honour, as a mark of Agamemnon's repentance, and of the satisfaction he is ready to make: wherefore he says, that honour has a mighty power over great spirits. Dacier. P.

Ver. 645.] Our poet is not very observant of the words of his author, and might be made more correspondent thus:

But *much he promises, and much he sends*;
and then ver. 648 must be thus accommodated;
Nor let these motives sue, and sue in vain.

Ver. 648. *Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain.*] In the original it is—τῶν μὴ σὺ γε μῦθον ἐλέγχεις Μηδὲ πόδας.—I am pretty confident there is not any manner of speaking like this used throughout all Homer; nor two substantives so oddly coupled to a verb, as μῦθον and πόδας in this place. We may indeed meet with such little affectations in Ovid,—*Aurigam pariter animâque rotisque, Expulit*—and the like; but the taste of the ancients in general was too good for these fooleries. I must have leave to think the verse Μηδὲ πόδας, &c. an interpolation; the sense is compleat without it, and the latter part of the line, πρὶν δ' ἔτι νημεσσητὸν κεχολῶσθαι seems but a tautology, after what is said in the six verses preceding. P.

After this a clause is omitted of the following purport:

Before, thy just resentment none could blame.
Moreover, the criticism of our poet in this place, whence soever derived, is perfectly frivolous and unsubstantial.

Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
 A great example drawn from times of old; 650
 Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
 Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Ver. 649. *Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold.*] Phoenix, says Eustathius, lays down as the foundation of his story, that great men in former ages were always appeased by presents and entreaties; and to confirm this position, he brings Meleager as an instance: but it may be objected that Meleager was an ill-chosen instance, being a person whom no entreaties could move. The superstructure of this story seems not to agree with the foundation. Eustathius solves the difficulty thus. Homer did not intend to give an instance of a hero's compliance with the entreaties of his friends, but to shew that they who did not comply, were sufferers themselves in the end. So that the connection of the story is thus: the heroes of former times were used always to be won by presents and entreaties; Meleager only was obstinate, and suffered because he was so.

The length of this narration cannot be taxed as unseasonable; it was at full leisure in the tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot answer but the tale may be tedious to a modern reader. I have translated it therefore with all possible shortness, as will appear upon a comparison. The piece itself is very valuable, as it preserves to us a part of ancient history that had otherwise been lost, as Quintilian has remarked. The same great critic commends Homer's manner of relating it: *Narrare quis significantius potest quàm qui Curetum Ætolorumque prælia exponit?* lib. x. c. i. P.

This is not rightly represented; and Ogilby will shew the tenour of their original:

Ah! much those ancient heroes were of old
 As patterns of benignity extoll'd;
 Whom, though their bosoms did with anger boil;
 Rich gifts and softer words would reconcile.
 An ancient story I'll make bold to tell,
 Because it suits the present business well.

And in connection with Quintilian, mentioned at the end of our

Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
 Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands ;
 To guard it those, to conquer, these advance ; 655
 And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
 The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
 In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ;
 On Æneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
 That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore : 660
 This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
 Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.

poet's remark, it may not be amiss to advertise the reader, what this incomparable writer observes in his *tenth* book of *institutions* ; namely, that " the speeches in the *ninth Iliad* disclose the whole " œconomy of forensic debates and public councils."

Ver. 658.] In this verse our poet huddles no less than five of his author : which I shall give the reader in Chapman's literal translation :

Diana with the golden throne, with Æneus much incens't,
 Since with his plenteous lord's first fruits, she was not reverenc't,
 Yet other Gods with hecatombs had feasts ; and she alone,
 Great Jove's bright daughter, left unserv'd ; or by oblivion,
 Or undue knowledge of her dues : much hurt in heart she swore.
 The last clause indeed he has mistaken, which refers to Æneus :
 " Very erroneous was he in his purpose."

Ver. 660.] This is a passage, in which we should have expected our translator to indulge his fancy ; but he abbreviates every thing, to the great disfigurement of his author. Ogilby is much more commendable and exact :

With cruell tusks a savage boar employs,
 Who all king Æneus' fertile fields destroys :
 The stately trees tore from their fiber'd roots,
 Silver'd with blossoms of delicious fruits.

Ver. 661.] Here again *three* verses of the original are slurred over, with other omissions ; thus rendered by Mr. Cowper :

Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
 The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
 Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd, 665
 While Meleager's thund'ring arm prevail'd:
 'Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
 (For rage invades the wisest and the best.)

Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
 And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields. 670
 " (She from Marpeffa sprung, divinely fair,
 " And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
 " The God of day ador'd the mother's charms;
 " Against the God the father bent his arms:
 " Th'afflicted pair their sorrows to proclaim, 675
 " From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,

But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length
 Slew him, the hunters gath'ring and the hounds
 Of num'rous cities; for a boar so vast
 Might not be vanquish'd by the pow'r of few;
 And many to their funeral piles he sent.

Ver. 663.] Ogilby is faithful to his pattern:

For the boar's head and bristled skin, a jar
 Diana stirr'd, which rais'd that bloody war.

Ver. 666.] Our poet seems to have pleased himself with this
 verse; and accordingly transplanted it into his imitation of Horace,
 epist. ii. of book ii:

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.

And an omission by our translator is not contemptible in Ogilby:

Nor durst without their walls and works appear,
 Though puissant and numerous they were.

“ And call'd Alcyone; a name to show
 “ The father's grief, the mourning mother's
 woe.”)

To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
 But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate: 680
 Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
 Whose luckless hand his royal uncle flew;
 She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
 On her own son to wreak her brother's death: 684
 Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
 In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
 War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.

Ver. 677. *Alcyone, a name to show, &c.*] It appears (says Madam Dacier) by this passage, and by others already observed, that the Greeks often gave names, as did the Hebrews, not only with respect to the circumstances, but likewise to the accidents which happened to the fathers and mothers of those they named: thus Cleopatra is called Alcyone, from the lamentations of her mother. I cannot but think this digression concerning Idas and Marpessa too long, and not very much to the purpose. P.

Ver. 683.] Our translator, though sublime, by no means comes up to the grandeur and solemnity of his original in this place. I will attempt a faithful representation for the English reader:

Oft with her hands th' all-fostering earth she struck,
 Invoking Pluto and dread Proserpine,
 Prone on her knees, her bosom wet with tears,
 To slay her son: relentless Fury heard,
 Who walks the gloom of Erebus profound.

Ver. 687.] Better, perhaps, with a slight transposition, and a substitution of a single word:

She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
 Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land; 690
 Besought the chief to save the sinking state;
 Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great:
 (Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
 Half pasture green, and half with vin'yards
 crown'd.)

His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came; 695
 His sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame,
 Althæa fues; his friends before him fall:
 He stands relentless, and rejects 'em all.
 Mean while the victor's shouts ascend the skies;
 The walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise; 700

In vain Ætolia her deliv'rer calls;

War shakes her *gates*, and thunders at her *walls*:

Especially as much the same rhyme immediately recurs.

Ver. 694.] The original prescribes,

Half *plough-land clear'd*, and half with vineyards crown'd.

Ver. 695.] Our translator makes short work with his original in this place, graced by a simplicity and pathos, to which no praise can do more than justice, and much less, therefore, my literal representation of it:

Much Oeneus, warrior old, with prayers besought;
 Oft clomb his lofty chamber, oft his doors
 For entrance shook, and begg'd on bended knees.
 His reverend mother and his sisters urged
 Their frequent prayers; more stubborn still he grew:
 His friends, and dear associates, frequent sued;
 Nor these could move his unrelenting soul.
 Now on his chamber beats the storm of war;
 Their foe ascends the towers; their city flames.

At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;
 She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown, 704
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd:
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 Th'Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
 And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
 Nor stay, 'till yonder fleets ascend in fire: 710

Ver. 703. *She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd.*]

It is remarkable with what art Homer here in a few words sums up the miseries of a city taken by assault.

It had been unpardonable for Cleopatra to have made a long representation to Meleager of these miseries, when every moment that kept him from the battle could not be spared. It is also to be observed how perfectly the features of Meleager resemble Achilles; they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them described as giving victory to their several armies while they fought, and both of them implacable in their resentment. Eustathius. P.

Ogilby, with little chastisement, is a more faithful and no inelegant copy of the original:

Their people slain, their town in flames devour'd,
 Their youth enslav'd, *their wives* and *maids* deflowr'd.
Rous'd by her complaints and her resistless charms,
The warrior starts, and girds his glittering arms.

Ver. 709.] There is some difficulty in the original passage; and I judge from the slovenly manner, in which our poet has run over it, that he had no distinct perception of it's meaning. The following attempt is literal:

Accept the presents; draw thy conqu'ring sword;
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he: the stern Achilles thus reply'd,
My second father, and my rev'rend guide: 714
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I stay, (if such his high behest) 719
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.

Ah! be not thou like-minded! let, my friend!
No dæmon thus incline thee: for less praise
Awaits thine aid, if fire should seize our ships:
Receive these gifts, and be a God to Greece.
If without gifts and prayers thou ward the foe,
The same thy danger, but thine honour less.

Ver. 713. *Achilles's answer to Phœnix.*] The character of Achilles is excellently sustained in all his speeches: to Ulysses he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the Trojan shores in the morning: to Phœnix he gives a much gentler answer, and begins to mention Agamemnon with less disrespect Ἀγαμέμνων ἥρωι: after Ajax had spoken, he seems determined not to depart, but yet refuses to bear arms, till it is to defend his own squadron. Thus Achilles's character is every where of a piece: he begins to yield, and not to have done so, would not have spoke him a man; to have made him perfectly inexorable, had shewn him a monster. Thus the poet draws the heat of his passion cooling by slow degrees, which is very natural: to have done otherwise, had not been agreeable to Achilles's temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom it would have been shocking to have seen him passing from the greatest storm of anger to a quiet calmness. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 720. *While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.*] Eustathius observes here with a great deal of penetration, that these

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
 No more molest me on Atrides' part:
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
 For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe? 724
 A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
 One should our int'rests, and our passions be;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.
 Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a gen'rous part; 729
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
 Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd 'till the dawning day.

words of Achilles include a sort of oracle, which he does not understand: for it sometimes happens, that men full of their objects say things, which besides the sense natural and plain to every body, include another supernatural, which they themselves do not understand, and which is understood by those only who have penetration enough to see through the obscurity of it. Thus Oedipus often speaks in Sophocles; and holy scripture furnishes us with great examples of enthusiastick speeches, which have a double sense. Here we manifestly see that Achilles in speaking a very simple and common thing, foretells without thinking of it, that his abode on that fatal shore will equal the course of his life, and consequently that he shall die there: and this double meaning gives a sensible pleasure to the reader. Dacier. P.

More exactly, with this alteration:

While strength my knees, and breath pervades my breast.

Ver. 731.] The whole of his author's sense may be thus comprised:

Let these return; *rest thou*: the dawning day
 Our voyage *shall determine*, or our stay.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the sage's bed
 A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.
 With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke, 735
 And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke.

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
 See what effect our low submissions gain!
 Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
 The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait. 740
 Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
 Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
 On just atonement, we remit the deed;
 A fire the slaughter of his son forgives; 745
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives:

Ver. 733.] More fully to his author, thus:

He ceas'd; *and bade Patroclus then to spread*
A warmer covering on the sage's bed.

Ver. 737. *The speech of Ajax.*] I have before spoken of this short soldier-like speech of Ajax; Dionysius of Halicarnassus says of it, "That the person who entreats most, and with most liberty, who supplicates most, and presses most, is Ajax." It is probable that Ajax rises up when he speaks the word, *Let us go*. He does not vouchsafe to address himself to Achilles, but turns himself to Ulysses, and speaks with a martial eloquence. P.

Ver. 738.] This goes beyond the purpose of his original in contemptuous reflexion. I would propose simply,

No fruits our mission and persuasions gain.

Ver. 746. *The price of blood discharg'd.*] It was the custom for the murderer to go into banishment one year; but if the relations of the person murdered were willing, the criminal by paying them

The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
 And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.
 The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
 One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms: 751
 Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.

a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiss to observe, that *ποινή*, *quasi* *φoίνη*, properly signifies a mulct paid for murder.) Ajax sums up this argument with a great deal of strength: We see, says he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his son: but Achilles will not forgive the injury offered him by taking away one captive woman. Eustathius. P.

Our translator is too concise and bitter. Thus?

Achilles still refuses to controul
 The fix'd resentment of his stubborn soul.
 That soul no soft remembrances can move,
 Fierce as he is! of our distinguish'd love.

Ver. 747.] The following couplet is more agreeable to Homer's sense, than this general reflexion of the translator:

And, whilst revenge and persecution cease,
 Enjoys his home and social life in peace.

Ver. 749.] This is too strongly put, and was transplanted hither from his elegy:

Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.

I would propose an alteration strictly correspondent to his original:

The Gods *thine* unrelenting breast have steel'd,
 And *furnish'd* with a mind that cannot yield.

Ver. 752.] Thus, with greater fidelity:

Lo! for one *damsel* ravish'd from *thine* arms,
What numerous gifts! with seven of *matchless* charms.

Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
 And know the men, of all the Grecian host, 755
 Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

Oh Soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
 ('To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)
 Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
 My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame: 760

Ver. 754. *Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind.*] Eustathius says there is some difficulty in the original of this place. Why should Ajax draw an argument to influence Achilles, by putting him in mind to reverence his own habitation? The latter part of the verse explains the former: we, says Ajax, are under your roof, and let that protect us from any ill usage; send us not away from your house with contempt, who came hither as friends, as supplicants, as ambassadors. P.

Ver. 755.] This is not exact to Homer. I would propose,

*Consider us, of all the Grecian host
 Respecting thee, by thee respected, most.*

Ver. 759. *Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name My rage rekindles.*] We have here the true picture of an angry man, and nothing can be better imagined to heighten Achilles's wrath; he owns that reason will induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to listen to reason. He speaks with respect to them, but upon mentioning Agamemnon, he flies into rage: anger is in nothing more like madness, than that madness will talk sensibly enough upon any indifferent matter; but upon the mention of the subject that caused their disorder, they fly out into their usual extravagance. P.

I would banish a slovenly and inelegant form of speech and produce a nearer resemblance to the author, thus:

*Thy words have pleas'd me well: but at his name
 My bosom swells, and all my passions flame.*

'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
 Return then heroes! and our answer bear,
 The glorious combat is no more my care;
 Not 'till amidst yon' sinking navy slain, 765
 The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main:
 Not 'till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
 Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
 Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
 There cease his battle, and there feel our hand. 770

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
 And cast a large libation on the ground;
 Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
 The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.

Ver. 761.] Thus Chapman:

— my *just wrath* will not care
 For all his cares.

Ver. 764.] This epithet *glorious* is neither from Homer, nor suitable to the scope of the passage: because it was the purpose of Achilles to disparage war and aggravate it's dangers. Our poet should have been contented with the word provided for him by his author, than which none could be more pertinent to the occasion:

The *bloody* combat is no more my care.

The remainder of the speech is excellently done.

Ver. 771.] He might have concluded the distich of Homer in an equal space:

*Then all a goblet drink, libations pay;
 The chiefs return, Ulysses leads the way.*

Meantime Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed, 775

With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:

There, 'till the sacred morn restor'd the day,

In slumbers sweet the rev'rend Phœnix lay.

But in his inner tent, an ampler space,

Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace 780

Fair Diomedè of the Lesbian race.

Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,

Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd;

Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,

When Scyros fell before his conqu'ring arms. 785

And now th'elected chiefs whom Greece had
sent,

Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.

Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,

The peers, and leaders of th'Achaian bands

Hail'd their return: Atrides first begun. 790

Say what success? divine Laertes' son!

Achilles' high resolves declare to all;

Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?

Ver. 775.] Thus, more exactly:

Straight, as Patroclus bade, his people *spread*,

With linen, quilts, and wool, a warmer bed.

And our poet would have done better by preserving the *four* lines of his author in an equal number: but he was too apt to regard the pure simplicity of ancient poesy, as meanness and insipidity.

Ver. 792.] Ogilby has clearly expressed his author:

Will he from hostile flames defend our fleet,

Or swells his heart with indignation yet?

Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
 Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride; 795
 He flights thy friendship, thy propofals fcorns,
 And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
 To fave our army, and our fleets to free,
 Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
 Youreyes fhallview when morning paints the fky,
 Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly, 801
 Us too he bids our oars and fails employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected Troy;
 For Jove o'erfhades her with his arm divine,
 Inspires her war, and bids her glory fhine. 805
 Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
 Thefe facred heralds and great Ajax heard.

Ver. 799.] For more fidelity, and to avoid too great affinity of rhymes, I would propofe this fubftitution:

And threatening fays, when morn reftores the day,
 His fhips fhall traverse back the watry way.

Ver. 806. *Such was his word.*] It may be asked here why Ulyffes fpeaks only of the answer which Achilles made him at firft, and fays nothing of the difpofition to which the difcourfes of Phœnix and Ajax had brought him. The queftion is eafily answered; it is becaufe Achilles is obftinate in his refentment; and that, if at length a little moved by Phœnix, and fhaken by Ajax, he feemed difpofed to take arms, it is not out of regard to the Greeks, but only to fave his own fquadron, when Hector, after having put the Greeks to the fword, fhall come to infult it. Thus this inflexible man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in Ulyffes to make this report to Agamemnon, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flattered himfelf, he may concert with the leaders of the army the meafures neceffary to fave his fleet and troops. Eufthathius. P.

But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,
 Safe to transport him to his native plains,
 When morning dawns: if other he decree, 810
 His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
 With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
 Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
 The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke. 815
 Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
 Or strive with pray'rs his haughty soul to bend?
 His country's woes he glories to deride,
 And pray'rs will burst that swelling heart with
 pride.

Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd, 820
 Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;

Ver. 816. *Why should we gifts, &c.*] This speech is admirably adapted to the character of Diomed, every word is animated with a martial courage, and worthy to be delivered by a gallant soldier. He advised fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues still in that opinion; and he is no more concerned at the speech of Achilles now, than he was at that of Agamemnon before. P.

Thus with greater accuracy :

Why *would'st thou* gifts to proud Achilles send ?

Why strive with pray'rs, *O ! prince*, his soul to bend ?

But our poet has exhibited the whole passage in disguise. Chapman, on whom he cast his eye, will shew his deviations :

Would God, Atrides, thy request were yet to undertake,
 And all thy gifts unoffer'd him: he's proud enough beside,
 But this ambassage, thou hast sent, will make him *burst with pride*.
 But let us suffer him to stay, or go at his desire;
 Fight, when his stomache serves him best, or when Jove shall inspire.

Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
 That, to his madness, or to heav'n commit.
 What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
 This night, let due repast refresh our powr's; 825
 (For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
 And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)
 But when the rosy Messenger of day
 Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
 Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine,
 In flaming arms, a long-extended line: 831
 In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
 The first in danger, as in high command.

Ver. 823.] After this a verse of the original is suppressed, to the following purport:

But come, obey we all th' advice I give.

Ver. 824.] This verse is an interpolation of the translator.

Ver. 826.] Our poet, in my opinion, has not conducted this sentiment with his customary elegance and ingenuity. The reader will not be displeased with Ogilby; he is more faithful, and Pope appears to have consulted him on this occasion.

Now let us rest, and comfort our sad souls
 With savoury dishes and refreshing bowls:
 Wine strength recruits, and fainting courage cheers:
 And, when the rosy-finger'd morn appears,
 Before the fleet, with all thy army stand,
 And in the van incourage and command.

The princes all Tydides speech approve,
 Admire his wisdom and his valour love.
 Libations paid, they to their tents repair,
 Where gentle sleep silenc'd disturbing care.

It is easy to see, that even sparing correction would make these lines, not merely tolerable, but poetically beautiful.

Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,
Then each to heav'n the due libations pays; 835
'Till sleep descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

h

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

h

THE ARGUMENT.

THE NIGHT-ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the publick safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that Prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the Scene lies in the two camps.

P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

IT is observable, says Eustathius, that the poet very artfully repairs the loss of the last day by this nocturnal stratagem ; and it is plain that such a contrivance was necessary : the army was dispirited, and Achilles inflexible ; but by the success of this adventure the scale is turned in favour of the Grecians. P.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.

Ver. 1.] Chapman and Ogilby have preserved, but in coarse versification, the pleasing figure of their original, which Pope and Cowper, to my great surprise, have entirely neglected. The following translation is in the style of Homer:

Close in their ships the Græcian chieftains lay,
All, through the night, in sleep's soft fetters bound:
But Atreus' son, great shepherd of the host,
Sweet sleep possessest not, tost from thought to thought.

Perhaps, some readers may not recollect, that Broome has freely rendered a considerable part of this book in the style of Milton. They, who love a comparison of poetical talents, will be much gratified by the spirited execution of that pleasing versifier.

Ver. 3. *All but the king, &c.*] Homer here with a very small alteration repeats the verses which begin the second book: he introduces Agamemnon with the same pomp, as he did Jupiter: he ascribes to the one the same watchfulness over men, as the other exercised over the Gods, and Jove and Agamemnon are the only persons awake, while heaven and earth are asleep. Eustathius. P.

As when by light'nings Jove's ætherial pow'r ;
 Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty show'r,
 Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
 Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar ;
 By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
 And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.
 So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast, 11
 Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.
 Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
 From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze ;

Ver. 7. *Or send soft snows.*] Scaliger's criticism against this passage, that it never lightens and snows at the same time, is sufficiently refuted by experience. See Bossu of the epic poem, lib. iii. c. 7. and Barnes's note on this place. P.

Ver. 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.*] There is something very noble and sublime in this image ; the *vast jaws of war* is an expression that very poetically represents the voraciousness of war, and gives us a lively idea of an insatiate monster. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 9. *By fits one flash succeeds, &c.*] It requires some skill in Homer to take the chief point of his similitudes ; he has often been misunderstood in that respect, and his comparisons have frequently been strained to comply with the fancies of commentators. This comparison which is brought to illustrate the frequency of Agamemnon's sighs, has been usually thought to represent in general the groans of the king ; whereas what Homer had in his view, was only the quick succession of them. P.

This beautiful explanatory couplet is solely due to the lively invention of the translator.

Ver. 13. *Now o'er the fields, &c.*] Aristotle answers a criticism of some censurers of Homer on this place. They asked how it was that Agamemnon, shut up in his tent at the night, could see the Trojan camp at one view, and the fleet at another, as the poet re-

Hears in the passing wind their musick blow, 15
 And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
 Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
 Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.
 He rends his hairs, in sacrifice to Jove,
 And fues to him that ever lives above: 20

presents it? It is, (says Aristotle) only a metaphorical manner of speech; *to cast one's eyes*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind*: and that employed Agamemnon's thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before. P.

Most exactly, with this alteration:

Now o'er the field, with panting heart, admires
 The mounting blaze from thousand Trojan fires:

had not the same rhyme too recently occurred.

Our poet's note on this verse is borrowed from Dacier. And, for my own part, I should rather suppose, that Agamemnon, unable and unwilling to sleep, had left open the curtains of his tent, and actually saw the light from the Trojan fires.

Ver. 15.] I would propose a distinct representation of the author:

Hears in each passing gale the music blow
 Of pipe and lute, and tumult of the foe.

Chapman's translation of the passage pleases me:

Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the Phrygian shade,
 And heard the sounds of fifes and shawmes, and tumults soldiers
 made.

Ver. 17.] This is an impropriety of the translator. Agamemnon could not look *backwards*, for he was at his ship. Thus?

Now, as his eye surveys the fleet and coast —.

Ver. 19. *He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove.*] I know this action of Agamemnon has been taken only as a common expression of grief, and so indeed it was rendered by Accius, as cited by Tully, Tus. Quæst. l. iii. *Scindens dolore identidem intonsam comam*. But

Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.

A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves;
To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate ²⁵
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;

whoever reads the context will, I believe, be of opinion, that Jupiter is mentioned here on no other account than as he was applied to in the offering of these hairs, in an humble supplication to the offended Deity, who had so lately manifested his anger. P.

Homer intends no more by this, than that Agamemnon tore his hair, as an expression of grief, with his eyes directed in the mean time to Jupiter, as if complaining and entreating. But our poet found his notion in Chapman's translation:

He rent his haire up by the roots, as sacrifice to Jove.

Ver. 21.] We might dispense with the superfluities of invention, and rescind thus, without detriment to the passage, or treachery to the original:

Deep groans his heart, a thousand cares revolves;
To seek sage Nestor ———.

Ver. 27. *He rose, and first he cast his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to observe how well the poet at all times suits his descriptions to the circumstances of the persons; we must remember that this book continues the actions of one night; the whole army is now asleep, and Homer takes this opportunity to give us a description of several of his heroes suitable to their proper characters. Agamemnon, who is every where described as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preservation. Menelaus, for whose sake the Greeks had suffered so greatly, shares all their misfortunes, and is restless while they are in danger. Nestor, a provident, wise, old man, sacrifices his rest even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. Ulysses,

A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
 His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held. 30
 Meanwhile his brother, prest with equal woes,
 Alike deny'd the gift of soft repose,

a person next to Nestor in wisdom, is ready at the first summons; he finds it hard, while the Greeks suffer, to compose himself to sleep, but is easily awaked to march to their defence; but Diomed, who is every where described as a daring warrior, sleeps unconcerned at the nearness of the enemy, and is not awaked without some violence: he is said to be asleep, but he sleeps like a soldier in complete arms.

I could not pass over *one* circumstance in this place in relation to Nestor. It is a pleasure to see what care the poet takes of his favourite counsellor: he describes him lying in a soft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preserve his age from the coldness of the night; but Diomed, a gallant young hero, sleeps upon the ground in open air; and indeed every warrior is dressed in arms peculiar to that season: the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 29.] We see nothing of the picturesque imagery, presented by the original, in this translation. Though I hesitate at Mr. Cowper's acceptance of the epithet *δυσωρον*, his version, tho' ambiguous, has an elegance and propriety, which could not be exceeded:

————— o'er his shoulders, next, he threw
 Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin,
 That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood;
 Then took his spear.

The vicious rhymes of our translator might be mended thus, without any difficulty:

A lion's yellow *spoil* his back *enfolds*;
 His warlike hand a pointed javelin *holds*.

Ver. 31.] The literal sense of Homer is not preserved here. I had made the following attempt at a faithful version; which points out also the proper construction of the original, unobserved by the editors: the rhymes, however, are not pure.

Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
 So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
 A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread; 35
 A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
 Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
 To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
 Already wak'd, Atrides he descry'd,
 His armour buckling at his vessel's side. 40
 Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
 Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
 Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
 To try yon' camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs?
 But say, what hero shall sustain that task? 45
 Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;
 Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
 And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe.

No less alarm his anxious brother held,
 (Since nor his eyes the hand of sleep had seal'd)
 Lest ills through him befall the Grecian host,
 Who spacious seas, to war on Troy, had crost.

Ver. 38.] Our poet here suppresses a portion of his author, which may be represented thus:

Great sovereign of the Greeks: and, like a God,
 Receiv'd by them with reverential awe.

Ver. 43. *Sends he some spy, &c.*] Menelaus in this place starts a design, which is afterwards proposed by Nestor in council; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a design, which so venerable a counsellor had formed. Eustathius. P.

To whom the king. In such distress we stand,
 No vulgar counsels our affairs demand; 50
 Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
 But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
 For Jove averse our humble pray'r denies,
 And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
 What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd, 55
 In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
 Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
 And we beheld, the last revolving sun?

Ver. 53. *Pray'r*, chang'd from *πρωτῆς*, of the first edition, because *βοτῆς* followed.

Ver. 57. *Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand, &c.*] We hear Agamemnon in this place launching into the praises of a gallant enemy; but if any one think that he raises the actions of Hector too high, and sets him above Achilles himself, this objection will vanish, if he considers that he commends him as the bravest of mere men, but still he is not equal to Achilles, who was descended from a Goddess. Agamemnon undoubtedly had Achilles in his thoughts when he says,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praises. Eustathius proceeds to observe, that the poet ascribes the gallant exploits of Hector to his piety; and had he not been favoured by Jove, he had not been thus victorious.

He also remarks that there is a double tautology in this speech of Agamemnon, as *δοῦναι* and *δολεῖν*, *μέριμνα* *μηδίσασθαι*, and *ἔρρεε*. This proceeds from the wonder which the king endeavours to express at the greatness of Hector's actions: he labours to make his words answer the great idea he had conceived of them; and while his mind dwells upon the same object, he falls into the same manner of expressing it. This is very natural to a person in his circumstances, whose thoughts are as it were pent up, and struggle for an utterance.

P.

What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn! 59
 Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born,
 Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
 There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
 Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair; 65
 To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
 (For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
 Whose son with Merion, o'er the watch presides.)
 To whom the Spartan: These thy orders borne,
 Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return? 70
 There shalt thou stay, (the king of men reply'd)
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide. }
 Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
 Urge by their father's fame, their future praise.

Ver. 69.] The brevity, with which our translator conducts these short speeches and replies, is, in my opinion, judiciously adopted. On these occasions, if the full meaning of the author be preserved, and a perspicuous connection, we lose nothing but uninteresting phrases; no elegances of sentiment, and no beauties of expression.

Ver. 73. *The paths so many, &c.*] It is plain from this verse, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in some degree of perfection in Homer's days: here are lines drawn, that traverse the camp every way; the ships are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and sally ports made at proper distances, that they might without difficulty either retire or issue out, as the occasion should require. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 75.] This verse, in my opinion, misrepresents the inten-

Forget we now our state and lofty birth; 76
 Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below;
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares; 80
 The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
 The sage protector of the Greeks he found
 Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
 The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears: 85
 The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said, 89

tion of Homer; who means, that every man should be called by his name, as a mark of familiarity, equality, and affability in the speaker. But our poet followed Dacier, and Ogilby :

Bidding them mind their noble parentage;
 who have the authority of Eustathius on their side.

Ver. 76.] This also resembles Ogilby :

Waving vain pride, let us no labour scorn.

Ver. 80.] Ogilby adheres with much more closeness to the words of Homer, and may be read with patience :

His brother thus dispatch'd, the general went
 Where Nestor lay reposing in his tent:
 Two spears, his corslet, casque, and glittering shield,
 And belt stood by, which in the bloody field
 He alwaies wore, where-e'er he did engage,
 Not yet indulging stiff and feeble age.
 His arm supported his much honour'd head,
 When thus the hero to Atreides said.

What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,
While others sleep, thus range the camp alone;
Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O son of Neleus (thus the king rejoin'd)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind! 95
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life shall end! 99

Ver. 92. *Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel?*] It has been thought that Nestor asks this question upon the account of his son Thrasymedes, who commanded the guard that night. He seems to be under some apprehension lest he should have remitted the watch. And it may also be gathered from this passage, that in those times the use of the watch-word was unknown; because Nestor is obliged to crowd several questions together, before he can learn whether Agamemnon be a friend or an enemy. The shortness of the questions agrees admirably with the occasion upon which they were made; it being necessary that Nestor should be immediately informed who he was, that passed along the camp: if a spy, that he might stand upon his guard; if a friend, that he might not cause an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying questions. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 96. *Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands.*] Eustathius observes, that Agamemnon here paints his distress in a very pathetic manner: while the meanest foldier is at rest, the general wanders about disconsolate, and is superiour now in nothing so much as in sorrow: but this sorrow proceeds not from a base abject spirit, but from a generous disposition; he is not anxious for the loss of his own glory, but for the sufferings of his people: it is a noble sorrow, and springs from a commendable tenderness and humanity. P.

Ver. 99.] In this brevity he follows Dacier: "Jupiter l'a condamné a des peines et a des travaux sans nombre, et qui ne fini-

Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
 And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
 No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;
 And all my people's miseries are mine. 105
 If ought of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
 At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite, 110
 Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
 Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor. Trust the pow'rs
 above,
 Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by
 Jove: 115

"ront que par sa mort." Ogilby and Chapman are not amiss; of whom the latter is much more true to his original than our poet, and, for the sake of variety, shall be presented to the reader:

He answer'd; O! Neleïdes, grave honour of our host,
 'Tis Agamemnon thou maist know; whom Jove afflicteth most
 Of all the wretched men that live; and will, whilst any breath
 Gives motion to my toiled lims, and beares me up from death.
 I walk the round thus, since sweet sleepe, cannot inclose mine eyes,
 Nor shut those organs care breakes ope, for our calamities;
 My feare is vehement for the Greeks, &c.

How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
 And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind?
 Audacious Hector, if the Gods ordain,
 That great Achilles rise and rage again,
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?
 Lo faithful Nestor thy command obeys; 121
 The care is next our other chiefs to raise:
 Ulysses, Diomed we chiefly need;
 Meges for strength, Oileus fam'd for speed.
 Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet, 125
 To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
 Where lye great Ajax and the king of Crete.
 To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share 130
 With his great brother in his martial care:
 Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,
 Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
 For strong necessity our toils demands, 134
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.
 To whom the king: With rev'ence we allow
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.

Ver. 116.] This couplet is a mere interpolation by the fancy of the translator.

Ver. 128.] There is nothing in the original corresponding to this verse also.

My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind; 139
 'Thro' too much def'rence to our sov'reign fway,
 Content to follow when we lead the way.
 But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
 Long e'er the rest, he rose, and fought my tent.
 'The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
 Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall; 145
 Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
 Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.

Ver. 138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind.*] Agamemnon is every where represented as the greatest example of brotherly affection: and he at all times defends Menelaus, but never with more address than now. Nestor had accused Menelaus of sloth; the king is his advocate, but pleads his excuse only in part: he does not entirely acquit him, because he would not contradict so wise a man as Nestor; nor does he condemn him, because his brother at this time was not guilty; but he very artfully turns the imputation of Nestor to the praise of Menelaus; and affirms, that what might seem to be remissness in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his seeming inactivity was but an unwillingness to act without command. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 139.] This is not from Homer, but Ogilby:

Though he hath courage, and a prudent heart.

And our poet's translation bears but little similitude to it's original, in some parts of this passage. The following attempt is faithful:

Oft he relaxes, and refuses toil;

Not from supineness, or a sottish mind,

But me he views, and all my movements waits.

Ver 143.] Exactly, thus:

Before myself he rose, and fought my tent:

and so all our poet's predecessors.

Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.

With that, the venerable warrior rose; 150
The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155
The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping croud,
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent. 159
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night?

Ver. 148.] Our translator owes obligation to Chapman here :
Why now, said Nestor, *none* will grudge, nor *his* just rule *withstand*;
Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a *command*:
which comprises the spirit, but nothing like the words, of his
original.

Ver. 150.] More conformably to his author, thus:

With that, *around his breast his coat he throws*;
And shining shoes his grateful feet enclose.

Ver. 155.] This is extravagant enough; and our poet forgot,
I should think, that all this past in the darkness of the night. Homer
says simply:

Pointed with brass, his sturdy spear he took.

The case is different in ver. 175, where the spears were fixed
upright without the tent, and might reflect the blaze of the Trojan
fires.

O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage reply'd)
 Wife as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd:
 Whatever means of safety can be fought,
 Whatever counfels can inspire our thought, 165
 Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
 All, all depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:
 Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
 Without his tent, bold Diomed they found, 170
 All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
 Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
 His head reclining on his bossy shield.

Ver. 162.] Scarcely a single feature of the original is preserved in this address by the translator. Take a literal representation of the passage:

Nestor, the reverend warrior, thus replied:
 Laertes' son divine, Ulysses sage!
 Forbear displeasure 'midst such woes of Greece.
 But come, some others rouse we, whose advice
 May best be taken, or to flee, or fight.

Ver. 172.] These rhymes occurred almost immediately above. Ogilby's version of this passage, which I shall give as it stands, a little correction would render less exceptionable than that of Pope on this occasion:

Straight in he steps, and o'er his shoulders flings
 His glittering shield; then marches with the kings;
 And all to Diomed together went,
 Who lay completely arm'd without his tent,
 His soldiers sleeping round him in the fields,
 Their heads supported with their brazen shields.

A wood of spears stood by, that fixt upright,
 Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light.
 A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed; 176
 A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
 Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
 The slumb'ring chief, and in these words awakes.
 Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong 180
 Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.

Ver. 174. *A wood of spears stood by, &c.*] The picture here given us of Diomed sleeping in his arms, with his soldiers about him, and the spears sticking upright in the earth, has a near resemblance to that in the first book of Samuel, ch. xxvi. ver. 7. *Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster; but Abner and the people lay round about him.* P.

Ver. 175.] More faithfully to the original, and more characteristically of the circumstance, thus:

Shot, like Jove's light'ning, a pale gleam of light:
 as Chapman, with great judgement:

————— cast a reflection round,
 Like pallid light'nings thrown from Jove.

Ver. 176.] Homer dictated,

A *wild* bull's hide —:

and, I suppose, our poet cast his eye on Ogilby:

A piece of *rowl'd-up* arras propt his head;

who consulted Chapman:

————— his royall head had stay
 On arras hangings, *rolled up*.

Ver. 178.] More faithfully, with these corrections:

Then, with his foot, *the reverend* Nestor shakes
 The chief; and, *with* these *chiding* words, awakes.

But sleep'st thou now? when from yon' hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled;
The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said, 185
Wond'rous old man! whose soul no respite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.
Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.
My friend, (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care, 190
These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,

Ver. 182. *From yon hill the foe, &c.*] It is necessary, if we would form an exact idea of the battles of Homer, to carry in our minds the place where our action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that eminence stood, upon which the Trojans encamped this night. Eustathius is inclinable to believe it was Callicolone (the situation of which you will find in the map of Homer's battles) but it will appear from what Dolon says, ver. 487, (of Hector's being encamped at the monument of Ilus) that this eminence must be the Tumulus on which that monument was situate, and so the old scholiast rightly explains it. P.

Ver. 186.] No editor, or translator, appears to have caught the genuine spirit of Diomed's reply to Nestor. There is a degree of vexation and peevishness conspicuous throughout, arising partly from this sudden interruption of his rest, and a mortification from being outdone in vigilance and activity by so old a man. I will endeavour to represent the original, agreeably to my own notion of it, in a plain translation:

Restless old man! thy toils no respite know:
And are there then no younger Greeks than thee
To go this round, and wake the slumbering chiefs?
Are these the wise contrivances of age?

Their loyal thoughts and pious love conspire
 To ease a sov'reign, and relieve a fire.
 But now the last despair furrounds our host;
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost; 195
 Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
 Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest; 200
 He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
 A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung;
 Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along. }

Ver. 194. *But now the last despair surrounds our host.*] The different behaviour of Nestor upon the same occasion, to different persons, is worthy observation. Agamemnon was under a concern and dejection of spirit from the danger of his army: to raise his courage, Nestor gave him hopes of success, and represented the state of affairs in the most favourable view. But he applies himself to Diomed, who is at all times enterprising and incapable of despair, in a far different manner; he turns the darkest side to him, and gives the worst prospect of their condition. This conduct (says Eustathius) shews a great deal of prudence: it is the province of wisdom to encourage the disheartened with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears; that the valour of the one may not sink through despair, nor that of the other fly out into rashness. P.

Ver. 201.] This verse is mere interpolation, and an interpolation without merit, and most unworthy of the former part of this speech, which is finely translated. This attempt is more faithful to Homer:

Succeed to these my cares, and *instant run*
To rouse swift Ajax and bold Phyleus' son.

Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed, 205
The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their list'ning leaders keep,
And couching close, repel invading sleep. 210
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;

Ver. 207. *And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard.*] It is usual in poetry to pass over little circumstances, and carry on the greater. Menelaus in this book was sent to call some of the leaders; the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing his message, but lets us know by the sequel that he had performed it. It would have clogged the poetical narration to have told us how Menelaus waked the heroes to whom he was dispatched, and had been but a repetition of what the poet had fully described before: he therefore (says the same author) drops these particularities, and leaves them to be supplied by the imagination of the reader. It is so in painting, the painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder. P.

Ver. 209.] The epithet *listening*, which has no counterpart in the Greek, our poet derived from an interpolation of Chapman's:

But waking and in armes, gave eare to everie lowest sound.

Ver. 211. *So faithful dogs, &c.*] This simile is in all its parts just to the description it is meant to illustrate. The dogs represent the watch, the flock the Greeks, the fold their camp, and the wild beast that invades them, Hector. The place, posture, and circumstance, are painted with the utmost life and nature.

Eustathius takes notice of one particular in this description, which shews the manner in which their centinels kept the guard. The poet tells us that they *sat down with their arms in their hands*. I think that this was not so prudent a method as is now used; it

When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,
Sprints from the mountains tow'rd the guarded
fold:

Thro' breaking woods her rustling course they
hear; 215

Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry found.

Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hostile Troy was ever full in fight. 222

Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
And thus accosted thro' the gloomy shade.

'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ;
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy. 226

being almost impossible for a man that stands, to drop asleep, whereas one that is seated, may easily be overpowered by the fatigue of a long watch. P.

Ver. 213.] Homer says in general *a wild beast*; but our poet found a *lion* in Dacier, and Ogilby, whose version, sparingly corrected, is very laudable:

Like trusty dogs, who guard the bleating folds,
When, from the hills descending to the wolds,
A *lion* roars: loud clamours to the skies
Of *hounds and hunters in confusion* rise.

Ver. 222.] This appears to me a very feeble and insipid line, nor is it faithful to it's original. I would propose,

Alarms incessant fill'd that woeful night;
which is some faint image of an expression in the Greek.

Watch thus, and Greece shall live—the hero
said;

Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His son, and god-like Merion march'd behind,
(For these the princes to their council join'd) 230
The trenches past, th' assembled kings around
In silent state the consistory crown'd.

A place there was, yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where Hector stop'd his rage before;
When night descending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band: 236
(The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)

Ver. 228. *Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.*] The reason why Nestor does not open the council within the trenches, was with a design to encourage the guards, and those whom he intended to send to enter the Trojan camp. It would have appeared unreasonable to send others over the entrenchments upon a hazardous enterprise, and not to have dared himself to set a foot beyond them. This also could not fail of inflaming the courage of the Grecian spies, who would know themselves not to be far from assistance, while so many of the princes were passed over the ditch as well as they. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 232.] Our poet is very fond of using the word *crown*, more, I fear, for it's rhiming convenience, than it's peculiar significance, on some occasions. I would propose the substitution of the following couplet:

The trenches past, the sovereign chieftains wait,
Each in his station fix'd, the grave debate.

Ver. 237.] This distich is a mere unauthorised superfluity, weakens the force of the passage by a specification, rendered unnecessary by the preceding verses, and would be well rescinded from the version.

There sat the mournful kings : when Neleus' son
The council opening, in these words begun. 240

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country save ?
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe ?

Ver. 241. *Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave ?*] Nestor proposes his design of sending spies into the Trojan army with a great deal of address : he begins with a general sentence, and will not choose any one hero, for fear of disgusting the rest : had Nestor named the person, he would have paid him a compliment that was sure to be attended with the hazard of his life ; and that person might have believed that Nestor exposed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline ; while the rest might have resented such a partiality, which would have seemed to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was wisdom in Nestor to propose the design in general terms whereby all the gallant men that offered themselves satisfied their honour, by being willing to share the danger with Diomed ; and it was no disgrace to be left behind, after they had offered to hazard their lives for their country. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 243.] Our poet seems to have profited by Ogilby :

*Durst venture to the Trojan camp to go,
And by surprize bring in some straggling foe :*

who might have an eye on Chapman :

————— if any straggling mate
He can surprise.

Ver. 244. *Or seize some straggling foe ?*] It is worthy observation with how much caution Nestor opens this design, and with how much courage Diomed accepts it. Nestor forms it with coolness, but Diomed embraces it with warmth and resolution. Nestor only proposes that some man would approach the enemy and intercept some straggling Trojan, but Diomed offers to penetrate the very camp. Nestor was afraid lest no one should undertake it : Diomed overlooks the danger, and presents himself, as willing to march against the whole army of Troy. Eustathius. P.

Or favour'd by the night, approach so near, 245
 Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?
 If to besiege our navies they prepare,
 Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
 This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night; 250
 What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
 While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to
 praise?

What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
 What must not Greece to her deliverer owe?
 A fable ewe each leader should provide, 255
 With each a fable lambkin by her side;
 At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,
 And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
 Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here. 260

Ver. 247.] This line very ill exhibits the sense of Homer. I would propose, as preferable for fidelity, this couplet:

If they prepare our navies to *destroy*,
 Or, *flush'd with conquest*, a return to Troy.

Ver. 252.] I shall attempt a nearer approximation to the Greek by this turn of expression:

How heaven's vast concave would resound his praise!

Ver. 257.] A little correction makes Ogilby elegant at this passage:

At *each glad meeting*, and *each public feast*,
 His a *prime station*, he an honour'd guest.

Thro'yon'black camps to bend mydang'rous way,
 Some God within commands, and I obey.
 But let some other chosen warrior join,
 To raise my hopes, and second my design.
 By mutual confidence, and mutual aid, 265
 Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made;
 The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
 And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose;
 Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows: 270
 So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
 Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;

Ver. 262.] His author dictates,

My heart within commands:

nor can I devise what should induce him to deviate from his author, unless a passage of Virgil, which the congenial circumstances might naturally present to his mind, led to this alteration: *Æn. ix. 184.*

— — — Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
 Euryale, an sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido?

Ver 267.] This is very elegant and ingenious, but scarcely comes up to the purport of his author. I cannot expect much approbation from the reader in such a contest; and it is infinitely more easy to descry a fault, than to accomplish an improvement.

Alone, though Wisdom's self the breast inspire,
 Slow is our wit, and languid is our fire.

Ogilby, with some correction, is even poetical and dignified; and our poet seems to have consulted his translation:

When two *united form* some *bold emprise*,
 Their hopes are *strengthen'd*, and their *spirits rise*:
 But one, though *wise*, and *vers'd* in every art,
 Finds feeble hands, and a misgiving heart.

The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
 And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
 Then thus the king of men the contest ends: 275
 Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
 Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
 In this great enterprize, is only thine.
 Just be thy choice, without affection made;
 To birth, or office, no respect be paid: 280
 Let worth determine here. The Monarch spake,
 And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the god-like Diomed rejoin'd)
 My choice declares the impulse of my mind.

Ver. 274.] This verse anticipates, and, I think, improperly, the succeeding narrative: nor is it consonant to the original. Thus?

*Famed for his lance, the Spartan fought to go;
 Ulysses, ever vent'rous on the foe.*

Ver 280. *To birth, or office, no respect be paid.*] Eustathius remarks, that Agamemnon artfully steals away his brother from danger; the fondness he bears to him makes him think him unequal to so bold an enterprize, and prefer his safety to his glory. He farther adds, that the Poet intended to condemn that faulty modesty which makes one sometimes prefer a nobleman before a person of real worth. To be greatly born is an happiness, but no merit; whereas personal virtues shew a man worthy of that greatness to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon these parties by night, or undertake those offices which are now only the task of common soldiers. Gideon in the book of Judges (as Dacier observes) goes as a spy into the camp of Midian, though he was at that time General of the Israelites. P.

He treads in the steps of Dacier: "Mais que la respect pour la naissance, pour la dignité, ni pour le rang, ne regle pas ce choix."

How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands 285
 To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
 A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
 So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
 Blest in his conduct, I no aid require; 289
 Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
 (Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame:
 Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
 Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

Ver. 289. *Blest in his conduct.*] There required some address in Diomed to make his choice without offending the Grecian Princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refused such a place of honour. Diomed therefore chooses Ulysses, not because he is braver than the rest, but because he is wiser. This part of his character was allowed by all the leaders of the army; and none of them thought it a disparagement to themselves as they were men of valour, to see the first place given to Ulysses in point of wisdom. No doubt but the Poet, by causing Diomed to make his choice, intended to insinuate that valour ought always to be tempered with wisdom; to the end that what is designed with prudence may be executed with resolution. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 291.] *Chiefs of fame* seems an expression for rhyme rather than elegance; and there is too much prolixity for his original. Ogilby is better, or might easily be made so. Take him without alteration:

Then said Ulysses: Praise me not, nor blame;
 Well know the Græcian Princes what I am.

Ver. 292. *It fits thee not, to praise me or to blame.*] The modesty of Ulysses in this passage is very remarkable; though undoubtedly he deserved to be praised, yet he interrupts Diomed rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What Diomed spoke in praise of Ulysses, was uttered to justify his choice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwise the praise he had given him, would have been no better than flattery. Eustathius. P.

But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away, 295
 The red'ning orient shews the coming day,
 The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
 And of Night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
 In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest. 300
 A two-edg'd falchion Trahsymed the brave,
 And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:

Ver. 295. — — *Night rolls the hours away,
 The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
 And of Night's empire but a third remains.*]

It has been objected that Ulysses is guilty of a threefold tautology, when every word he uttered shews the necessity of being concise: if the night was nigh spent, there was the less time to lose in tautologies. But this is so far from being a fault, that it is a beauty: Ulysses dwells upon the shortness of the time before the day appears, in order to urge Diomed to the greater speed in prosecuting the design. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 297.] Homer says, *the stars are far advanced*: but our poet was often in haste, and contented himself with the tritest thoughts in preference to the characteristic proprieties of his author, on too many occasions.

Ver. 298. *But a third remains.*] One ought to take notice with how much exactness Homer proportions his incidents to the time of action: these two books take up no more than the compass of one night; and his design could not have been executed in any other part of it. The Poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightened by the fires of Troy, and consequently no spy could pass over to their camp, till they were almost sunk and extinguished, which could not be till near the morning.

It is observable that the poet divides the night into three parts; from whence we may gather, that the Græcians had three watches during the night: the first and second of which were over, when Diomed and Ulysses set out to enter the enemy's camp. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 301. *A two-edg'd falchion* Thrasymed the brave, &c.] It

Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
 Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread:
 (Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn; 305
 No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
 Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
 A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
 A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound
 (Thy gift Meriones) his temples crowned; 310

is a very impertinent remark of Scaliger, that Diomed should not have gone from his tent without a sword. The expedition he now goes upon could not be foreseen by him at the time he rose: he was awaked of a sudden, and sent in haste to call some of the princes: besides, he went but to council, and even then carried his spear with him, as Homer had already informed us. I think if one were to study the art of cavilling, there would be more occasion to blame Virgil for what Scaliger praises him, giving a sword to Euryalus, when he had one before. *Æn.* ix. v. 303. P.

Ver. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.*] It may not be improper to observe how conformably to the design the poet arms these two heroes: Ulysses has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at distance, and so retard his flight till he could overtake him; and, for fear of a discovery, Diomed is armed with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. Eustathius.

There is some resemblance in this whole story to that of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil: and as the heroes are here successful, and in Virgil unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an instance of Virgil's judgment to describe the unhappy youth in a glittering helmet, which occasioned his discovery, as it was in Homer to arm his successful one in the contrary manner. P.

Ver. 309. *A well-prov'd casque.*] Mr. Barnes has a pretty remark on this place, that it was probably from this description, *πίλος ἀρπής*, that the ancient painters and tragick poets constantly represented Ulysses with the Pileus on his head; but this particularly could not be preserved with any grace in the translation. P.

Ver. 310.] This is a small inaccuracy: he should have written,
 Thy gifts, Meriones.

Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
 A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
 This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
 Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
 And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize 315
 Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;
 The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
 And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
 Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
 And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take.
 Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent, 321
 A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:

Ver. 311] Thus Dryden, *Æn.* xi. 1007:

His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were *spread*
 A covering for his cheeks, and *grinn'd* around *his head*.

Ver. 313. *This from Amyntor, &c.*] The succession of this helmet descending from one hero to another, is imitated by Virgil in the story of Nisus and Euryalus:

“Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis
 “Cingula; Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim
 “Quæ mittit dona, hospitio cùm jungeret absens
 “Cædicus; ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti:
 “Post mortem bello Rutuli pugnâque potiti.

It was anciently a custom to make these military presents to brave adventurers. So Jonathan in the first book of Samuel, *stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David; and his garments, even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle.* Ch. xviii. v. 4. P.

Our poet follows the vicious *quantity* of Chapman,

When he laid waste Amyntor's house, that was Ormenus' sonne.

Ver. 320.] This line is an interpolation of the translator.

This tho' furrounding shades obscur'd their view,
By the shrill clang and whistling wings they knew.
As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd, 325
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid.

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
O thou! for ever present in my way,
Who, all my motions, all my toils survey! 330
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;

Ver. 326. *Ulysses—Hail'd the glad omen.*] This passage sufficiently justifies Diomed for his choice of Ulysses: Diomed, who was most renowned for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and so have been discouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For though it really signified, that as the bird was not seen, but only heard by the sound of its wings, so they should not be discovered by the Trojans, but perform actions which all Troy should hear with sorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they discovered the bird by the noise of its wings, so they should be betrayed by the noise they should make in the Trojan army. The reason why Pallas does not send the bird that is sacred to herself, but the heron, is because it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they should spoil the Trojans. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 330.] This is ungrammatical, for *surveyest*. I would propose:

Thou, who survey'st my steps, where'er I go,
And guard'st in dangers, now thy favour shew:

in which attempt more fidelity at least to the author is conspicuous,

Ver. 331.] The remainder of this address is a very prolix and a very obscure representation of his original. Ogilby is accurate, but destitute of elegance and elevation. The following effort has not much to recommend it, but perfect fidelity:

Grant a return; grant glory may accrue
From some achievement, which our foes shall rue:

And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then god-like Diomed preferr'd his pray'r: 335
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.
When on Æfopus' banks the banded pow'rs
Of Greece he left, and fought the Theban tow'rs,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful
show, 341

He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, Oh celestial maid! 345
So still continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. 350

Ver. 338.] Properly *defendedst*.

Ver. 343.] This is not attentive to the language of it's original.
Let the reader accept my own attempt at greater accuracy:

With thee, great Goddess, and thy gracious aid
Illustrious feats his valiant arm displaid.
If thou my kind protectress now appear,
To thee be sacrific'd a youthful steer,
Unyok'd, of ample front: whose spreading horns
An ambient plate of ductile gold adorns.

And our poet probably cast an eye on Ogilby:

And gild her *spreading horns* with beaten gold.

The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies,
 Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprife.
 Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
 With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
 Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of
 slain.

356

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
 On high designs the wakeful hours employ ;

Ver. 356. *Thro' dust, thro' blood, &c.*] Xenophon (says Eustathius) has imitated this passage ; but what the poet gives us in one line, the historian protracts into several sentences, 'Επει δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρὴν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆ αἵματι πεφυρμένην, &c. "When the
 " battle was over, one might behold through the whole extent of
 " the field, the ground dyed red with blood, the bodies of friends
 " and enemies stretched over each other, the shields pierced, the
 " spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on the
 " earth, some plunged in the bodies of the slain, and some yet
 " grasped in the hands of the soldiers." P.

Ver. 357. *Nor less bold Hector, &c.*] It is the remark of Eustathius, that Homer sends out the Trojan spy in this place in a very different manner from the Grecian ones before. Having been very particular in describing the council of the Greeks, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumstances, and passes it in general terms. In the first, a wise old man proposes the adventure with an air of deference ; in the second, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promises a small gift, but very honourable and certain ; the other a great one, but uncertain, and less honourable, because it is given as a reward. So that Diomed and Ulysses are inspired with the love of glory. Dolon is possessed with a thirst of gain : they proceed with a sage and circumspect valour, he with rashness and vanity ; they go in conjunction, he alone ; they cross the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contrast that is admirable, and a moral that strikes every reader at first sight.

P.

Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd. 360

What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they
take?

If now subdu'd they meditate their flight, 365
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shal! please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well. 370

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.

Ver. 371.] More agreeably to the words of Homer, thus:

The Trojans all were mute; when forward came
Thy son, Eumedes! Dolon was his name.

Ver. 372. *Dolon his name.*] It is scarce to be conceived with what conciseness the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the shape, the swiftness of Dolon. He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his wealth, though undoubtedly he was by place one of the first rank in Troy: Hector summons him to this assembly amongst the chiefs of Troy; nor was he unknown to the Greeks, for Diomed immediately after he had seized him, calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had frequently passed between the armies in the execution of his office.

The ancients observed upon this place, that it was the office of Dolon which made him offer himself to Hector. The sacred

(Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told)
 Rich was the son in brags, and rich in gold;
 Not blest by nature with the charms of face, 375
 But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
 Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
 This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
 But first exalt thy scepter to the skies,
 And swear to grant me the demanded prize; 380

character gave him hopes that they would not violate his person, should he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his liberty; besides all which advantages, he had hopes from his swiftness to escape any pursuers. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 375. *Not blest by nature with the charms of face.*] The original is,

Ὅς δὲ τοι εἶδος μὲν ἦν κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδάκης.

Which some ancient criticks thought to include a contradiction, because the man who is ill-shaped can hardly be swift in running; taking the word *εἶδος* as applied in general to the air of the whole person. But Aristotle acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was usual with the Cretans to call a man with a handsome face, *εὐεῖδης*. So that Dolon might want a good face, and yet be well-shaped enough to make an excellent racer. Poet. c. 26. P.

This note is taken from Dacier.

Ver. 380. *Swear to grant me, &c.*] It is evident from this whole narration, that Dolon was a man of no worth or courage; his covetousness seems to be the sole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas Diomed neither desired any reward, nor when promised required any assurance of it; Dolon demands an oath, and will not trust the promise of Hector; he every where discovers a base spirit, and by the sequel it will appear, that this vain boaster instead of discovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traitor to his own. Eustathius P.

Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car,
 That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.
 Encourag'd thus no idle ſcout I go,
 Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know,
 Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way, 385
 And all their counſels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden ſcepter high,
 Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky.

Ver. 381. *Th' immortal courſers, and the glittering car.*] Hector in the foregoing ſpeech promiſes the beſt horſes in the Grecian army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he propoſed. Dolon immediately demands thoſe of Achilles, and confines the general promiſe of Hector to the particular horſes of that brave hero.

There is ſomething very extraordinary in Hector's taking a ſolemn oath, that he will give the chariots and ſteeds of Achilles to Dolon. The ancients, ſays Euſtathius, knew not whoſe vanity moſt to wonder at, that of Dolon, or Hector; the one for demanding this, or the other for promiſing it. Though we may take notice, that Virgil liked this extravagance ſo well as to imitate it, where Aſcanius (without being asked) promiſes the horſes and armour of Turnus to Nifus, on his undertaking a like enterpriſe :

“ Vidifti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
 “ Aureus; ipſum illum clypeum, criſtaſque rubentes
 “ Excipiam forti, jam nunc tua præmia, Niſe.”

Unleſs one ſhould think the raſhneſs of ſuch a promiſe better agreed with the ardour of this youthful prince, than with the character of an experienced warriour like Hector. P.

Ver. 385.] The original would dictate thus :

Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
 Where or to fly the chiefs conſult, or ſtay:
 and the word *betray* of our poet ſuits the verſe better than the ſenſe.

Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
 Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall: 390
 By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
 And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore: the Gods were call'd in
 vain;

But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
 A-crofs his back the bended bow he flung, 395
 A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
 A ferret's downy furr his helmet lin'd,
 And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shin'd.
 Then (never to return) he fought the shore, 399
 And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
 Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,
 (Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
 When, on the hollow way, th'approaching tread
 Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed.

Ver. 389.] Thus, more faithfully :

Thee, Jove! great Juno's spouse, I witness call :
Whose thunder —.

Ver. 399.] This repetition of the same thought is not pleasing.
 I would propose an alteration :

*He went, and tow'rd the fleet his course he bore ;
 That fatal course his feet must tread no more.*

Ver. 402.] This line is to me unintelligible. Thus?

Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,
 When, *as with eager step he scour'd along,*
With ear attentive his approaching tread
 Ulysses mark'd —.

O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet, 405
 Moving this way, or hast'ning to the fleet;
 Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
 Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
 Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
 Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.
 But if too swift of foot he flies before, 411
 Confine his course along the fleet and shore.
 Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
 And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their
 head, 415
 (As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead:
 Along the path the spy unwary flew;
 Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.

Ver. 405.] More brevity on this occasion would be preferable;
 and the next verse has no great propriety to recommend it. Thus?

O! friend! some foot from yonder camp is nigh;
 To strip, perchance, the dead, or fleet to spy.

But our poet follows Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 866.

*O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hastening this way.*

Ver. 410.] There appears to me some awkwardness of expression in this passage. I will attempt more conciseness:

But, e'er we seize him, let him still proceed;
 Then, if he 'scape us by superiour speed,
 Let spears projected intercept retreat,
 And 'twixt the camp confine him, and the fleet:

for, perhaps, in these colloquial reciprocations more familiarity of expression is desirable, and straining efforts at pomp and elevation of language altogether unsuitable and out of season.

So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green, 420

Ver. 419. ——— *Such the space between, As when two teams of mules, &c.*] I wonder Eustathius takes no notice of the manner of ploughing used by the ancients, which is described in these verses, and of which we have the best account from Dacier. She is not satisfied with the explanation given by Didymus, that Homer meant the space which mules by their swiftness gain upon oxen, that plough in the same field. “The Grecians (says she) did not plough in the manner now in use. They first broke up the ground with oxen, and then ploughed it more lightly with mules. when they employed two ploughs in a field, they measured the space they could plough in a day, and set their ploughs at the two ends of that space, and those ploughs proceeded toward each other. This intermediate space was constantly fixed, but less in proportion for two ploughs of oxen than for two of mules; because oxen are slower, and toil more in a field that has not been yet turned up, whereas mules are naturally swifter, and make greater speed in a ground that has already had the first ploughing. I therefore believe that what Homer calls *πίρρα*, is the space left by the husbandmen between two ploughs of mules which till the same field: and as this space was so much the greater in a field already ploughed by oxen, he adds what he says of mules that they are swifter and fitter to give the second ploughing than oxen, and therefore distinguishes the field so ploughed by the epithet of *deep, not labouring*, for that was a certain space of so many acres or perches, and always larger than in a field as yet untilld, which being heavier and more difficult, required the interval to be so much the less between two ploughs of oxen, because they could not dispatch so much work. Homer could not have served himself of a juster comparison for a thing that passed in the fields; at the same time he shews his experience in the art of agriculture, and gives his verses a most agreeable ornament, as indeed all the images drawn from this art are peculiarly entertaining.”

This manner of measuring a space of ground by a comparison from ploughing, seems to have been customary in those times, from that passage in the first book of Samuel, chap. xiv. v. 14. *And the first slaughter which Jonathan and his armour-bearer made, was about*

(To whom the hind like shares of land allows)
When now new furrows part th' approaching
ploughs.

Now Dolon list'ning, heard them as they past;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his
haste,

'Till scarce at distance of a jav'lin's throw, 425
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.

As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret wind;
Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind;

Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey: 430

So fast, and with such fears the Trojan flew;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;

When brave Tydides stopp'd; a gen'rous thought
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought, 436

Left on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.

*twenty men, within as it were half a furrow of an acre of land, which
a yoke of oxen might plough.* P.

Ver. 426.] After this verse there is an omission in our poet's
version, which may be thus supplied:

He straight prepares for flight his nimble knees;
With equal haste they rush their prey to seize.

Ver. 429.] Thus, with more fidelity:

With unremitting speed they urge their way;
With plaintive cries still forward runs the prey.

Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
 This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain. 440
 He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
 Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;
 Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
 The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he
 stood;

A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head; 445
 His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
 The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
 And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow: 450

Ver. 441.] I would preserve an additional thought of the original, which our translator has slighted, thus:

Nor think to 'scape me: Then his weapon cast —
 with an easy change of ver. 439:

Who thus aloud —.

Ver. 444. *Quiver'd as he stood, &c.*] The poet here gives us a very lively picture of a person in the utmost agonies of fear: Dolon's swiftness forsakes him, and he stands shackled by his cowardice. The very words express the thing he describes by the broken turn of the Greek verses. And something like it is aimed at in the English.

ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔση, τάρησέν τε
 βαρυκύνων, ἄρατος δὲ διὰ σόμα γίνετ' ὀδόντων.
 Χλωρὸς ὑπαὶ δαίεσσι. —

P.

Ver. 449.] I would propose a more exact translation:
 O! spare; and be my life with ransom bought:
 Both brags and gold are mine, and steel well-wrought:
 These in abundance will my father give,
 When at your ships he hears his offspring live.

Vast heaps of brags shall in your ships be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd
the fight,

455

To roam the silent fields in dead of night?
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Thro' heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead? 460

Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)

Ver. 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] It is observable what caution the poet here uses in reference to Dolon: Ulysses does not make him any promises of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: so that when Diomed kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promise, and the spy was deceived rather by the art and subtlety of Ulysses, than by his falshood. Dolon's understanding seems entirely to be disturbed by his fears; he was so cautious as not to believe a friend just before without an oath, but here he trusts an enemy without so much as a promise. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 457.] It is strange, that our poet should disregard the arrangement of circumstances in his author. The two following couplets should be transposed, and may be modelled thus:

Art *thou* some wretch ——
Or cam'st the secrets ——.

Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 970:

————— I come no spy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm.

Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
 Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
 No less a bribe than great Achilles' car, 465
 And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of
 war,

Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
 To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:
 If now subdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight, 469
 And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
 (Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies)
 Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
 And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
 Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,
 Achilles sprung from an immortal dame. 476

Ver. 467. *Urg'd me unwilling.*] It is observable that the cowardice of Dolon here betrays him into a falsehood: though Eustathius is of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment*. P.

Perhaps, the phrase in the original *παρεκ νοον ηγαγεν*, may be rendered not improperly, *contrary to expectation led me*: that is, "I little thought of the danger, into which Hector was leading me."

Ver. 469.] This is too brief for his author. Thus?

Whether ye guard your navy as before,
 Or, foil'd and vanquish'd by superiour power,
 Ye sink with toil and meditate your flight,
 Nor dare maintain the watches of the night.

Ver. 475.] Homer has made no such exception; but our translator seems to have followed Hobbes on this occasion:

The goddess Thetis' son they'll scarce obey.

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
 Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?
 Where stand his courfers? in what quarter sleep
 Their other princes? tell what watch they keep?
 Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are;
 Or here to combat, from their city far, 482
 Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war? }

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
 What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
 Hector, the peers assembling in his tent, 486
 A council holds at Ilus' monument.
 No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
 Where-e'er yon' fires ascend, the Trojans wake:

Ver. 478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanced, the morning approached, and the two heroes had their whole design still to execute: Ulysses therefore complies with the necessity of the time, and makes his questions very short, though at the same time very full. In the like manner when Ulysses comes to shew Diomed the chariot of Rhesus, he uses a sudden transition without the usual form of speaking. P.

He might easily have included all his author, and have been in other respects more accurate:

Where *didst thou leave* the Trojan chief to-night,
 His *arms, and courfers*?—

Ver. 481.] I should prefer the following couplet:

Since their *late* conquest, what their counsels, *say*:
 Return to *Troy*, or near our *ships* to stay?

Ver. 486.] With more fidelity, thus:

Hector debates, his prudent chiefs among,
 At Ilus' tomb, far from the noisy throng.

Ver. 488. *No certain guards.*] Homer to give an air of proba-

Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep; 490
 Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
 Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
 Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
 (Enquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain?

To whom the spy: Their pow'rs they thus
 dispose: 496

The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,

bility to this narration, lets us understand that the Trojan camp might easily be entered without discovery, because there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly through the security which their late success had thrown them into, and partly through the fatigues of the former day. Besides which, Homer gives us another very natural reason, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who being foreigners, had nothing to lose by the fall of Troy. P.

Ver. 489. *Where-e'er you' fires ascend.*] This is not to be understood of those fires which Hector commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the household fires of the Trojans, distinct from the auxiliars. The expression in the original is somewhat remarkable; but implies those people that were natives of Troy: *ἰσία* and *ἰσχαρά* *πυρὸς* signifying the same thing. So that *ἰσίας ἔχουσιν* and *ἰσχαράς ἔχουσιν* mean to have houses or hearths in Troy. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 490.] Our poet might glance on Ogilby:
 Who chearing one another watches *keep*,
 Whilst soundly the auxiliaries *sleep*.

Ver. 496.] Or rather, for the sake of accuracy:
 Then Dolon: This I truly will disclose.
The Pæons —.

But Ogilby, with a few slight amendments, gives a much more exact representation of the following particulars:

The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
 And Leleges, encamp along the coast.
 Not distant far, lie higher on the land 500
 The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
 And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
 The Thracians utmost, and a-part from all.
 These Troy but lately to her succour won,
 Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son: 505
 I saw his courfers in proud triumph go,
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:
 Rich silver plates his shining car infold;
 His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
 No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load, 510
 Celestial Panoply, to grace a God!
 Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
 Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,

Carians and Pæons near the ocean lie;
 Pelasgians, Leleges, and Caucons, by.
 The Lycians, Phrygians, and *the Mysian band*
 At Thymbre *with Mæonian horsemen stand*.
 But why *thus wish each circumstance to know?*
Learn, if ye venture to explore the foe,
 The Thracian force lies next you, and alone:
 With them *king Rhesus*, Eion's valiant son.
 I saw his gallant *courfers*, which exceed
 The snow for whiteness, and the winds for speed.

Ver. 508.] Thus, more exactly :

Plates, *gold and silver*, his *bright* car infold :
 His *massy* arms, a *wond'rous fight!* are gold.

In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal,
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell. 515

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be shown.
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore?
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more. 521

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like light'ning swift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; 525

Ver. 517.] Hobbes has ingeniously contrived to compress the whole sense of his original into one stanza:

Think not to scape, though all you say be true:
For, if I let you loose, for ought I know,
You may return agen to fight or view:
But hurt us cannot if I kill you now.

Ver. 522.] The fire of the original is somewhat evaporated in the prolixity of the version, which is not so faithful as it might have been. May I propose a substitution?

He spake; and, as the wretch his hand extends
To touch his beard, the rapid blade descends
Full on his neck, and cuts the nerves in twain:
The head, still muttering, rolls upon the plain.

Ver. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may seem a piece of barbarity in Diomed to kill Dolon thus, in the very act of supplicating for mercy. Eustathius answers, that it was very necessary that it should be so, for fear, if he had deferred his death, he might have cried out to the Trojans, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard. P.

One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
 The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
 The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
 The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and
 spear;

These great Ulysses lifting to the skies, 530
 To fav'ring Pallas dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
 And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
 Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise;
 O speed our labours, and direct our ways! 535
 This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
 High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;
 Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the
 plain,

To guide their footsteps to the place again. 539

Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields,
 Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,
 Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
 And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day.

Ver. 539.] More exactly, thus:

Through the thick gloom to guide their steps again:

for our translator seems to be governed by Ogilby in referring improperly the original clause *δὸν δια νυκτὸς μελαίναν* to the subsequent part of the narrative. Thus his predecessor:

Though sable clouds had dimm'd night's crystall arch,
 Yet on through arms and purple gore they march.

Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band:
 The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand; 545
 Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
 Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd.
 Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
 And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
 The welcome sight Ulysses first descries, 550
 And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
 The man, the courfers, and the car behold!
 Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
 Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
 Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie; 555
 Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
 Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
 Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous
 arms; 559

Ver. 547.] This is an elegant interpolation of our translator.
 The sense of the original may be thus comprehended more exactly
 in less compass:

*Close by each warrior stand his horses bound;
 Gleam'd in three rows their armour on the ground:
 Amidst them slept their king; and by his side
 Thongs each fleet courser to his chariot tied.*

Ver. 555.] Thus dictates his author:

Nor idly gazing stand: the steeds untie.

Ogilby, with little amendment, has an excellent couplet:

*Do thou the horses from the chariot free;
 Or slaughter men, and leave that task to me.*

Ver. 558.] Our poet gives too free a scope to his imagination

Where e'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd;
 His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood,
 Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with
 gore,

And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.
 So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen; 565
 On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
 Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
 'Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
 Ulysses following, as his part'ner flew, 570
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior
 drew;

The milk-white courfers studious to convey
 Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;
 Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
 Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead. 575

in this place, and amplifies beyond measure. I would venture to propose a correction, as follows:

Pallas (this said) *his soul with strength endues* :
 Where e'er he *turns* a purple stream *pursues*.
 His *slaughtering* falchion *dyes* the *field* with *gore*,
 And a low groan *remurmurs* thro' the shore.

Ver. 564.] The following is a literal version of this simile:

As, when a lion finds unguarded flocks,
 On mischief bent, he springs on goats or sheep.

Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they
found;

Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.

Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent;

A warlike form appear'd before his tent,

Whose visionary steel his bosom tore: 580

So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

Ver. 576.] With a view to conciseness and fidelity, I would venture the following alterations, with the rhymes of Chapman:

Now, twelve dispatch'd, *their king* Tydides found;

His falchion fixt him *panting* to the ground,

As in a dream the form of Diomed,

By Pallas sent, was hovering o'er his head:

and this expresses almost every word of the original.

Ver. 578. *Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent.*] All the circumstances of this action, the night, Rhesus buried in a profound sleep, and Diomed with the sword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, furnished Homer with the idea of this fiction, which represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. This image is very natural, for a man in this condition awakes no farther than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. Eustathius, Dacier. P.

I should rather say, that Rhesus, who on his arrival would hear of course the late transactions of both armies, had been particularly moved by the great achievements of Diomed, and had fallen asleep in the midst of his meditations on them; flattering himself, perhaps, with a victory over this formidable warrior. See p. 218 of my *Evidences of Christianity*, for a further illustration of this point.

Ver. 580.] In this interpolation our translator was thinking of a verse in his own Elegy, than which poetry never produced one more beautiful and affecting:

'Tis she:—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?

Why dimly gleams *the visionary sword*?

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
 (The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.) 585
 Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
 But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:
 Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
 To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
 Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay, 590
 Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
 While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
 Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my son, from farther slaughter cease,
 Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; 595
 Hasten to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
 Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of Troy.

Ver. 586.] Ogilby has not ill expressed the propriety of his author in this place:

And *whistling softly* calls Tydides back.

There is a similar expression in Isaiah, vii. 17. "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall *hiss* for the fly, that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Ægypt."

Ver. 590.] Our poet might cast an eye on Ogilby's translation:
 Whether he should the chariot draw *away*,
 Where Rhesus' golden arms in order *lay*.

Ver. 594.] I should prefer an omission in this case of one or two important words in the original to this prolixity, which yet but obscurely exhibits the language of his author. Thus?

Warriour, return: 'midst dangers thou may'st go,
 If chance some God should wake the Trojan foe.

The voice divine confess'd the martial Maid;
 In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
 The courfers fly before Ulysses' bow, 600
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the God of light
 Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's
 flight,

Saw Tydeus' son with heav'nly succour blest,
 And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast. 605
 Swift to the Trojan camp descends the pow'r,
 And wakes Hippocöon in the morning hour,
 (On Rhesus' side accusom'd to attend
 A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend.)
 Herose, and saw the field deform'd with blood, 610
 An empty space where late the courfers stood,
 The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;
 For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:

Ver. 601.] This line is interpolation, and the less agreeable, because it has appeared before. Thus?

Beneath Ulysses' bow the courfers drew
 The chiefs, and onwards to the navy flew.

Ver. 607. *And wakes Hippocöon.*] Apollo's waking the Trojans is only an allegory to imply that the light of the morning awakened them. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 610.] In conformity to the original, I would propose a little abbreviation, thus:

An empty space, where late the courfers stood,
 He saw, and Thracians panting in their blood.
 While *with loud shrieks* he calls *his friend* in vain,
 The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain.

Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
 The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain; 615
 On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
 And wond'ring view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade
 Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
 Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore 620
 The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
 Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
 The coursers ply, and thunder tow'ards the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching
 sound,
 Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around. 625

Ver. 618.] Thus, more exactly to the author:

The chiefs arriv'd where Hector's spy was slain,
 Ulysses, lov'd by Jove, repress the rein:
 To earth Tydides sprang, and to him bore
 The spoils of Dolon, dropping yet with gore.

Ver. 624. *Old Nestor first perceiv'd, &c.*] It may with an appearance of reason be asked, whence it could be that Nestor, whose sense of hearing might be supposed to be impaired by his great age, should be the first person among so many youthful warriors who hears the tread of the horses feet at a distance? Eustathius answers, that Nestor had a particular concern for the safety of Diomed and Ulysses on this occasion, as he was the person who, by proposing the undertaking, had exposed them to a very signal danger; and consequently his extraordinary care for their preservation, did more than supply the disadvantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old man breaks out into a transport at the sight of them, and in a wild sort of joy asks some questions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy surprise. Eustathius. P.

Methinks the noise of tramp'ling steeds I hear
 Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
 Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
 (So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)
 The great Tydides and Ulysses bear, 630
 Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
 Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
 The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train:
 Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore;
 Or oh! perhaps those heroes are no more. 635
 Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
 And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:
 With words of friendship and extended hands
 They greet the kings; and Nestor first demands:
 Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
 Thou living glory of the Grecian name! 641

Ver. 626.] More faithfully, thus:

*If true I know not, but, methinks, I hear
 The tread of horses striking on mine ear.*

Our poet should have preserved the natural and lively metaphor of his model, concerning which the reader may consult my note on the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, ver. 205.

Ver. 634.] This couplet is a mere addition by the translator.

Ver. 641.] It does not appear from this version, whom Nestor addresses; which is a great fault. We may correct thus:

Ulysses! glory of the Grecian name.

Ogilby is not elevated, but will convey a more just idea of Homer in this passage, than our poet's version:

Say whence these coursers? by what chance be-
stow'd,

The spoil of foes, or present of a God?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day. 645
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But sure 'till now no coursers struck my fight
Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies; 651
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And *her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so, (sage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind. 655
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides flew;

Hadst thou, Ulysses! fam'd for worthy deeds,
Out of the Trojan camp these beauteous steeds?
Or did some god on thee this gift bestow?
More beauteous than the sun at noon they shew.

Ver. 653.] Homer says only,

The grey-ey'd child of ægis-bearing Jove:

but our poet borrowed his supplement from Chapman, who says,
And she, that *supples earth with blood*.

Ver. 654.] Ogilby, somewhat chastised, is neat and faithful:

*Ulysses then: Thou pride of Græcians! know,
The mightier Gods could nobler steeds bestow.*

Ver. 656. *Of Thracian lineage, &c.*] It is observable, says

* Minerva.

Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
 And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
 These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came; 660
 A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
 By Hector sent our forces to explore,
 He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding courfers
 flew;
 The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue. 665

Eustathius, that Homer in this place unravels the series of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occasioned by a necessity of Nestor's enquiries, and partly to relate the same thing in a different way, that he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before. P.

Ver. 657.] His original would prescribe,
 Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
 But lately come; whose king Tydides slew.

Ver. 659. *And twelve beside, &c.*] How comes it to pass that the poet should here call Dolon the thirteenth that was slain, whereas he had already numbered up thirteen besides him? Eustathius answers, that he mentions Rhesus by himself, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the Thracians, he reckons twelve of them; so that taking Rhesus separately, Dolon will make the thirteenth. P.

Ver. 660.] This is interpolation; and the purport of these four verses may be enclosed in two without disparagement to the fidelity of translation;

*With Hector's spy, commission'd to explore
 Our fleet, but slaughter'd on the neighb'ring shore.*

Ver. 664.] Literally thus:

This said, he drove the courfers o'er the trench,
 Exulting; with him went the joyful Greeks.

Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
 The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn:
 The neighing courfers their new fellows greet,
 And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
 But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd, 670 }
 High on the painted stern Ulysses laid, }
 A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
 They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main:
 Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil, 675
 Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
 In due repast indulge the genial hour,
 And first to Pallas the libations pour:

Ver. 674. *They cleanse their bodies in the main, &c.*] We have here a regimen very agreeable to the simplicity and austerity of the old heroick times. These warriors plunge into the sea to wash themselves; for the salt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by softening and moistening the flesh prevents too great a dissipation, and restores the natural strength. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 675.] Our poet seems to have profited by both his predecessors. Thus Chapman:

Where odorous and *dissolving oyles*, they through their limbs diffuse:
 and thus Ogilby:

Next in warm baths their spirits spent with *toil*
 Recruit and weary limbs refresh with *oil*.
 Then sitting down, they empty to *divine*
 Pallas full bowls, and offer richest *wine*.

But the last couplet of Pope is superfluous.

Ver. 677. *In due repast, &c.*] It appears from hence with

They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine, 679
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

what preciseness Homer distinguishes the time of these actions. It is evident from this passage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light; that being the time of taking such a repast as is here described.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without observing, that what seems the principal beauty of it, and what distinguishes it among all the others, is the liveliness of its paintings: the reader sees the most natural night-scene in the world; he is led step by step with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations, and uncertainties. We see the very colour of the sky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagination steals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the secret wishes of their hearts sent up to Minerva. We are alarmed at the approach of Dolon, hear his very footsteps, assist the two chiefs in pursuing him, and stop just with the spear that arrests him. We are perfectly acquainted with the situation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the disposition of Rhesus and the Thracians, with the posture of his chariot and horses. The marshy spot of ground where Dolon is killed, the tamarisk, or aquatick plants upon which they hang his spoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumstances the most *picturesque* imaginable. And though it must be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and disposed in the properest actions; I cannot but confess my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the prospect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.

P.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE THIRD BATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON.

A G A M E M N O N having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hec̃tor prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hec̃tor is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the King shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hec̃tor comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit Him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eury-pylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

AS Homer's invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diversified, so his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintained. But this exactness must be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct through the whole : and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we shall find them all proceeding from the same temper and disposition of the person. If this observation be neglected, the poet's conduct will lose much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleasant to the reader, to consider the picture of Agamemnon, drawn by so masterly an hand as that of Homer, in its full length, after having seen him in several views and lights since the beginning of the poem.

He is a master of policy and stratagem, and maintains a good understanding with his council ; which was but necessary, considering how many different, independent nations and interests he had to manage : he seems fully conscious of his own superiour authority, and always knows the time when to exert it : he is personally very valiant, but not without some mixture of fierceness : highly resentful of the injuries done his family, even more than Menelaus himself : warm both in his passions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In short, he is (as Homer himself in another place describes him) both a good king, and a great warriour.

Ἀμφοτέρων, βασιλεύς τ' ἀγαθός, κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

It is very observable how this hero rises in the esteem of the reader as the poem advances : it opens with many circumstances very much to the disadvantage of his character ; he insults the priest of Apollo, and outrages Achilles : but in the second book he grows sensible of the effects of his rashness, and takes the fault entirely upon himself : in the fourth he shews himself a skilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general : in the eighth he is deeply touched by the sufferings of his army, and makes all the peoples calamities his own : in the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himself to Achilles, and condescends to be the petitioner, because it is for the publick good : in the tenth

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

finding those endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all possible methods to assist them: and now in the eleventh, as it were resolving himself to supply the want of Achilles, he grows prodigiously in his valour, and performs wonders in his single person.

Thus we see Agamemnon continually winning upon our esteem, as we grow acquainted with him; so that he seems to be like that Goddess the poet describes, who was low at the first, but rising by degrees, at last reaches the very heavens.

P.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
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I L I A D.

THE saffron Morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from 'Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal fight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command, 5
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,

Ver. 1.] These are elegant lines, but paraphrastical, and not superiour on the whole to Ogilby corrected:

Aurora, *rushing* from 'Tithonus' bed,
O'er Gods and men her glorious lustre shed.

Ver. 5. *When baleful Eris, &c.*] With what a wonderful sublimity does the poet begin this book? He awakens the reader's curiosity, and sounds an alarm to the approaching battle. With what magnificence does he usher in the deeds of Agamemnon? He seems for a while to have lost all view of the main battle, and lets the whole action of the poem stand still, to attend the motions of this single hero. Instead of a herald he brings down a Goddess to enflame the army; instead of a trumpet, or such warlike musick, Juno and Minerva thunder over the field of battle: Jove rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from such a scene of horrors.

Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
 And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
 High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
 She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land. 10
 Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
 Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
 With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:

By the Goddess Eris is meant that ardour and impatience for the battle which now inspired the Grecian army; they who just before were almost in despair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war. Eustathius. P.

The full sense of his author might have been concentrated in a single couplet:

When baleful Eris, sent by Jove, descends,
 And War's red ensign 'midst the fleet extends.

Ver. 14. *Orthian song.*] This is a kind of an Odaic song, invented and sung on purpose to fire the soul to noble deeds in war. Such was that of Timotheus before Alexander the Great, which had such an influence upon him, that he leaped from his seat, and laid hold on his arms. Eustathius. P.

He found this vile accent in Chapman:

The red-ey'd goddesse, seated there, *thunder'd th' ORTHIAN song,*
 High, and *with horror, through the eares, of all the Grecian throng.*

In short, I would propose the following adjustment of the passage, in accommodation to his original:

High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
 She takes, *the midmost station on the strand;*
 That Ajax' and Achilles' ships, *which bound*
 The guarded navy, *may receive the sound.*
There stood the Goddess, and denounc'd afar
 The loud and formidable din of war.
Pierc'd by the sound, each warrior's bosom warms
 An inextinguishable rage of arms.

The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms 15
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
 No more they fight, inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The king of men his hardy host inspires 19
 With loud command, with great example fires;
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
 And first he cast his manly legs around
 In shining greaves with silver buckles bound:
 The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast 25
 The same which once king Cinyras possess'd:
 (The fame of Greece and her assembled host
 Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;
 'Twas then the friendship of the chief to gain,
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.) 30
 Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
 Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
 Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,
 Whose imitated scales, against the skies

Ver. 26. *King Cinyras.*] It is probable this passage of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, alludes to a true history; and what makes it the more so, is that this island was famous for its mines of several metals. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 33.] This is lively in Chapman, whom our poet had in view:

Three serpents to *the gorget* crept, that like three rain-bowes shin'd:

Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, 35
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud.
 (Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,
 Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies.)
 A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: 40
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
 The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;
 Ten zones of brass its ample brim furround, 45
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:

though he rather chose to adopt a less animated word from Ogilby:

Six speckled serpents, rising towards the gorge:
 who, in my opinion, rightly connects the original word *ἐκέρτες*
 with *τρεῖς*. Compare ver. 50,

Ver. 35. *Arch-ing bow'd*, &c.] Eustathius observes, that the poet intended to represent the bending figure of these serpents as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. Dacier observes here how close a parallel this passage of Homer bears to that in Genesis, where God tells Noah, *I have set my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a sign of the covenant between me and the earth.* P.

Ver. 42.] Here also he cast an eye on Chapman:
 The scaberd was of silver plate, with *golden hangers grac't*.

Ver. 44.] I should prefer, as more agreeable to the scope of his author,

That *fenc'd* the warrior *with it's ample shade*:
 but our translator was still intent on Chapman:

Then tooke he up his weightie shield, that *round* about him *cast*
Defensive shadowes.

Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
 And circling terrours fill'd th' expressive shield:
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along, 50
 His azure length in easy waves extends,
 'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
 Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
 And in his hands two steely jav'lins wields, 55
 That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno, and the martial Maid
 In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;

Ver. 48.] His author would prescribe,

And *Fear and Terror* fill'd the expressive shield:

as Ogilby, whose version Pope consulted, I presume, on this occasion:

The fable *field* charg'd with a Gorgon's head,
 Mantled about with dismal Flight and Dread.

Ver. 56.] Thus Chapman:

—— and in his hands, two darts he managed,
 Arm'd with bright *steels*, that blaz'd to heaven.

The following attempt, faithful to the original, may be compared
 with the beautiful couplet of our translator:

Two spears he took, sharp, strong, and tipp'd with steel;
 Steel, that flash'd far to heaven a gleam of light.

Ver. 57.] Homer for these four verses says merely,

Pallas o'er him, and Juno, sounded loud,
 In honour of the rich Mycene's king:

all the rest is the translator's fancy, assisted by Dacier: "La Déesse
 "Minerve et la Déesse Junon,—font entendre autour de lui le bruit
 "de leurs armes, et animent les Grecs:" and by Chapman:

—— and on a fable *cloud*
 To bring them furious to the field, fate *thundring* out aloud.

High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courfers to their chariots bound
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with those who
wield

The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these, in close array combin'd, 65
The squadrons spread their fable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy fun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field; 70

Ver. 63. *The foot, with those who wield The lighter arms, rush forward.*] Here we see the order of battle is inverted, and opposite to that which Nestor proposed in the fourth book: for it is the cavalry which is there sustained by the infantry; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearness of the enemy that obliged Agamemnon to change the disposition of the battle; he would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which should fall upon the flyers. Dacier. P.

Ver. 69.] Homer says nothing here about *thunder*; but our poet, I presume, was misled by Dacier; “Jupiter par des coups effroyables de son tonnerre.—” The whole passage is indeed most strangely represented by our translator, but is no more than faithfully displayed in the following attempt:

Destructive tumult, sent Saturnian Jove;
And dew-drops rain'd from æther's clime above.
With blood discolour'd; dew-drops, that portend
What souls his will to Pluto's realm would send:

The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near Ilus' tomb in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground,
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; 75
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion, match'd th'etherial race. 80

or, as Ogilby renders the latter clause extremely well,

Portending in that day's unhappy strife
The loss of many a valiant hero's life.

Ver. 70. *Red drops of blood.*] These prodigies with which Homer embellishes his poetry, are the same with those which history relates not as ornaments, but as Truths. Nothing is more common in history than showers of blood, and philosophy gives us the reason of them: the two battles which had been fought on the plains of Troy, had so drenched them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and carried into the air, and being there condensed, fall down again in dews and drops of the same colour. Eustathius. See Notes on lib. xvi. v. 560. P.

This prodigy of *raining blood* is frequently mentioned, not only by the poets, but the chroniclers both of ancient and modern times. The physical solution of Eustathius, whatever acceptance it might find with our illustrious translator, will not pass for genuine philosophy, I apprehend, with naturalists of the present day.

Ver. 73.] Our poet did not find this *tomb of Ilus* in his author, but in Chapman's translation:

The Trojan host, at *Ilus' tombe*.—

Ver. 80.] He profited in part from Chapman:

— unmarried Acamas
Proportion'd like the states of heaven:

and in part from Ogilby:

Antenor's sons, resembling heavenly race.

Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,
 Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
 As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
 Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires ;
 Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
 Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van ; 86

Ver. 82.] This verse is superadded by the translator to his original, and was derived from Chapman :

————— in front of *all the field*

Troyes great Priamides did beare, his al-ways-equal *shield*,
 Still *plying* th' *ordering* of his power :

whom Ogilby consulted :

But valiant Hector, foremost in *the field*,

Brought up the van, arm'd with his orb'd *shield*.

Ver. 83. *As the red star.*] We have just seen at full length the picture of the general of the Greeks : here we see Hector beautifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the poet ; it was necessary to speak fully of Agamemnon, who was to be the chief hero of this battle, and briefly of Hector, who had so often been spoken of at large before. This is an instance that the poet well knew when to be concise, and when to be copious. It is impossible that any thing should be more happily imagined, than this similitude : it is so lively, that we see Hector sometimes shining in arms at the head of his troops ; and then immediately lose sight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army. Eustathius. P.

Better, as more exactly, thus :

As some red star now shews his baleful fires.—

Ver. 85.] The translation here is truly sublime, and much exceeds it's original : but particularly the *second* verse of this couplet ; which for propriety and vivacity of expression, nothing can surpass. Perhaps the former may be susceptible of improvement.

Thus thro' the ranks, *alternate*, Hector ran.

The happy word *plunged* might possibly be suggested by Dacier, speaking of the *star* : “ Et tantôt *replonge* ses feux dans leur obscurité.”—Mr. Mason had this passage of our translator, probably,

While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
 Flash from his arms as light'ning from the skies.
 As sweating reapers in some wealthy field, 89
 Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
 Bear down the furrows, 'till their labours meet;
 Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet:
 So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
 And falling ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side. 94
 None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight;
 But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.

in his recollection, when he wrote his exordium of the "Ode to Memory:"

Who bidst their *ranks* now vanish, now *appear*,
Flame in the van, and *darken in the rear*.

Compare book v. verse 115.

Ver. 89. *As sweating reapers.*] It will be necessary for the understanding of this similitude, to explain the method of mowing in Homer's days: they mowed in the same manner as they ploughed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded till they met in the middle of it. By this means they raised an emulation between both parties, which should finish their share first. If we consider this custom, we shall find it a very happy comparison to the two armies advancing against each other, together with an exact resemblance in every circumstance the poet intended to illustrate. P.

This note is translated from Dacier.

Ver. 91.] This is from Chapman:

Beare down the furrowes speedily.

Ver. 95.] Here again he makes use of Chapman's translation:

None stoopt to any fainting thought, of foule inglorious flight,
But equal bore they up their heads, and far'd like wolves in fight:

Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey :
 Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
 Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
 And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes: 100
 Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
 Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
 The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
 Rang'd in bright order on the Olympian hill;
 But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above, 105
 And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
 Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,
 Th' eternal monarch, on his awful throne,

who has very happily expressed one clause of his author, as Mr. Cowper after him :

Alike in fierce hostility their heads
 Both bore aloft.

Ver. 97.] Homer only says, "They kept rushing on like wolves:" the rest is due to the fertile wit of the translator. I would propose this adjustment of the passage :

None stoopt a thought to base inglorious flight;
With equal rage, like rushing wolves, they fight.

Ver. 99.] Chapman, to whom these fine verses of our translator owe some obligations, is more close and faithful:

Sterne Eris with such weeping fights, rejoyc't to *feed her eyes*,
 Who only shew'd herself in field, of all the deities.

Ver. 105.] Part of this verse is for the rhyme only. Ogilby is more observant of his model :

Where Jove's high pleasure tacitly they blame,
 To grant the Trojans such immortal fame.

Ver. 107.] He should have written,
 Meanwhile apart, *regardless*, and alone.

Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat ;
 And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of Fate. 110
 On earth he turn'd his all-confid'ring eyes,
 And mark'd the spot where Ilion's tow'rs arise ;
 The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
 The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams increas'ing
 bright 115

O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
 But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
 The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal, 120

Ver. 114.] His original says,

The flash of steel, the slaughtering, and the dead,

This passage is, doubtless, very noble in the translation, but it is expanded to a double length. Chapman is not displeasing, and closely expressive of his author :

He car'd not, but, enthron'd apart, triumphant sat in sway
 Of his free power ; and, from his seate tooke pleasure to survey
 The citie so adorn'd with towres, the sea with vessels filld,
 The splendor of refulgent armes, the killer, and the kild.

For my own part, I think these lines excellent.

Ver. 119. *What time in some sequester'd vale The weary woodman, &c.*] One may gather from hence, that in Homer's time they did not measure the day by hours, but by the progression of the sun; and distinguished the parts of it by the most noted employments ; as in the xiith of the Odysses, v. 439. from the rising of the judges, and here from the dining of the labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to see a general account of the mensuration of time among the ancients, which I shall take from Spondanus. At the beginning of the world it is certain

When his tir'd arms refuse the ax to rear,
And claim a respite from the filvan war ;

there was no distinction of time but by the light and darkness, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. Munster makes a pretty observation upon this custom : our long-lived forefathers (says he) had not so much occasion to be exact observers how the day passed, as their frailer sons, whose shortness of life makes it necessary to distinguish every part of time; and suffer none of it to slip away without their observation.

It is not improbable but that the Chaldeans, many ages after the flood, were the first who divided the day into hours ; they being the first who applied themselves with any success to astrology. The most ancient sun-dial we read of, is that of Achaz, mentioned in the second book of Kings, ch. xx. about the time of the building of Rome : but as these were of no use in clouded days, and in the night, there was another invention of measuring the parts of time by water ; but that not being sufficiently exact, they laid it aside for another by sand.

It is certain the use of dials was earlier among the Greeks than the Romans ; it was above three hundred years after the building of Rome, before they knew any thing of them : but yet they had divided the day and night into twenty-four hours, as appears from Varro and Macrobius, though they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and distinguished them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, the mid-day, &c. The first sun-dial we read of among the Romans which divided the day into hours, is mentioned by Pliny, lib. i. cap. 20. fixed upon the temple of Quirinus by L. Papyrius the censor, about the twelfth year of the wars with Pyrrhus. But the first that was of any use to the publick, was set up near the rostra in the forum by Valerius Messala the consul, after the taking of Catana in Sicily ; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the first had been set up by Papyrius : but this was still an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly corresponding with the several hours. Yet they made use of it many years, till Q. Marcius Philippus placed another by it, greatly improved : but these had still one common defect of being useless in the night, and when the skies were overcast. All these inventions being thus ineffectual, Scipio Nasica, some years after, measured the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

But not 'till half the prostrate forests lay
 Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day) 124
 Then, nor till then, the Greeks impulsive might
 Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.

Yet near this time, it may be gathered that sun-dials were very frequent in Rome, from a fragment preserved by Aulus Gellius, and ascribed to Plautus: the lines are so beautiful, that I cannot deny the reader the satisfaction of seeing them. They are supposed to be spoken by an hungry parasite, upon a sight of one of these dials:

“ Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit,
 “ Quique adeo primus statuit heic solarium:
 “ Qui mihi comminuit misero, articulatim, diem!
 “ Nam me puero uterus hic erat solarium,
 “ Multo omnium istorum optimum & verissimum;
 “ Ubi iste monebat esse, nisi cum nihil erat.
 “ Nunc etiam quod est, non est, nisi Soli lubet:
 “ Itaque adeo jam oppletum est oppidum solariis,
 “ Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.”

We find frequent mention of the hours in the course of this poem; but to prevent any mistake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they must always be understood to mean the seasons, and not the division of the day by hours. P.

Our poet has strangely disguised this description. The following is a verbal translation, merely intended, like every attempt of this kind, to give the English reader an exact notion of the words and style of the original:

But, when the woodman on some shady hill
 Prepares his meal, when lofty trees are fell'd,
 That tire his hands, and satisfy his wants;
 And love of sweet repast hath seiz'd his mind:
 Then the brave Greeks the Trojan phalanx burst,
 Each other urging through the ranks of war.

Ver. 125. *The Greeks impulsive might.*] We had just before seen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battle; that Jupiter was resolved, even against the inclinations of them all, to

Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
 And slew Bienor at his people's head :
 Whose squire Oïleus, with a sudden spring,
 Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king, 130
 But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
 Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on
 the ground.

Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain :
 Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain :
 Now foil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135
 Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

honour the Trojans. Yet we here see the Greeks breaking through them; the love the poet bears to his countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour, and over-rule even the decrees of Fate. To vary his battles, he supposes the Gods to be absent this day; and they are no sooner gone, but the courage of the Greeks prevails, even against the determination of Jupiter. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 132.] Ogilby, somewhat chastised, thus exhibits what our translator has omitted of his author :

Nor could his *brazen* casque the point restrain ;
 It pierc'd the bone, and dash'd his parting brain.

Ver. 133.] Homer says merely,
 Their corslets stripp'd, Atrides left them there,
 To all conspicuous with their bosoms bare :

out of which the fertility of his translator's fancy has wrought the *four* verses before us, prompted, I presume, by Dacier's translation, which is no less luxuriant : “ Après les avoir dépouillés tous deux
 “ de leurs armes & de leurs habits, les laisse-là tout nuds, montrer par
 “ la blancheur éblouissante de leurs corps, que c'étoient de jeunes guer-
 “ riers, toujours nourris à l'ombre jusqu' à cette fatale journée.”

Ver. 135. *Naked to the sky.*] Eustathius refines upon this place, and believes that Homer intended, by particularizing the whiteness of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of these unhappy

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
 The product one of marriage, one of love;
 In the same car the brother-warriours ride, 139
 This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
 Far other task! than when they went to keep,
 On Ida's tops, ther father's fleecy sheep.
 These on the mountains once Achilles found,
 And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;

youths. But as such an interpretation may be thought below the majesty of an Epic poem, and a kind of barbarity to insult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the passage an air of compassion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagined the reader would be more pleased with the humanity of the one, than with the satyr of the other. P.

Homer, in my opinion, had no immediate intention either of *satire* or *compassion*, but simply a natural description of such a circumstance. And this object he has happily attained.

Ver. 143. *These on the mountains once Achilles found.*] Homer, says Eustathius, never lets any opportunity pass of mentioning the hero of his poem, Achilles: he gives here an instance of his former resentment, and at once varies his own poetry, and exalts his hero's character. Nor does he mention him cursorily; he seems unwilling to leave him; and when he pursues the thread of his story in a few lines, takes occasion to speak again of him. This is a very artful conduct; by mentioning him so frequently, he takes care that the reader should not forget him, and shews the importance of that hero, whose anger is the subject of his poem. P.

Our poet treads in the steps of Ogilby:

*These keeping flocks on Ide Achilles found,
 And their white wrists with pliant osiers bound:*

Chapman before him:

—— both which king Peleus heire,
 Whilome in Ida keeping flocks, did deprehend and bind
 With pliant osiers.

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Then to their fire for ample fums restor'd; 145
 But now to perish by Atrides' sword:
 Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Ifus bleeds:
 Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
 Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
 And stript, their features to his mind recalls. 150
 The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
 But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
 So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
 Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
 Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals
 draws, 155
 And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws;
 The frightened hind beholds, and dares not stay,
 But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way;

Ver. 148.] His name was Antiphus; the suppression of which through the entire passage is a material defect. Ogilby is more exact:

But Antiphus, pierc'd through the cheek, he flew
 With his sharp sword, and from his chariot threw.

Ver. 150.] After this our poet omits what may be plainly translated thus:

For erst, by great Achilles, swift of feet,
 From Ida brought, he saw them at the fleet.

Ver. 155.] He cast his eye on Ogilby:

Seizeth her fawns, and with devouring *jaws*
 Their panting hearts and bleeding entrails *draws*:

but borrowed one word from Chapman:

———— at will and ease doth *grind*
 Their joynts—.

All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false Antimachus were slain ;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels fold,
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety fought, 165
And slew the children for the father's fault ;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and drop'd the filken rein ;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall ;
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call. 170

Ver. 159.] Thus Chapman :

But, shook with vehement feare her selfe, flies through the
oaken chace
From that fell savage, *drown'd in sweat* ; and seeks some covert
place.

Ver. 160.] This verse is an interpolation of the translator,
partly grounded on *the big round tears* of Shakespear's stag, and the
horse of Virgil, *Æn.* xi. thus better rendered by Dryden :

And the big tears run rolling down his face.

Ver. 168.] Homer says the *well wrought*, or *glittering reins*,
being studded, I suppose, and adorned with polished metal : but our
poet follows Chapman :

———— *the filken reins*, being from their hands let fall.

Ver. 169.] Our translator has remarked more than once, that
supplication is not made in Homer by falling on *the knees*, but by
holding, or entreating at, the knees of the superiour. The criticism,
perhaps, is just, but is violated by his own example here. Mr.
Cowper properly represents the passage, and will shew an omission
of our poet :

———— Atrides with a lion's rage
Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.

Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe,
 Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
 Soon as he hears, that not in battle slain,
 The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
 Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, 175
 And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
 The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
 The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply;
 If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die: 180
 The daring wretch who once in council stood
 To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
 For proffer'd peace! And sues his feed for grace?
 No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast, 185
 And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last.

Ver. 178.] Chapman's version is this:

Thus wept they, using smoothing terms; and heard this rugged
 voice

Breath from the *unrelenting* king.

Ver. 181. *Antimachus, who once, &c.*] It is observable that Homer with a great deal of art interweaves the true history of the Trojan war in his poem; he here gives a circumstance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that although the action of the poem takes up but a small part of the last year of the war, yet by such incidents as these we are taught a great many particulars that happened through the whole series of it. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 185.] Ogilby, with trivial correction, has an excellent distich:

Then through Pisander's breast his spear he thrust;
 He, from his chariot, roll'd supine in dust.

His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
 The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away;
 His fever'd head was tofs'd among the throng,
 And rolling, drew a bloody trail along. 190
 Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew;
 The king's example all his Greeks pursue.
 Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
 Horfe trod by horfe, lay foaming on the plain.
 From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arife,
 Shade the black hoft, and intercept the fkies. 196

Ver. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.*] I think one cannot but compassionate the fate of these brothers, who suffer for the sins of their father, notwithstanding the justice which the commentators find in this action of Agamemnon. And I can much less imagine that his cutting off their *hands* was meant for an express example against bribery, in revenge for the gold which Antimachus had received from Paris. Eustathius is very refining upon this point; but the grave Spondanus outdoes them all, who has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the hands and head of the son; the first, because the father had been for *laying hands* on the Grecian embassadors; and the second, because it was from his *head* that the advice proceeded of detaining Helena. P.

Ver. 190.] Homer says, according to Mr. Cowper's translation:

————— lopt his head,
 And roll'd it, like a mortar, through the ranks.

Ver. 193. *Now by the foot the flying foot, &c.*] After Homer with a poetical justice has punished the sons of Antimachus for the crimes of the father; he carries on the narration, and presents all the terrours of the battle to our view: we see in the lively description the men and chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the horses feet. Thus the poet very artfully, by such sudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remiss by a plain and more cool narration. P.

Ver. 196.] In this exaggeration of his author, he seems to follow Ogilby:

The brags-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and
 bound,
 And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
 Still flaught'ring on, the king of men proceeds;
 The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds. 200
 As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
 And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
 In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
 And one refulgent ruin levels all:
 Before Atrides' rage, so sinks the foe, 205
 Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.
 The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
 And many a car, now lighted of its lord,

Their thund'ring feet make clouds of dust arise,
 And earth, to atoms beaten, scales the skies.

I should prefer a more simple and more faithful exhibition of the passage, thus:

Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
 And horsemen trampled horsemen on the plain
 With brags-hoof'd steeds and chariots, that resound
 With noise like thunder from the dusty ground.

Ver. 197. *The brags-hoof'd steeds.*] Eustathius observes, that the custom of shoeing horses was in use in Homer's time, and calls the shoes *σεληναῖα*, from the figure of an half-moon. P.

Ver. 201.] This simile is indebted to Ogilby's translation:

As, when in thick-set woods destroying fire,
 And winds that rise from severall parts conspire,
 The violent flames increasing conquer all,
 'Till spacious groves in heaps of ashes fall.

Ver. 207.] This verse is an addition by the translator.

Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls, 209
 Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
 While his keen falchion drinks the warriors lives;
 More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
 But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date. 214
 Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood,
 Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Ver. 211.] He had an eye, I presume, on Ogilby:

Who on the ground, bereaved of their *lives*,
 More lovely lay to vultures than their *wives*.

Ver. 212. *More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!*] This is a reflection of the poet, and such an one as arises from a sentiment of compassion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to see those heroes, who were the love and delight of their spouses, reduced suddenly to such a condition of horror, that those very wives durst not look upon them. I was very much surprised to find a remark of Eustathius upon this, which seems very wrong and unjust: he would have it that there is in this place an *ellipsis*, which comprehends a severe raillery: "For, says he, "Homer would imply, that those dead warriors were now more agreeable to vultures, than they had ever been in all their days to their wives." This is very ridiculous; to suppose that these unhappy women did not love their husbands, is to insult them barbarously in their affliction; and every body can see that such a thought in this place would have appeared mean, frigid, and out of season. Homer, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compassion by the grief of the wives, whose husbands are killed in the battle. Dacier, P.

Ver. 213.] Our poet here acts the interpreter rather than the translator. Ogilby, whom he seems to have consulted, sufficiently expresses the purport of his author. I have only substituted a single word:

But Jove drew Hector off, where *safe he stood*
 From conflicts, weapons, tumult, *dust, and blood*.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
 Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
 Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
 That path they take, and speed to reach the town.
 As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd, 221
 Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.
 Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
 The hero halts, and his associates waits.
 Meanwhile on ev'ry side, around the plain, 225
 Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.
 So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd
 The lion's roaring thro' the midnight shade;

Ver. 217. *Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay.*] By the exactness of Homer's description we see as in a landscape the very place where this battle was fought. Agamemnon drives the Trojans from the tomb of Ilus, where they encamped all the night; that tomb stood in the middle of the plain: from thence he pursues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very Scæan gate. Thus the scene of action is fixed, and we see the very rout through which the one retreats, and the other advances. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 222.] More exactly,

His hands resifless bath'd in hostile blood.

Ver. 223.] Our poet has here mistaken his author, whose intention was seen by Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby; but misconceived by Dacier, who betrayed our poet: "Quand il est arrivé près des portes Scées avec les troupes, qui ont pu suivre sa rapidité, il fait halte pour attendre le reste." Thus Mr. Cowper, with propriety:

But at the beech tree and the Scæan gate
 Arrived, the Trojans halted, waiting there
 The rearmost fugitives.

On heaps they tumble with successless haste;
 The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last: 230
 Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
 Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;
 Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
 And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall; 235
 Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
 But Jove descending shook th' Idæan hills,
 And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
 Th' unkindled light'ning in his hand he took,
 And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke. 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
 To god-like Hector this our word convey.

Ver. 231.] A better and more faithful version may be framed from that of our poet, and Ogilby's together, with truer rhymes:

*Thus with his raging spear Atrides flew;
 Still press'd their rear, and still the hindmost flew.
 Hurl'd from their cars, a host of warriors slain
 Lay on their backs, or prostrate, on the plain.*

Ver. 236.] An interpolated verse of the translator.

Ver. 238.] This is a very singular exaggeration by our poet. The following attempt is faithful:

*Jove heaven had left, and sat on Ida's hills,
 (Ida the fruitful nurse of numerous rills:
 High in his hands th' unkindled light'nings shake)
 And thus the maid with golden wings bespoke.*

Ver. 241. *Iris, with haste thy golden wings display.*] It is evident that some such contrivance as this was necessary; the Trojans, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day; but if Jupiter had not now interposed, they had been

While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the
ground.

Bid him give way ; but issue forth commands, 245
And trust the war to less important hands :
But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart ;
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
'Till to the main the burning sun descend, 251
And sacred Night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd ;
On wings of winds descends the various maid.
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war, 255
Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.

driven even within the walls of Troy. By this means also the poet consults both for the honour of Hector, and that of Agamemnon. Agamemnon has time enough to shew the greatness of his valour, and it is no disgrace to Hector not to encounter him when Jupiter interposes.

Eustathius observes, that the poet gives us here a sketch of what is drawn out at large in the story of this whole book : this he does to raise the curiosity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear those great actions which must be performed before Agamemnon can retire, and Hector be victorious. P.

Ver. 253.] Accuracy requires rather,
He *spake*, and Iris at his word obey'd :
Down Ida's tops to Troy descends the maid.

Ver. 256.] His original says,
Close to *his coursers*, and his glitt'ring car.

The Goddeſs then: O ſon of Priam hear!
 From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
 While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
 Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the
 ground, 260

Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
 And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
 But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
 The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
 Then Jove ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
 Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſt, 266
 'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
 And ſacred Night her awful ſhade extend.

She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: Hector, with a bound,
 Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
 In clanging arms: he graſps in either hand 271
 A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
 Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from
 flight,

And wakes anew the dying flames of fight. 274
 They ſtand to arms: the Greeks their onſet dare,
 Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.

Ver. 269.] Homer only has,

She ſaid, and *went away*:

but our poet follows Chapman:

To whom ſhe ſpoke the words of Jove, and *vanish'd* from his ſight.

Ver. 270.] In the ſame ſpirit Chapman:

He leap't upon the *founding* earth.

New force, new spirit to each breast returns;
 The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
 The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
 And learn from him, to conquer, or to die. 280

Ye sacred nine, celestial Muses! tell,
 Who sac'd him first, and by his prowess fell?
 The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
 From sage Antenor and Theano sprung; 284

Ver. 279.] Homer says simply,

The king rusht first, and fought the front of war:

but our poet might take a hint from Dacier, and invent the rest:
 "Agamemnon, qui veut toujours se distinguer par son courage, se
 "jette le premier ou le danger est le plus grand, et montre le chemin
 "à ses troupes."

Ver. 281. *Ye sacred nine.*] The poet, to win the attention of the reader, and seeming himself to be struck with the exploits of Agamemnon while he recites them (who when the battle was rekindled, rushes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one Muse, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate something surprising, he invokes the whole nine; and then, as if he had received their inspiration, goes on to deliver what they suggested to him. By means of this apostrophe, the imagination of the reader is so filled, that he seems not only present, but active in the scene to which the skill of the poet has transported him. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 282.] After this comes a verse in the original to the following purport:

Or of the Trojans, or auxiliar host.

Ver. 283. *Iphidamas, the bold and young.*] Homer here gives us the history of this Iphidamas, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumstances of his private life. This he does to diversify his poetry, and to soften with some amiable embellishments, the continual horrors that must of necessity strike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and slaughter. Eustathius. P.

Whom from his youth his grandfire Cisseus bred,
 And nurs'd in Thrace where snowy flocks are fed.
 Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
 And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,
 When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's
 charms

(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. 290

But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
 He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
 From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
 And swift to aid his dearer country flies.

With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's
 strand, 295

Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
 Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
 Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.

Ver. 290. *Theano's sister.*] That the reader may not be shocked at the marriage of Iphidamas with his mother's sister, it may not be amiss to observe from Eustathius, that consanguinity was no impediment in Greece in the days of Homer: nor is Iphidamas singular in this kind of marriage, for Diomed was married to his own aunt as well as he. P.

Ver. 291.] I should prefer, as more faithful to the author,

No sooner married, but in quest of fame
 From his fond bride to fight with Greece he came.

All the rest is the sportive imagination of our poet, expatiating on a favourite subject; and yet inadvertently making Iphidamas a greater blockhead, than his original, I think, intended to represent him.

Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
 The Trojan stoop'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air. 300
 Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
 With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
 But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
 The point rebated, and repell'd the wound,
 Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands, 305
 'Till grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his
 hands.

At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
 Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
 Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
 And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310

Ver. 299.] According to the original, thus:

Atrides first, when now the foe drew near,
 With frustrate aim discharg'd the flying spear.

Ver. 301.] More agreeably to his model, thus:

Then *by the belt, beneath the monarch's breast,*
 With all his strength the youth his *javelin prest.*
Like lead, the silver, which his girdle bound,
 The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.

Ver. 305.] With more fidelity, in this manner:

The king with savage fury draws him near,
 And forceful wrenches from his hand the spear.

Ver. 307.] These rhymes have just occurred. Thus?

Then at the youth a furious blow he made:
 Full on his neck descends the fatal blade.

Ver. 310.] His original says,

And *brazen slumbers* seal his swimming eyes.

Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
 Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
 No more the youth shall join his comfort's side,
 At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
 No more with presents her embraces meet, 315
 Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
 On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
 Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!
 Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
 While the proud victor bore his arms away. 320
 Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:
 Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,

Ver. 311.] This distich is spun from one word of his author,
οὐκ ἐλεεινός: much to be pitied.

Ver. 317.] It is not customary for our poet to be so concise
 with passages, that admit ornamental amplification. Let the reader
 excuse my own attempt to supply the omission of the translator:

On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
A hundred kine bestow'd, and promis'd more;
 A thousand sheep and goats, that graz'd his plains,
 And rang'd unnumber'd through the wide domains.

Ver. 319.] This line is the addition of our poet. Thus, more
 exactly:

*Atrides stript his armour, as he lay;
 And through the Græcian squadrons bore away.*

Ver. 321.] There is much amplification in these four verses.
 The original is more exhibited in the following effort:

This when his elder brother, Coön, spies,
 A cloud of sorrow shrouds the warrior's eyes.

While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth
he view'd,

And the pale features now deform'd with blood.

Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325

Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.

The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,

And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.

Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear

On Coön rushes with his lifted spear: 330

His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,

And calls his country to assert his cause,

Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,

And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides, marking an unguarded part, 335

Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;

Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,

The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:

The social shades the same dark journey go,

And join each other in the realms below. 340

Ver. 329.] This is no proper representation of his author. The following attempt is literal:

With horreur shiver'd straight the king of men;
Nor yet from battle ceast, but with his spear,
Full-nurtur'd by the winds, on Coön rush't.

Ver. 337.] This verse is a pathetic fiction of the translator.

Ver. 338.] Chapman has given coarsely, the sense of his author:

Who made Iphidamas the blocke, and cut off Coön's head.

Ver. 339.] Two verses exquisitely beautiful.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
 With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields:
 By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
 Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'er-
 thrown.

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This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood;
 But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
 Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
 Lefs keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send,
 ('The pow'rs that cause the teeming matron's
 throes,

Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
 Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,
 He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein:

350

Ver. 341.] Ogilby, with trivial correction, I should prefer, as more concise, and faithful to his pattern:

'Gainst other squadrons *see* the king advance,
 With ponderous stones, *with* falchion, and *with* lance.

Ver. 348. *The fierce Ilythiæ.*] These Ilythiæ are the Goddesses that Homer supposes to preside over childbirth: he arms their hands with a kind of instrument, from which a pointed dart is shot into the distressed mother, as an arrow from a bow: so that as Eris has her torch, and Jupiter his thunder, these Goddesses have their darts which they shoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of Juno, because she presides over the marriage-bed. Eustathius. Here (says Dacier) we find the style of the holy scripture, which to express a severe pain, usually compares it to that of women in labour. Thus David, *Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail*; and Isaiah, *They shall grieve as a woman in travail*. And all the prophets are full of the like expressions. P.

Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun: 356
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horses fly! the chariot smokes along. 360
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce courfers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;

Ver. 354.] Homer says only,

Then in loud accents thus exhorts the Greeks.

Ver. 355.] Ogilby, with little correction, is much more accurate:

O friends! O! Græcian chiefs and princes, strive
Destructive battle from our fleet to drive.

Ver. 357. *Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay.*] Eustathius remarks upon the behaviour of Agamemnon in his present distress: Homer describes him as racked with almost intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguish he suffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the fight.

This indeed, as it proved his undaunted spirit, so did it likewise his wisdom: had he shewed any unmanly dejection, it would have dispirited the army; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound less dangerous, and renders them not so highly concerned for the absence of their general. P.

Ver. 361.] His original gives no countenance to this thought. Thus?

Through clouds of dust the rushing courfers go.

Ver. 362.] Homer has only, *They foamed on their chests*; but our poet transferred his hyperbole from Chapman:

Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with foame, and *snowing* on
the dust.

Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd, 365
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd.
Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own. 370
Behold, the gen'ral flies! deserts his pow'rs!
Lo Jove himself declares the conquest ours!
Now on yon' ranks impel your foaming steeds;
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms 375
His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear;

Ver. 369.] This distich is mere interpolation, and might be spared by writing verse 368 thus:

Be men, ye Dardan and ye Lycian race.

Ogilby gives the sense of his author very properly:

Bold Trojans, Lycians, and stout Dardans! shew
Your valour now or never 'gainst the foe.

Ver. 373.] He borrowed his rhymes from Chapman:

Then in the Grecian faces drive, your one-hou'd violent *steeds*,
And far above their best, be best, and glorifie your *deeds*.

Ver. 377.] This is a very extraordinary translation of the passage, and a signal proof of the translator's indolence. Literally thus:

As when his hounds white-tooth'd a hunter sets
Or on the lion, or the savage boar:
So God-like Hector —.

With voice and hand provokes their doubting
heart, 379

And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:
So god-like Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with
show'rs,

A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, 385
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
Say Muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?

Ver. 387. *Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd.*] The poet just before has given us an invocation of the Muses, to make us attentive to the great exploits of Agamemnon. Here we have one with regard to Hector, but this last may perhaps be more easily accounted for than the other. For in that, after so solemn an invocation, we might reasonably have expected wonders from the hero; whereas in reality he kills but one man before he himself is wounded; and what he does afterwards seems to proceed from a frantick valour, arising from the smart of the wound: we do not find by the text that he kills one man, but overthrows several in his fury, and then retreats: so that one would imagine he invoked the Muses only to describe his retreat.

But upon a nearer view, we shall find that Homer shews a commendable partiality to his own countryman and hero Agamemnon: he seems to detract from the greatness of Hector's actions, by ascribing them to Jupiter; whereas Agamemnon conquers by the dint of bravery: and that this is a just observation, will appear by what follows. Those Greeks that fall by the sword of Hector, he passes over as if they were all vulgar men: he says nothing of them but that they died; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavoured to conceal the overthrow of the Greeks. But when he speaks of his favourite Agamemnon, he expatiates and dwells

Affæus, Dolops, and Autonus dy'd,
 Opites next was added to their side, 390
 Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
 Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night;
 Æfymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
 The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
 As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with
 storms, 395
 Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;
 The gust continu'd, violent, and strong,
 Rolls fable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
 Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
 Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares:

upon his actions; and shews us, that those that fell by his hand were all men of distinction, such as were the sons of Priam, of Antenor, and Antimachus. It is true, Hector killed as many leaders of the Greeks as Agamemnon of the Trojans, and more of the common foldiers; but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of Troy, he sets the deeds of Agamemnon in the strongest point of light, and by his silence in respect to the leaders whom Hector slew, he casts a shade over the greatness of the action, and consequently it appears less conspicuous. P.

Ver. 393.] In this arduous passage he took a hint from Chapman:

Orus, Effymnus, *all of name.*

Ver. 395.] There is much unnecessary interpolation in this *simile*. Might I propose an amendment thus?

As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,
Impels the clouds that *rapid* Notus forms;
 Beneath his scouring blast the surges rise,
 And foamy billows, dashing, threat the skies.

Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands, 401
 O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
 Now the last ruin the whole host appalls;
 Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
 But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth, 405
 His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
 And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
 'Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?
 Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.
 The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd. 410
 No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
 Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.

Ver. 405. *But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth.*] There is something instructive in those which seem the most common passages of Homer, who by making the wise Ulysses direct the brave Diomed in all the enterprises of the last book, and by maintaining the same conduct in this, intended to shew this moral, That valour should always be under the guidance of wisdom. Thus in the eighth book, when Diomed could scarce be restrained by the thunder of Jupiter, Nestor is at hand to moderate his courage; and this hero seems to have made a very good use of those instructions; his valour no longer runs out into rashness: though he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wise to fight against Jupiter. P.

Ver. 406.] This line is not to be endured. May I attempt a more faithful translation of the place?

Now ruin irretrievable had spread,
 And Greece, all hopeless, to her navy fled;
 When thus exhorts Ulysses Tydeus' son:
 Why thus, our force relax'd, like cowards run?
 Stand here, Tydides! shame attends this day,
 If dauntless Hector make our ships his prey.
 Then he: No toil I shun —.

But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain. 414

He sigh'd; but fighting, rais'd his vengeful steel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell;
Molion, the charioteer, pursu'd his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.

There slain, they left them in eternal night, 419
'Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight.
So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
Then swift revert, and wounds return for
wounds.

Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain
Stood check'd a while, and Greece respir'd again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war; 425
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain! 430
Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.

Ver. 415.] More accurately thus:

'This said, Thymbræus from his car he sent;
Through his left breast the driving weapon went.
Molion, the charioteer, *attends* his lord —.

Ver. 421.] More conformably to the original as follows:

So two wild boars *fall furious* on the hounds,
Reverting swift; and wounds return for wounds.

Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
 And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize. 434
 Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his fight,
 And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
 By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
 The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;
 Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
 His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh; 440
 Thro' broken orders, swifter than the wind,
 He fled, but flying left his life behind.
 This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
 Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;

Ver. 435.] Ogilby, with trivial correction, has a good couplet;
 for, I think, the former verse of our poet is not to be admired:

*Jove view'd from Ide, and equalis'd the fight;
 On each side slaughter, victory, and flight.*

Ver. 438.] This is a strange verse. The following attempt
 is literal:

Then in the groin close wounds Tydides' spear
 Agastrophus the hero, Pæon's son.

And our translator mistakes his author in what follows: nor do the
 rest seem sufficiently to have apprehended him. Homer had just
 said, that *Diomedes overcame*, that is, *wounded Agastrophus with his
 spear in his hand*, without brandishing it; and now he gives the
 reason: because he was able to *close* with him, as he had dismounted
 from his chariot, and could not fly from Diomedes, whom he was
 desirous of escaping, though he had chosen this mode of fighting to
 mingle closer in the battle. The following version is exact:

No steeds had he, infatuate! to escape;
 Apart his servant held them: he on foot
 Rush'd through the foremost, 'till he lost his life.

Ver. 443.] This passage is finely translated, but with much
 amplification. Homer says merely,

Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend, 445
 And moving armies on his march attend.
 Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Mark how this way yon' bending squadrons
 yield!

The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field: 450
 Here stand his utmost force—the warrior said;
 Swift at the word, his pond'rous jav'lin fled;

Quick through the ranks descried them and with shouts
 Rush'd Hector, and Troy's phalanx close attends.

Ver. 447. *Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear.*] There seems to be some difficulty in these words: this brave warrior, who has frequently met Hector in the battle, and offered himself for the single combat, is here said to be seized with fear at the very sight of him: this may be thought not to agree with his usual behaviour, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity; but we must remember that Diomed himself has but just told us, that Jupiter fought against the Grecians: and that all the endeavours of himself and Ulysses would be vain: this fear therefore of Diomed is far from being dishonourable; it is not Hector, but Jupiter of whom he is afraid. Eustathius. P.

But surely the solitary situation of Diomed, assisted by Ulysses only, was of itself a sufficient reason for alarm.

Ver. 449.] It is not easy to say, what sense our poet intended in this verse. He seems to have pursued a phrase of Chapman's, without considering where it carried him:

The fate of this affaire
 Is bent to us.

The following attempt is conformable to the original:

This mischief, furious Hector, rolls on us.
 Come, let us stand, and firm repulse the foe.

Normis'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd;
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely
glanc'd.

Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands) 455
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands;
But yet so stunn'd, that stagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim fight the misty vapours rise, 459
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance;
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the croud:
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud. 464

Ver. 456.] After this line, one of the original, which our translator has omitted, might have been introduced as a triplet:

But quick retir'd, and mingled with his bands.

Ver. 459.] There is both redundancy and omission in this passage, which might be rectified, though not with much elegance, by the following adjustment:

Involving darkness seiz'd his swimming sight.
Then through the foremost, fix'd in earth upright
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance —.

Ver. 464.] Homer would prescribe,

Rust with his lance the Greek, and cried aloud:

and, in my opinion, every variety of collocation, which can be introduced into English poetry without obscuring the construction should be indulged, as modern languages, from the multiplicity of connecting particles, necessarily exclude in great measure this advantage, so eminently favourable to the superiority of ancient poetry.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
 Or thank that swiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
 Well by Apollo are thy pray'rs repaid,
 And oft that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
 Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand,
 If any God aſſiſt Tydides' hand. 470

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
 Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,
 (The ſpouſe of Helen, the fair cauſe of war)
 Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent, 475
 From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
 Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
 And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;

Ver. 466.] *The death* at this time of day ſeems but an aukward expreſſion, however it might be received in our poet's age. And as Homer ſays only, *Thou haſt eſcap'd death*, it is manifeſt, that Chapman furniſht a hint on this occaſion:

Once more be *thankfull to thy beeles*, proud dog! for thy eſcape.

Ver. 473.] Thus, more faithfully to his original:

Then ſtrip't the chief from Pœon's ſon his arms:
 But Paris, lord of beauteous Helen's charms,
 Around the fields his feather'd weapons ſent —.

Ver. 476. *Ilus' monument.*] I thought it neceſſary juſt to put the reader in mind, that the battle ſtill continues near the tomb of Ilus: by a juſt obſervation of that, we may with pleaſure ſee the various turns of the fight, and how every ſtep of ground is won or loſt, as the armies are repulſed or victorious. P.

Homer ſays nothing of a *ruin'd* monument: this was the thought of Chapman:

Part of the *ruinated tombe*, for honor'd Ilus built.

Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest 479
 To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,
 The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in
 vain,
 But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain:
 The laughing Trojan with a joyful spring
 Leaps from his ambush and insults the king.

Ver. 479. *Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
 To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast.*]

One would think that the poet at all times endeavoured to condemn the practice of stripping the dead, during the heat of action; he frequently describes the victor wounded, while he is so employed about the bodies of the slain; thus in the present book we see Agamemnon, Diomed, Ulysses, Elephenor, and Eurypylus, all suffer as they strip the men they slew; and in the sixth book he brings in the wise Nestor directly forbidding it. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 481.] Thus Ogilby:

He shot, nor vainly did his *bow-string* sound;
 His foe's right foot he *nail'd* unto the ground:

who followed Chapman:

————— he shot; and his keene *shaft*,
 That never *flew* from him *in vaine*, did *naile* unto the ground
 The king's right foot.

Ver. 482. *But pierc'd his foot.*] It cannot but be a satisfaction to the reader to see the poet smitten with the love of his country, and at all times consulting his glory; this day was to be glorious to Troy, but Homer takes care to remove with honour most of the bravest Greeks from the field of battle, before the Trojans can conquer. Thus Agamemnon, Diomed, and Ulysses must bleed, before the poet can allow his countrymen to retreat. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 483. *The laughing Trojan.*] Eustathius is of opinion that Homer intended to satyryze in this place the unwarlike behaviour of Paris: such an effeminate laugh and gesture is unbecoming a brave warrior, but agrees very well with the character of Paris: nor do I

He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my
 dart ; 485
 Would the same God had fixt it in his heart!
 So Troy reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
 Should breathe from slaughter and in combat
 stand ;

Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
 As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear. 490

He dauntless thus: Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
 Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair;

remember that in the whole Iliad any one person is described in such an indecent transport, though upon a much more glorious or successful action. He concludes his ludicrous insult with a circumstance very much to the honour of Diomed, and very much to the disadvantage of his own character; for he reveals to an enemy the fears of Troy, and compares the Greeks to lions, and the Trojans to sheep. Diomed is the very reverse of him; he despises and lessens the wound he received, and in the midst of his pain, would not gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it. P.

Ver. 485.] Thus, with more brevity and precision:

*So thou art pierc'd; nor useless flew the dart:
 O! that it's point had haply reach'd thy heart!
 Then Troy had breath'd from thy tremendous spear;
 Who thee, as goats the rushing lion, fear.*

Ver. 492.] I approve this acceptance of Homer's phrase *κεν αἰγῶν*, because Diomede had already reproached him for his *archery*. So Chapman:

You slick-hair'd lover!

and Ogilby:

Go curl thy hair, and court some wanton dame:

with Dacier: "Malheureux archer, lâche efféminé! qui ne sçais
 "que friser tes beaux cheveux." Compare Horace, Ode i. 15. 14.

Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
 Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part! 494
 Thou hast but done what boys or women can;
 Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
 Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
 A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
 Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel;
 Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel. 500
 Where this but lights, some noble life expires;
 Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
 Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
 And leaves such objects, as distract the fair.
 Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart, 505
 Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
 Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
 Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Ver. 494.] An omission of our poet may be supplied not amiss by Ogilby chastised :

If hand to hand thou fairly *wouldst* assail,
Nought should thy bow and arrows *then* avail.

Ver. 504.] Chapman's version gives no inadequate representation of the singularity of the original in this place :

And leaves lims more embrac't with birds, than with enamour'd dames.

Ver. 505.] Our poet is altogether inaccurate and careless here. Chapman has fidelity, nor seems inelegant :

Lance-fam'd Ulysses now came in, and slept before the king;
 Kneel'd opposite, and drew the shaft: the *eager paine* did sting
 Through all his bodie: straight he tooke, his royall chariot there,
 And with direction to the fleete, did charge his chariotere.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
 The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on: 510
 But stands collected in himself and whole,
 And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?
 What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
 What danger, singly if I stand the ground, 515
 My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
 Yet wherefore doubtful? Let this truth suffice;
 The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
 To die, or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
 And knowing this, I know a foldier's part. 520

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
 Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press;

Ver. 510.] One more thought of his author might have been included:

Greece trembling fled, and Troy was pouring on.

Ver. 512. *And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.*] This is a passage which very much strikes me: we have a brave hero making a noble soliloquy, or rather calling a council within himself, when he was singly to encounter an army: it is impossible for the reader not to be in pain for so gallant a man in such an imminent danger; he must be impatient for the event, and his whole curiosity must be awakened till he knows the fate of Ulysses, who scorned to fly though encompassed by an army. P.

Ver. 516.] More accurately, thus:

My friends by Jove appall'd, the foes around.

Ver. 522.] Homer would prescribe,

Near, and more near, the shielded cohorts press:
 but our translator followed the obscurity of Chapman:

These, in the warriour, their own fate inclose:
 And round him deep the steely circle grows.
 So fares a boar, whom all the troop furrounds 525
 Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
 He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
 His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
 By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
 And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side. 530
 Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first Deiopis fell;
 Next Ennomus and Thoön funk to hell;
 Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,
 Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
 Charops, the son of Hippafus, was near; 535
 Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;

In this contention with himselfe, in flew *the sbadie bands*
 Of targateres, who sieg'd him round.

Ver. 525.] Our poet has not executed this *simile* with fidelity.
 His additions and omissions will sufficiently appear from Ogilby's
 version slightly retouched:

As dogs and huntsmen circle in a boar:
 Forth from a wood the savage monster draws,
 And whets his ivory tusks in crooked jaws.
 They charge him round; his angry teeth he grates;
 Yet unappall'd the band his fury waits.
 About Ulysses so the Trojans drew.

Ver. 531.] Great precision in passages of this nature may not
 be rigidly required, and is with great difficulty preserved by a
 rhyming translator. They, who wish more exactness, must consult
 Mr. Cowper's version; who in the main seems well acquainted with
 the language of his author, though in the passage before us, he would
 probably have acquitted himself with greater precision, had he been
 aware of the proper signification of the word *σπλάστ.*

But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
 Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wise:
 Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.
 O great Ulysses, much-enduring man! 540
 Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial flight,
 Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
 This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
 And end at once the great Hippasian race, 544
 Or thou beneath this lance must press this field—
 He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:
 Thro' the strong brass the ringing jav'lin thrown,
 Plough'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
 By Pallas' care, the spear, tho' deep infix'd, 549
 Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

Ver. 540.] Ogilby, with slight correction, gives a very exact representation of this passage:

Thou, Ithacus, who never wearied art
 To act by pains or policy thy part;
 This day two *slaughter'd* brothers *shalt* thou boast,
 Such as but few are nobler in the host,
 And *in proud* triumph their *spoil'd* armour bear,
 Or *lose thy life beneath* my conquering spear.

Ver. 548.] I think this figure happily describes a flesh wound from so large an instrument as a spear; but the credit is Chapman's:

————— and on his ribs did glance,
Plowing the flesh alongst his sides.

Ver. 549. *By Pallas' care.*] It is a just observation, that there is no moral so evident, or so constantly carried on through the Iliad, as the necessity mankind at all times has of divine assistance. Nothing is performed with success, without particular

The wound not mortal wife Ulysses knew,
 Then furious thus, (but first some steps withdrew.)
 Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!
 Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
 No longer check my conquests on the foe; 555 }
 But pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go, }
 And add one spectre to the realms below! }

He spoke, while Socus seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,

mention of this; Hector is not saved from a dart without Apollo, nor Ulysses without Minerva. Homer is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and ascribing to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or punishments of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his poem, *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βελλὶς*, *The will of God was fulfilled*, runs through his whole work, and is with a most remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greatest and wisest persons on every occasion.

Homer generally makes some peculiar God attend on each hero: for the ancients believed that every man had his particular tutelary deity; these in succeeding times were called Dæmons or Genii, who (as they thought) were given to men at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole course of their lives. See Cebes's Tablet. Menander, as he is cited by Ammianus Marcellinus, styles them *μυσταγωγοὶ βίης*; *the invisible guides of life*. P.

Ver. 557.] Literally thus:

Me glory give, thy soul to Dis below.

Ver. 558.] Ogilby is close, exact, and considering the time by no means contemptible. I correct only the last verse:

Socus, this said, betook him to his heels;
 When in his back the fixed spear he feels.
 The point betwixt his shoulders passage found,
 And pierc'd his breast: *he fell*: his arms resound.

Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,
 And held its passage thro' the panting heart. 561
 Wide in his breast appear'd the grizly wound;
 He falls; his armour rings against the ground.
 Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain: 564
 Fam'd son of Hippasus! there press the plain;
 There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,
 Heav'n owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
 Ah wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
 Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;

Ver. 565. *Fam'd sons of Hippasus!*] Homer has been blamed by some late censurers for making his heroes address discourses to the dead. Dacier replies, that passion dictates these speeches, and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead, that they are addressed. However, one may say, that they are often rather reflections than insults. Were it otherwise, Homer deserves not to be censured for feigning what histories have reported as truth. We find in Plutarch that Mark Antony upon sight of the dead body of Brutus, stopped and reproached him with the death of his brother Caius, whom Brutus had killed in Macedonia in revenge for the murder of Cicero. I must confess I am not altogether pleased with the railleries he sometimes uses to a vanquish'd warrior: which inhumanities, if spoken to the dying, would I think be yet worse than after they were dead. P.

Ver. 567.] A supplemental verse from the translator; who has rendered this address in his happiest manner; a manner, that leaves all other translators far behind it.

Ver. 568.] Ogilby, with small correction, has an excellent couplet here:

*No fire, no mother, at thine obsequies
 Shall wail thy death, or close thy dying eyes.*

But hungry birds shall tear those balls away, 570
 And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.
 Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
 With solemn fun'rals and a lasting tomb.

Then raging with intolerable smart,
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart. 575

Ver. 570.] Homer says only, "Birds shall *tear thee*;" but Chapman supplied our poet with his ornament:

Shall close thy wretched eyes in death, but vultures dig *them* forth,
 And hide them with their darksome wings.

Ver. 571. *And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.*] This is not literally translated, what the poet says gives us the most lively picture imaginable of the vultures in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: they beat the body with their wings as they rend it, which is a very natural circumstance, but scarce possibly to be copied by a translator without losing the beauty of it. P.

Ver. 572. *Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom, With solemn fun'rals.*—] We may see from such passages as these that honours paid to the ashes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages: this posthumous honour was paid as a publick acknowledgment that the person deceased had deserved well of his country, and consequently was an incitement to the living to imitate his actions: in this view there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are testimonies of titles or riches, but of distinguished merit. P.

Ver. 574.] Ogilby is faithful, and would easily become above contempt:

This said, the spear, which warlike Socus threw,
 He from his body and bos'd target drew.
 Out with the javelin sprung a stream of blood:
 But, when the Trojans saw a purple flood
 Flow from Ulysses' wound, they all *invade*,
 Whilst he retires, *calling aloud for aid*.

By the last couplet our poet appears to have profited.

The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,
 And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears; 580
 The well-known voice thrice Menelaüs hears:
 Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side.
 O friend! Ulysses shouts invade my ear;
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near: 585
 Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
 Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
 Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
 And feel a loss, not ages can repair. 589

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
 Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.

Ver. 591. *Great Ajax, like the God of war attends.*] The silence of other heroes on many occasions is very beautiful in Homer, but particularly so in Ajax, who is a gallant rough soldier, and readier to act than to speak: the present necessity of Ulysses required such a behaviour, for the least delay might have been fatal to him: Ajax therefore complying both with his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of Ulysses, makes no reply to Menelaus, but immediately hastens to his relief. The reader will observe how justly the poet maintains his character of Ajax throughout the whole Iliad, who is often silent when he has an opportunity to speak, and when he speaks, it is like a soldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity. Eustathius. P.

Thus Ogilby:

This said, he leads, that follows, where *they found*
 Ulysses with the Trojans circled round.

The prudent chief in fore distress they found,
 With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round,
 As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
 From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer; 595
 Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distills,
 He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
 'Till life's warm vapour issuing thro' the wound,
 Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;

Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 600
 The lion rushes thro' the woodland shade,
 The wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away;
 The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
 Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
 A single warrior, half an host sustains: 605
 But soon as Ajax heaves his tow'r-like shield,
 The scatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;
 Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
 And sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew; 610
 And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he flew:

Ver. 596.] His author prescribes,

While fresh *his knees, and warm* the blood distills:

otherwise this simile is rendered with a felicity and spirit, which is truly admirable, and worthy of so great a genius. Dacier and Ogilby have the same omission.

Ver. 611.] More faithfully,

Doryclus, Priam's *spurious* son, he flew.

On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
 And lays Lyfander bleeding on the ground.
 As when a torrent, swell'd with wint'ry rains,⁶¹⁴
 Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
 And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
 A country's ruins ! to the seas are borne :
 Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng ;
 Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
 But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,⁶²⁰
 Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war :
 Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,
 And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.

Ver. 612.] He took this vicious accent from Chapman :

Pandocus, and strong *Pyraus* :

though Hobbes and Ogilby are right. A transposition would rectify this ignorant and clumsy error :

Next on strong Pandocus inflicts a wound.

Ver. 613.] Our translator, contrary to his general practice, silently passes over two of these gentlemen, who are made only to be knocked on the head ; *Pyraus* and *Pylartes*.

Ver. 614.] Thus, with more fidelity and propriety, but somewhat less elegance ;

As when a torrent, swollen *by showers from Jove*,
 Pours o'er the delug'd plain from *hills above* ;
Dried oaks and pines, from their foundations torne,
 With mingled rubbish to the seas are borne.

Ver. 623.] His author only says, *By the banks of the river Scamander* ; but Pope had consulted Dacier, and this species of exaggeration harmonized with his own fancy. Thus the French translator : “ Près des rives du Scamandre, qui étoient toutes jonchées de morts.”

There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose 624
 The warrior's fury, there the battle glows;
 There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
 His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
 The spouse of Helen dealing darts around,
 Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:
 In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, 630
 And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
 To Nestor then Idomeneus begun;
 Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!
 Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
 And great Machaon to the ships convey. 635
 A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
 Is more than armies to the publick weal.

Ver. 626.] Homer says, *An immense shout, or battle, arose*; but Ogilby:

Loud were the clamours, *but the battle grew*;
 after Chapman;

————— where the *skirmish* burn'd:
 and these our translator had in view.

Ver. 627.] Our poet has misconceived his author. The following attempt is more exact:

There Hector rag'd, with spear and horfemanship
 Prodigious; and laid waste the youthful ranks.
 Nor then th' illustrious Greeks had left their ground,
 But Paris, spouse of Helen lovely hair'd,
 Machaon's prowess stopt: the favourite chief
 In his right shoulder caught a three-barb'd dart.

Ver. 636. *A wise physician.*] 'The poet passes a very signal commendation upon physicians: the army had seen several of their bravest heroes wounded, yet were not so much dispirited for them.

Old Nestor mounts the feat : beside him rode
 The wounded offspring of the healing God. 639
 He lends the lash ; the steeds with founding feet
 Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

all, as they were at the single danger of Machaon : but the person whom he calls a physician seems rather to be a surgeon : the cutting out of arrows, and the applying of anodynes being the province of the latter : however (as Eustathius says) we must conclude that Machaon was both a physician and surgeon, and that those two professions were practised by one person.

It is reasonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profession in those days was chiefly chirurgical : Celsus says expressly that the Diætic was long after invented ; but that botany was in great esteem and practice, appears from the stories of Medea, Circe, &c. We often find mention among the most ancient writers, of women eminent in that art ; as of Agamede in this very book, ver. 875, who is said (like Solomon) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth, and of Polydamne in the fourth book of the Odysses, ver. 227, &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of these arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, stanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are all according to the true precepts of the art. There are likewise several passages in his works that shew his knowledge of the virtues of plants, even of those qualities which are commonly (though perhaps erroneously) ascribed to them, as of the Moly against enchantments, the willow which causes barrenness, the nepenthe, &c. P.

Ver. 637.] The true meaning of Homer, in my opinion, may be thus simply represented :

Physicians numerous of less worth than he,
 To free the shaft, and lenient med'cine give.

If so, Ogilby alone of all the translators has penetrated into the true sense of his author :

Since in our host his equal is not found,
 To draw an arrow, or to dress a wound.

Ver. 640.] This is a quaint expression. I should prefer,
 He *plies* the last.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
 Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
 While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain;
 'Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain. 645
 Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
 Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
 I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
 By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'n-fold shield.
 Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds, 650
 There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
 There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
 And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.
 Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;
 Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds; 655

Ver. 645.] There is ambiguity in this expression. More faithfully and clearly thus :

Our Trojans fly tumultuous through the plain.

And our poet, I apprehend, profited from Ogilby :

*Whilst yonder broken squadrons spread the plain,
 Both horse and men by cruel Ajax slain.*

The translation of this speech is highly animated and sublime.

Ver. 647.] He seems to have whetted his wit at the hone of Chapman :

————— acutum,
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi.

For thus his predecessor :

————— sterne Telamonius
 Is yonder raging, turning up, *in heaps*, our horse and men.

Stung by the stroke, the courfers scour the fields,
 O'er heaps of carcasses, and hills of shields.
 The horses' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,
 And dashing, purple all the car before ;
 The groaning axle sables drops distils, 660
 And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
 Here Hector plunging thro' the thickest fight,
 Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light :
 (By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
 The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)

Ver. 656.] Homer says literally,

The courfers *bear* the stroke, *and* scour the fields :

but our poet, I presume, thought this too daring an expression to adopt from his original, or rather did not consult it at all, but followed Chapman :

This said, with his *shrill* scourge he strooke, the horse that
 fast ensude,

Stung with his lashes.

And the whole passage is incomparably fine in our poet's version, who constantly keeps pace with the sublimity of his author, and appears greatest, when the occasion calls for peculiar exertion, in noble emulation of his master. We may apply to him and Homer, what Cicero said of Cæsar : " Dignus imperator legione Martiâ ;
 " digna legio imperatore."

Ver. 659.] Chapman has,

Disperple'd from the horses' hoves :

and Ogilby :

Sprinkled with *dashing* horses' heels were wet.

Ver. 661.] This verse is a spirited addition by the translator.

Ver. 663.] Our poet makes up the passage as well as he can, not understanding a clause of his original, which all his predecessors, not excepting Dacier, probably for the same reason past by unnoticed :

Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate, 666
 And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.
 But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
 Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart;

——— *μινυθα δὲ χαλκῷ δαΐει.*

than which nothing, in my opinion, can be more intelligible. I will give what appears to me the sense of Homer in a prose translation. "He was eager to mingle with the croud, and by frequent assault to break their ranks; and brought destructive confusion to the Greeks, after a short respite of his spear;" namely, whilst he was passing from one part of the battle to the other. And so Hesychius interprets the expression; much the most learned of the *scholiasts*, and the best commentator on Homer.

Ver. 667.] This line is a comment of the translator, which a collision with Chapman might strike out:

Yet charg'd he other leaders bands, not dreadful Telamon's,
 With whom he *wisely* shunn'd foudle blowes.

Ver. 668. *But partial Jove, &c.*] The address of Homer in bringing off Ajax with decency, is admirable: he makes Hector afraid to approach him: he brings down Jupiter himself to terrify him: so that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God.

This whole passage is inimitably just and beautiful: we see Ajax drawn in the most bold and strong colours; and, in a manner, alive in the description. We see him slowly and sullenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulse the one, and protect the other: there is not one line but what resembles Ajax: the character of a stubborn but undaunted warrior is perfectly maintained, and must strike the reader at the first view. He compares him first to the Lion for his undauntedness in fighting, and then to the Ass for his stubborn slowness in retreating; though in the latter comparison there are many other points of likeness that enliven the image: the havoc he makes in the field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the harvests; and we see the bulk, strength, and obstinacy of the hero, when the Trojans in respect to him are compared but to troops of boys that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown, 670
Amaz'd he stood, with terrours not his own.

Eustathius is silent as to those objections which have been raised against this last simile, for a pretended want of delicacy : this alone is conviction to me that they are all of a later date : for else he would not have failed to have vindicated his favourite poet in a passage that had been applauded many hundreds of years, and stood the test of ages.

But Monsieur Dacier has done it very well in his remarks upon Aristotle. " In the time of Homer (says that author) an ass was " not in such circumstances of contempt as in ours : the name of " that animal was not then converted into a term of reproach, but " it was a beast upon which kings and princes might be seen with " dignity. And it will not be very discreet to ridicule this comparison, which the holy scripture has put into the mouth of " Jacob, who says in the benediction of his children, *Issachar shall be as a strong ass.*" Monsieur de la Motte allows this point, and excuses Homer for his choice of this animal, but is unhappily disgusted at the circumstance of the boys, and the obstinate gluttony of the ass, which he says are images too mean to represent the determined valour of Ajax, and the fury of his enemies. It is answered by Madam Dacier, that what Homer here images is not the gluttony, but the patience, the obstinacy, and strength of the ass (as Eustathius had before observed.) To judge rightly of comparisons, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar ; but we are principally to consider if the image produced be clear and lively, if the poet has the skill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. A company of boys whipping a top is very far from a great and noble subject, yet Virgil has not scrupled to draw from it a similitude which admirably expresses a princess in the violence of her passion :

" Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,
" Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
" Intenti ludo exercent ; ille actus habena
" Curvatis fertur spatiis : stupet infcia supra
" Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum :
" Dant animos plagæ——&c. Æn. lib. vii.

O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.

However, upon the whole, a translator owes so much to the taste of the age in which he lives, as not to make too great a compliment to the former; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *as* in the translation. I believe the reader will pardon me, if on this occasion I transcribe a passage from Mr. Boileau's notes on Longinus.

“ There is nothing (says he) that more disgraces a composition
“ than the use of mean and vulgar words; infomuch that (gene-
“ rally speaking) a mean thought expressed in noble terms, is more
“ tolerable, than a noble thought expressed in mean ones. The
“ reason whereof is, that all the world are not capable to judge of
“ the justness and force of a thought; but there is scarce any man
“ who cannot, especially in a living language, perceive the least
“ meanness of words. Nevertheless very few writers are free from
“ this vice: Longinus accuses Herodotus, the most polite of all
“ the Greek historians, of this defect; and Livy, Sallust, Virgil,
“ have not escaped the same censure. Is it not then very surpris-
“ ing, that no reproach on this account has been ever cast upon
“ Homer? though he has composed two poems each more volu-
“ minous than the *Æneid*; and though no author whatever, has
“ descended more frequently than he into a detail of little particu-
“ larities; yet he never uses terms which are not noble, or if he
“ uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that, as
“ Dionysius observes, they become noble and harmonious. Un-
“ doubtedly, if there had been any cause to charge him with this
“ fault, Longinus had spared him no more than Herodotus. We
“ may learn from hence the ignorance of those modern criticks,
“ who resolving to judge of the Greek without the knowledge of
“ it, and never reading Homer but in low and inelegant transla-
“ tions, impute the meannesses of his translators to the poet him-
“ self; and ridiculously blame a man who spoke in one language,
“ for speaking what is not elegant in another. They ought to
“ know that the words of different languages are not always exactly
“ correspondent; that it may often happen that a word which is
“ very noble in Greek, cannot be rendered in another tongue, but
“ by one which is very mean. Thus the word *asinus* in Latin, and
“ *ass* in English, are the vilest imaginable; but that which signifies

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains; 675

“ the same animal in Greek and Hebrew, is of dignity enough to
“ be employed on the most magnificent occasions. In like manner
“ the terms of *bog-herd* and *cow-keeper* in our language are insuffer-
“ able, but those which answer to them in Greek, *βοσκός* and
“ *βοσκόων*, are graceful and harmonious: and Virgil, who in his
“ own tongue entitled his Eclogues *Bucolica*, would have been
“ ashamed to have called them in ours, the *Dialogues of Cow-*
“ *keepers.*” P.

These *four* exquisite verses the fine invention of our poet has wrought from *one and a quarter* of his author, which runs literally thus:

But Ajax father Jove, high-thron'd, appall'd :
Amaz'd he stood.

Ver. 669.] The first paragraph of this note is from Dacier; and I blame on this, as I have freely ventured on other occasions, the injudicious fastidiousness of our poet. All just and natural description will continue the proper ornament of poetry, in spite of vicious taste, perverse habits, and occasional singularities of men and ages, to the end of time. The charm of truths and nature are unchangeable, and can never excite disgust in well constituted minds.

Ver. 670.] Homer makes no mention of Hector throughout the passage, but Dacier has introduced him: “ A la vûe d'Hector
“ il s'arrête tout étonné.”

Ver. 672.] Homer calls it *the shield of seven oxen's hides*; but Pope had lashed himself into such a pitch of enthusiasm from sympathy with his sublime original, than nothing short of Milton's imagery could satisfy his ambition. Par. Lost. i. 284:

———— his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast: the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon:

where bishop Newton quotes Iliad, xix. 373. but I should rather think, that a most magnificent verse in Virgil presented itself to this supreme favourite of LIBERTY and the MUSES: Æn. iii. 637.

Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
 Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
 Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires;
 Then sowerly flow th' indignant beast retires.
 So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd, 680
 While his swollen heart at ev'ry step rebell'd.
 As the slow beast with heavy strength indu'd,
 In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,

Argolici clypei, aut Phæbeæ lampadis instar.

Virgil imitated Callimachus in his hymn to Diana, ver. 53.

Dryden indeed employs the word *moony* in his *Æneid* more than once for a shield in the form of a *crescent*, the *lunatis peltis* of the Amazons; but this is evidently not the sense of the word in Pope.

Ver. 673.] Mr. Cowper renders very happily, what Pope has here omitted :

———— As a beast of prey,
 Retiring, turns and looks; so he his face,
 Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step.

Ver. 675.] After this our translator suppresses what may be thus exhibited :

Who, watchful through the night, allow him not
 To seize the fat of oxen.

Ver. 681.] Our poet imitates Chapman, whose version will point out a clause unnoticed by him :

———— so Ajax from the foe,
 For feare their fleet should be inflam'd, 'gainst his *swolne*
heart did go.

Ver. 682.] Our poet is not accurate in this *simile*; and the phrase of the *wooden tempest* favours, I fear, of the *bathos*. Might I propose a few corrections of the passage?

As *when a sluggish ass compels to yield*
 A troop of boys, and bursts into the field;
 The shivering sticks assail his sides in vain,
 He crops the waving corn, and spoils the plain :

Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
 Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain; 685
 Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
 The patient animal maintains his ground,
 Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
 And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
 On Ajax thus a weight of 'Trojans hung, 690
 The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
 Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
 Now turns and backward bears the yielding bands;
 Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
 And threats his followers with retorted eye. 695
 Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
 While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs :

*Whilst on his hide the feeble blows resound,
 The beast regardless still maintains his ground ;
 Scarce from the field with all their efforts chac'd,
 And scarce, though sated, mends his pace at last.*

Ver. 689.] Here, I presume, he consulted Chapman :
 Not stirring till his panch be full, and scarcely then will stire.

Ver. 695.] This line is an addition of the translator, and perhaps not judicious, nor correspondent to the preceding *simile*, in which a notion of *passive firmness* is principally conveyed. He seems to have taken the hint from Dacier's translation: " Par sa contenance toujours fière et toujours menaçante, il les empêche de s'approcher des vaisseaux." And after this verse our poet omits one of his author to the following purport :

But hinders all approaches to the fleet.

Ver. 697.] So Chapman :

Bore *showers of darts* upon his shield.

In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
 Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood;
 And many a jav'lin, guiltless on the plain, 700
 Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
 But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
 And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
 Whose eager jav'lin lanch'd against the foe,
 Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow; 705
 From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
 And his slack knees desert their dying load.
 The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
 From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
 Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood, 710
 Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
 Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
 Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.

Ver. 699.] This verse is a beautiful supplement from the translator's invention; and the next couplet is executed with singular felicity. Compare Windsor-Forest, ver. 422.

Ver. 703.] This is not accurate, I would propose,
 But brave Eurypylus observed the chief
 With numerous darts oppress'd, and brought relief.

Ver. 712. *Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd.*] We see here almost all the chiefs of the Grecian army withdrawn: Nestor and Ulysses, the two great counsellors; Agamemnon, Diomed, and Eurypylus, the bravest warriors, all retreated: so that now in this necessity of the Greeks, there was occasion for the poet to open a new scene of action, or else the Trojans had been victorious, and the Grecians driven from the shores of Troy. To shew the distress of the Greeks at this period, from which the poem

What God, O Grecians! has your hearts
dismay'd?

Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid. 715

This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,

And this the last brave battle he shall wage:

Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave

The warrior rescue, and your country save. 719

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,

Who spread their bucklers, and advance their

spears,

To guard their wounded friend: while thus they

stand

With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:

takes a new turn, it will be convenient to cast a view on the posture of their affairs: all human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all assistance from the Gods forbid by Jupiter: whereas the Trojans see their general at their head, and Jupiter himself fights on their side. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the distress of the Greeks occasions first the assistance of Patroclus, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of Achilles. It is with great art that the poet conducts all these incidents: he lets Achilles have the pleasure of seeing that the Greeks were no longer able to carry on the war without his assistance: and upon this depends the great catastrophe of the poem. Eustathius. P.

More exactly:

In anguish deep, from death the Greek retir'd.

Ver. 714.] This is not accurate, nor can I pretend to any merit in my corrections but fidelity; from a desire of exhibiting the true sense of Homer to the English reader:

Ye chiefs and rulers of the Grecian state!

Turn, and from Ajax ward the day of fate.

Each takes new courage at the hero's fight;
 The hero rallies and renews the fight. 725
 Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
 While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
 His courfers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,
 The Greeks preserver, great Machaon bore.
 That hour, Achilles from the topmost height 730
 Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
 His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
 The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.
 His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
 A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast. 735

Ver. 728.] The clause *stain'd with gore* we owe to the translator, who found it in Dacier: "Les chevaux de Nestor, degout-tans de sueur et de sang."

Ver. 730. *That hour, Achilles, &c.*] Though the resentment of Achilles would not permit him to be an actor in the battle, yet his love of war inclines him to be a spectator: and as the poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in Achilles, he makes him delighted with the destruction of the Greeks, because it conspir'd with his revenge: that resentment which is the subject of the poem, still prevails over all his other passions, even the love of his country; for though he begins now to pity his countrymen, yet his anger stifles those tender emotions, and he seems pleased with their distress, because he judges it will contribute to his glory. Eustathius. P.

Our poet has here expanded the sense of his author, which might have been adequately represented in a single couplet, into no less than *six* verses. Thus?

Achilles saw them, as he view'd from far
 On his ship's stern the toil and rout of war.

Ver. 734. *His friend Machaon, &c.*] It may be asked why Machaon is the only person whom Achilles pities? Eustathius

Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent ;
 Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent,
 In evil hour ! Then Fate decreed his doom ;
 And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

Why calls my friend ? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
 Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey. 741

O first of friends ! (Pelides thus reply'd)
 Still at my heart, and ever at my side !
 The time is come, when yon' despairing host
 Shall learn the value of the man they lost : 745
 Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
 And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.

answers, that it was either because he was his countryman, a Thessalian ; or because Æsculapius, the father of Machaon, presided over physick, the profession of his preceptor Chiron. But perhaps it may be a better reason to say that a physician is a publick good, and was valued by the whole army ; and it is not improbable but he might have cured Achilles of a wound during the course of the Trojan wars. P.

Ver. 736.] Homer says, that the hero *called* to his friend. The reason of this difference in his translator is sufficiently apparent.

Ver. 744.] Ogilby, with slight correction, gives the full sense of Homer. All beyond this in Pope, is interpolation:

Now *will* the Greek *with prayers* surround my knee,
 Forc'd by invincible Necessity.

Ver. 746. *Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan.*] The poet by putting these words into the mouth of Achilles, leaves room for a second embassy, and (since Achilles himself mentions it) one may think it would not have been unsuccessful : but the poet, by a more happy management, makes his friend Patroclus the advocate of the Greeks, and by that means his return becomes his own

Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
 What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
 For seen at distance, and but seen behind, 750
 His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
 Nor could I, thro' yon' cloud, discern his face,
 The courfers past me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
 Thro' intermingled ships and tents he past: 755
 The chiefs descending from their car he found;
 The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
 The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
 To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
 Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale 760
 Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;

choice. This conduct admirably maintains the character of Achilles, who does not assist the Greeks through his kindness to them, but from a desire of revenge upon the Trojans; his present anger for the death of his friend, blots out the former one for the injury of Agamemnon; and as he separated from the army in a rage, so he joins it again in the like disposition. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 748.] He adjusted Ogilby to his purpose on this occasion:

Go, and ask Nestor, who in's chariot
 Wounded he now with him from battell brought.

Ver. 752.] More faithfully, without interpolation, thus:
 Nor could I *well* discern *the warrior's* face.

Ver. 755.] Rather,
 Thro' tents and ships to *Nestor's tent* he past.

Ver. 760.] For the last clause of the preceding verse, and this entire couplet, we are indebted to the translator, who has enlarged

Then to consult on farther methods went,
 And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
 The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
 Arsinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs: 765
 (Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
 Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)
 A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
 Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
 Honey new-prefs'd, the sacred flow'r of wheat, 770
 And wholsome garlick crown'd the fav'ry treat.

on the amplification of Dacier: “ Ils s'étoient *tenus quelques momens*
 “ sur le rivage à se délasser et à se rafraîchir aux haleines du vent.”

Ver. 762.] The sense of the original is filled up on this occasion with a degree of poverty and clumsiness, not often imputable to our poet. Homer says only:

Then to the tent they go, and sit them down.

Ver. 763. *And took their seats beneath the shady tent.*] The poet here steals away the reader from the battle, and relieves him by the description of Nestor's entertainment. I hope to be pardoned for having more than once repeated this observation, which extends to several passages of Homer. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his battles might fatigue the reader, who could not be so long delighted with continued scenes of blood. P.

Ver. 766.] More exactly,

Whom *from sack'd Tenedos*, a royal slave.

Ver. 768.] Ogilby is not contemptible, and assisted our author:

First she for them a curious table *plac'd*,

With even feet and antique carvings *grac'd*:

An onion in a stately charger set,

With honey, and the seed of sacred *wheat*.

Ver. 770.] Dacier had before him, “ *de la fleur de farine.*”

Ver. 771.] He borrowed his *epithet* from Chapman:

A brasse fruit dish, in which she serv'd, a *holsome* onion cut.

Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
 A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings.
 From eldest times: emboss'd with studs of gold,
 Two feet support it, and four handles hold; 775
 On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
 In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink:
 A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
 When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.

Ver. 772.] This beautiful sentence is woven from one line of his author, to the following purport:

Then a fair cup, the senior brought from home.

Ver. 773. *A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings.*] There are some who can find out a mystery in the plainest things; they can see what the author never meant, and explain him into the greatest obscurities. Eustathius here gives us a very extraordinary instance of this nature: the bowl by an allegory figures the world; the spherical form of it represents its roundness; the Greek word which signifies the dove, being spell'd almost like the Pleiades, is said to mean that constellation; and because the poet tells the bowl was studded with gold, those studs must needs imply the stars. P.

Ver. 777.] This is the pleasing fancy of a true genius. Ogilby is exact, and not inelegant. I shall quote him below.

Ver. 778. *Yet heav'd with ease by him.*] There has ever been a great dispute about this passage; nor is it apparent for what reason the poet should tell us that Nestor, even in his old age, could more easily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learn'd to lift it by frequent use; an insinuation that Nestor was no enemy to wine. Others with more justice to his character, have put another construction upon the words, which solves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word which is usually supposed to signify *another man*, is rendered *another old man*, meaning Machaon, whose wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the

Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine 780
Pours a large potion of the Pramnian wine;

construction. But Eustathius tells us, the propriety of speech would require the word to be, not ἄλλῃ but ἑτέρῃ, when spoken but of two. But why then may it not signify any other *old man*? P.

Ver. 780.] It is impossible for me to proceed without expressing my admiration at the taste and dexterity displayed by our poet in translating a passage of so much nicety and difficulty. Ogilby is somewhat more close to his model, and may be read with pleasure. I shall begin the quotation a few lines higher:

On each two golden pigeons fought their food,
And on two feet the ample goblet stood,
Which fill'd with wine few hardly could lift up,
Yet he himself at pleasure rais'd the cup.
In this old Pramnian wine the lady puts,
And with a brazen knife in slices cuts
A goat's-milk cheese, which in the bowl she throws;
And purest flow'r o'er all the mixture throws.

Ver. 781. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which Hecamede here prepares for Machaon, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the case of a wounded person, and by some criticks held in the same degree of repute with the balsam of Fierabras in Don Quixote. But it is rightly observed by the commentators, that Machaon was not so dangerously hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might use at another time. Homer had just told us that he staid on the sea-side to refresh himself, and he now enters into a long conversation with Nestor; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: his loss of blood and spirits might make him not so much in fear of a fever, as in want of a cordial; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this case, I cannot help fancying that Homer would not have failed to tell us of Machaon's rejecting it. Yet after all, some answer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. Hippocrates allows wine in acute cases, and even without water in cases of indigestion. He says

With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
 And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
 This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
 The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Nestor shares: 785
 Salubrious draughts the warrior's thirst allay,
 And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
 Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
 Old Nestor rising then, the hero led 790
 To his high seat; the chief refus'd, and said.

'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
 The great Achilles with impatience stays.
 To great Achilles this respect I owe;
 Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe, 795

indeed in his book of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of wine: and yet the potion here prescribed will not be allowed by physicians to be an instance that they were so; for wine might be proper for Machaon, not only as a cordial, but as an *opiate*. Asclepiades, a physician, who flourished at Rome in the time of Pompey, prescribed wine in fevers, and even in phrensies to cause sleep. Cœlius Aurelianus, lib. iv. c. 14. P.

Ver. 784.] The reader, who consults the original, or Mr. Cowper's accurate representation of it, will immediately be convinced, that our poet modelled himself by Chapman's version:

In this sort for the wounded lord, the potion she *prepar'd*,
 And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old Nestor shar'd.

Ver. 787.] Thus Chapman:

then their spirits reviv'd
 With *pleasant conference*.

Ver. 794.] This is from Dacier, constructed on a single term,

Was borne from combat by the foaming steeds?
 With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.
 This to report, my hasty course I bend;
 Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)
 Excite compassion in Achilles' mind? 801

audios—reverend—of the original. “ Je dois ce respect à celui, qui
 “ m'a envoyé.”

Ver. 797.] All but the two first words of this verse are supplemental, after the example of Chapman :

Wounded with him *in chariot*.

Ver. 799.] A comparison with the words and tenour of the original plainly shews, that our poet followed Chapman here also :

You know, good father, *our great friend*, is apt to take offence,
 Whose *ferie temper* will inflame, sometimes with innocence :

in which the full sense of Homer is well conveyed.

Ver. 800. *Can then the sons of Greece, &c.*] It is customary with those who translate or comment on an author, to use him as they do their mistress; they can see no faults, or convert his very faults into beauties; but I cannot be so partial to Homer, as to imagine that this speech of Nestor's is not greatly blameable for being too long: he crowds incident upon incident, and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unreasonably in the present juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the son of Augias, he is so pleased with himself, that he forgets the distress of the army, and cannot leave his favourite subject, till he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other circumstances, as they have no visible allusion to the design of the speech, seem to be unfortunately introduced. In short, I think they are not so valuable upon any other account, as because they preserve a piece of ancient history, which had otherwise been lost.

What tends yet farther to make this story seem absurd, is what Patroclus said at the beginning of the speech, that he *had not leisure*

Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
 This is not half the story of our woe.
 Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
 Our bravest heroes in the navy groan, 805
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
 And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.

even to sit down: so that Nestor detains him in the tent standing, during the whole narration.

They that are of the contrary opinion observe, that there is a great deal of art in some branches of the discourse; that when Nestor tells Patroclus how he had himself disobeyed his father's commands for the sake of his country, he says it to make Achilles reflect that he disobeys his father by a contrary behaviour: that what he did himself was to retaliate a small injury, but Achilles by fighting may save the Grecian army. He mentions the wound of Agamemnon at the very beginning, with an intent to give Achilles a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greatest enemy has suffered by his absence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpose to observe, that Nestor might designedly protract the speech, that Patroclus might himself behold the distress of the army; thus every moment he detained him, enforced his argument by the growing misfortunes of the Greeks. Whether this was the intention or not, it must be allowed that the stay of Patroclus was very happy for the Greeks; for by this means he met Eurypylus wounded, who confirmed him into a certainty that their affairs were desperate without Achilles's aid.

As for Nestor's second story, it is much easier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in such a manner as to affect both Patroclus and Achilles; the circumstances are well adapted to the person to whom they are spoken, and by repeating their father's instructions, he as it were brings them in, seconding his admonitions. P.

Ver. 804.] This enumeration is passed over with as much brevity as possible: the readers, who wish a more exact and circumstantial detail, are referred to Mr. Cowper's translation.

But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?
 Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain: 809
 Ev'n 'till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
 And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
 Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
 Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
 Now the slow course of all-impairing time 814
 Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
 Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
 When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppress'd,
 The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
 And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead! 819

Ver. 814.] More accurately thus:

*For me, the course of all-impairing time
 Unstrings my pliant limbs, and ends my prime.*

Ver. 815.] Dryden, *Æn.* v. 553:

Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'erfnow'd my head.

Ver. 817.] From the authority of Dacier, our poet has put *Epeian* for *Elean* powers: see the following note.

Ver. 818. *The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led.*] Elis is the whole southern part of Peloponnesus, between Achaia and Messenia; it was originally divided into several districts or principalities, afterwards it was reduced to two; the one of the Elians, who were the same with the Epeians; the other of Nestor. This remark is necessary for the understanding what follows. In Homer's time the city Elis was not built. Dacier. P.

Ver. 819.] Ogilby, who is more observant of his model here than Pope, may be perused without disgust by readers not too fastidious,

Then, from my fury fled the trembling fwains,
 And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
 Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
 As many goats, as many lowing kine:
 And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
 All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds. 825
 These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
 Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring son.
 Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
 And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
 The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair, 830
 When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war.
 For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!

Itymoneus, who in Elis dwelt,
 Rescuing their cattell, first my fury felt.
 Amongst the foremost with my well-aim'd dart
 Through all his arms I pierc'd him to the heart.
 He faln, the rusticks fly: we thence convey
 In triumph to our walls a glorious prey.

Ver. 822.] He, perhaps, cast his eye on Chapman's ludicrous version:

Twise five and twentie flocks of sheepe, *as many* herds of neate,
As manie goates, and nastie swine.

Ver. 825.] Our poet here omits a circumstance, thus related by Ogilby:

These we to Neleian Pylos drove by night:

and is very brief in general through this part of the narrative. It seems sufficient to refer those, who are more curious of particulars in this dull and unseasonable story, to the other translators.

Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest
gain'd,

My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd. 835

(That large reprisal he might justly claim,

For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,

When Elis' monarch in the publick course

Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)

The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd 840

The just partition, and due victims pay'd.

Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,

With many a courser, and with many a car;

The sons of Actor at their army's head 844

(Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.

Ver. 838. *At the publick course detained his chariot.*] It is said that these were particular games, which Augias had established in his own state, and that the Olympick games cannot be here understood, because Hercules did not institute them till he had killed this king, and delivered his kingdom to Phyleus, whom his father Augias had banished. The prizes of these games of Augias were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, &c. whereas the prizes of the Olympick games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: besides, it is probable Homer knew nothing of these chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands wore at feasts; if he had, he would somewhere or other have mentioned them. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 844. *The sons of Actor.*] These are the same whom Homer calls the two Molions, namely, Eurytus and Cteatus. Thryoëssa, in the lines following, is the same town which he calls Thryon in the catalogue.

The river Minyas is the same with Anygrus, about half way between Pylos and Thryoëssa, called Minyas from the Minyans who lived on the banks of it. It appears from what the poet says

High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,
 Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
 Not far the streams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents
 below.

Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 850
 Alarms the Pylians and commands the fight.
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
 Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd;
 Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms. 855
 My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
 Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.

of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between
 Pylos and Thryoëssa. Eustathius. Strabo, lib. viii. P.

Ver. 846.] Chapman is faithful, and will serve to shew the
 indulgences of our poet's fancy on this occasion:

————— A certaine citie shines
 Upon a loftie prominent, and in th' extreme confines
 Of sandie Pylos, seated where, Alpheus flood doth run,
 And cald Thryessa: this they sieg'd, and gladly would have wun:
 But, having past through all our fields —.

Ver. 855.] The latter clause of this verse is additional to his
 author, after Ogilby's example, who is very tolerable here:

Neleus from me my steeds and *arms* conceal'd,
 Unfit, he thought, to venture in the field.

Ver. 856.] More exactly thus:

In vain: amidst our *horse* on foot I fled,
 And gain'd great glory; for the Goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite, 860
 And sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
 Thence, e'er the sun advanc'd his noon day flame,
 To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.
 There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid;
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid,
 A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain 866
 To the blue Monarch of the watry main.
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray, 870
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;

Ver. 858.] He violates propriety and every example of his predecessors in this accent of the *proper name*. I would propose a new adjustment of the whole passage on this account, and for greater conformity to his author:

*Our muster'd chariots, on Arene's plain,
 Where Minyas rolls his waters to the main,
 And tides of rushing infantry unite —.*

Ver. 867.] Homer says simply, *And a bull to Neptune*; but Chapman thus:

And to the azure god that rules, the underliquid skies.

Ver. 868.] Accurately,

We slept, and slept in arms beside the flood.

Ver. 870.] Thus, with more fidelity:

*Soon as the blazing sun uplifts his rays,
 Our host in arms to Jove and Pallas prays:
 Contention dire and deeds of war appear —.*

Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear;
 The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
 The first who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
 King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede: 875
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
 And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
 Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd,
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field: 881
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
 Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.
 Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. 885

Ver. 874.] Rather,

Then first, beneath my lance victorious bled —.

Ver. 877.] This verse is a supplement by the translator, and imitated from the conclusion of Milton's *Penserso* :

*Of every star that heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew.*

Ver. 881.] Thus Chapman :

I follow'd like a blacke whirlwind.

Ver. 884.] Better,

Actor's two sons had dy'd —.

Ver. 885.] After this follows a verse in the original, to this sense ;

Then Jove to Pylos conquering prowess gave :
 for the Greeks and Romans, like the Jews, with a piety and humility most worthy of imitation, ascribed all merit to the Divinity. God with them, in the language of an Apostle, was *all in all*.

O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaught'ring all along,
 Thro' wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes,
 Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose ;
 'Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows. 890
 Ev'n there, the hindmost of their rear I slay,
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day ;
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
 There to high Jove were publick thanks assign'd
 As first of Gods ; to Nestor, of mankind. 895

Ver. 888.] In conformity to his author and all his predecessors,
 he should have written,

Far as Buprasian fields —.

Ver. 890.] *Alisium* is generally taken for a *hill*, or plain ; but
 Strabo tells us in his *eighth* book, that some pointed out a *river* of
 this name. Ogilby has,

Th' Olenian rock and Alese spacious field:
 There Pallas stopp'd us.

Ver. 892.] A supplemental line by our poet ; amplified, it
 should seem, from a hint of Chapman's:

For there Minerva turn'd our power : and there the last I slew,
As, when our battell joyn'd, the first.

Ver. 894. *There to high Jove were publick thanks assign'd
 As first of Gods ; to Nestor, of mankind.*]

There is a resemblance between this passage and one in the sacred
 scripture, where all the congregation *blessed the Lord God of their
 fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipped the Lord, and
 the king.* 1 Chron. xxix. 20. P.

This couplet also is modelled from Chapman :

————— Of all th' immortals then
 They most markt Jove for victorie ; Nestor, the most of men :

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour, for my country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade 900
Her hosts shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gath'ring aids along the Grecian sea,
I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Pthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court. 905
A bull to Jove he flew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, Achilles, and thy rev'rend fire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.

and in the same manner Ogilby:

————— and there gave thanks to Jove
Above all gods; to Nestor, 'bove all men.

Ver. 897.] Homer says simply,
Such was I with my peers: but Peleus' son
Alone enjoys a solitary worth:

but our poet properly enough conducts the connection, and is somewhat indebted to Dacier: "*Mais Achille jouira seul de sa valeur, et il ne la rendra point utile à sa patrie.*"

Ver. 899.] A most beautiful and splendid line, superadded to his author, but certainly lighted up from a faint spark of Chapman's:

————— and doth not daine, t' impart it where tis lackt.

Ver. 902.] In the next *fourteen* verses our poet has comprised *twenty* of his original, in a passage, where less brevity from him had been more acceptable. I refer the reader to Mr. Cowper's fidelity, for a just representation of the portion, too long for quotation here.

Achilles fees us, to the feast invites; 910
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
 We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
 Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
 Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave." 915
 Menœtius thus: "Tho' great Achilles shine
 "In strength superiour, and of race divine,
 "Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
 "Let thy just councils aid, and rule thy friend."
 Thus spoke your father at Theffalia's court; 920
 Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.

Ver. 915. *Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave."*] The conciseness of this advice is very beautiful; Achilles being hasty, active, and young, might not have burdened his memory with a long discourse, therefore Peleus comprehends all his instructions in one sentence. But Menœtius speaks more largely to Patroclus, he being more advanced in years, and mature in judgment; and we see by the manner of the expression, that he was sent with Achilles, not only as a companion, but as a monitor, of which Nestor puts him in mind, to shew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to Achilles, than to follow his caprice, and espouse his resentment. Eustathius. P.

Such conciseness in so noble a precept, in opposition to his author, is much to be regretted. More exactly thus:

His son Achilles much old Peleus charg'd,
 In worth and prowess to outstrip his peers.

Ver. 919.] Chapman gives a proper representation of his author:

Command and overrule his moods; his nature will obey
 In any charge discreetly given, that doth his good assay.

Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
 Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
 Some fav'ring God Achilles' heart may move;
 Tho' deaf to Glory, he may yield to Love. 925
 If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
 If ought from heav'n withhold his saving arm;
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
 If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;

Ver. 922. *Ah! try the utmost, &c.*] It may not be ungrateful to the reader to see at one view the aim and design of Nestor's speech. By putting Patroclus in mind of his father's injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his country: by the mention of the sacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of those engagements to which the Gods were witnesses: by saying that the very arms of Achilles would restore the fortunes of Greece, he makes a high compliment to that hero, and offers a powerful insinuation to Patroclus at the same time, by giving him to understand, that he may personate Achilles. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 925.] A fine verse of the translator's fancy, which may have been assisted by Chapman, who is in this part very crabbed and obscure:

————— Yet now at last approve
 (With forced reference of these) th' attraction of his love.

Ver. 926.] Our poet seems to have turned an eye on Ogilby, who has presented a very faithful likeness of his model:

If any oracle his mind dissuade,
 Or ought from Jove his goddess-mother said.

Ver. 927. *If ought from heav'n withhold his saving arm.*] Nestor says this upon account of what Achilles himself spoke in the ninth book; and it is very much to the purpose, for nothing could sooner move Achilles, than to make him think it was the general report in the army, that he shut himself up in his tent, for no other reason but to escape death, with which his mother had threatened him in discovering to him the decrees of the destinies. Dacier. P.

Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear, 930
 Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
 Press'd by fresh forces her o'er-labour'd train
 Shall seek their walls and Greece respire again.

'This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the
 tent

Along the shore with hasty strides he went; 935
 Soon as he came, where, on the crouded strand,
 The publick marts and courts of justice stand,
 Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
 And altars to the guardian Gods arise;
 There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son, 940
 Large painful drops from all his members run;
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
 The fable blood in circles mark'd the ground.

Ver. 934.] More exactly,

This toucht his mind; and *to wards* Achilles' tent —.

Ver. 940.] Ogilby has,

There sad Eurypylus he wounded met:

and the *grammatical* inaccuracy in the next verse of *run* for *ran*, may be avoided by substituting in this, "There sad he *meets*."

Ver. 941.] Chapman is circumstantial without meanness:

————— the liquid sweate did run
 Downe from his shoulders, and his browes.

Ver. 942.] Thus, with more propriety, I think, as well as accuracy:

*The shaft yet rooted in his thigh he found;
 The fable blood was bubbling from the wound.*

As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart ;
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart. 945
 Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
 Who fighting, thus his bleeding friend address'd.

Ah hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
 Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast?
 Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore, 950
 Far from your friends, and from your native shore!
 Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
 Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
 Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
 And this the period of our wars and fame? 955

Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
 Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
 Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
 Her force encreasing as her toil renews. 959
 Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,
 Lie pierc'd with wounds and bleeding in the fleet.
 But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
 Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;

-
- Ver. 946.] Homer says simply,
 Menætiūs' gallant son with pity saw :
 so that our poet has profited from Chapman :
 His sight, in kinde *Patroclus breast*, to *sacred pittie* turn'd.
- Ver. 955.] This line is supplied by the translator.
- Ver. 959.] Homer's expression is, " And their vigour is
 " always encreasing : " but our translator followed Chapman :
 And Troy's unvanquishable powre, still as it toiles augments.

With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
 With healing balms the raging smart allay, 965
 Such as sage Chiron, fire of Pharmacy,
 Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
 Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
 This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
 And great Machaon, wounded in his tent, 970
 Now wants that succour which so oft' he lent.

To him the chief. What then remains to do?
 Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
 Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly, 974
 And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply:

Ver. 964.] Thus Ogilby:

And *with warm water wash away the gore*;
 The *balm* infuse, that may the limb restore.

The whole of this address is, in my opinion, finely executed by our incomparable translator.

Ver. 966.] Homer says,

Whom Chiron, the most just of Centaurs taught:

but Dacier: "Chiron, le plus *sage* et le plus juste de tous les
 "Centaures."

Ver. 968. *Of two famed surgeons.*] Though Podalirius is mentioned first for the sake of the verse, both here and in the catalogue, Machaon seems to be the person of the greatest character upon many accounts; besides it is to him that Homer attributes the cure of Philoctetes, who was lame by having let an arrow, dipt in the gall of the Hydra of Lerna, fall upon his foot; a plain mark that Machaon was an abler physician than Chiron the centaur, who could not cure himself of such a wound. Podalirius had a son named Hypolochus, from whom the famous Hippocrates was descended. P.

Ver. 973.] An interpolation of our countryman.

But thy distress this instant claims relief.
 He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.
 The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
 And hides of oxen on the floor display'd: 979
 There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
 Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
 Then in his hands a bitter root he bruise'd;
 The wound he wash'd, the styptick juice infus'd.
 The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow, 984
 The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

Ver. 976. *But thy distress this instant claims relief.*] Eustathius remarks, that Homer draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the stay of Patroclus; for while he is employed in the friendly task of taking care of Eurypylus, he becomes an eye-witness of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the necessity of using his utmost efforts to move Achilles. P.

Ver. 978.] Homer says only *a servant*, but the *plural number* he takes from Chapman and Ogilby, and the term itself from Dacier: "Un *esclave* d' Eurypyle les voyant arriver —."

Ver. 982.] The rhymes were Chapman's first:

————— then twist his hands *he brufde*

A sharp and mitigatorie: which when he had *infusde* — :
 and next Ogilby's:

————— then neatly *bruise'd*

A bitter root, whose healing *juice infus'd*,

He sudden ease from its great virtue found,

Which stanch'd the blood, and *close'd* the gaping wound.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

2

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

IT may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad: the whole design turns upon the wrath of Achilles: that wrath is not to be appeased but by the calamities of the Greeks, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in epick, as in tragick poetry, there ought to be some evident and necessary incident at the winding up of the catastrophe, and that should be founded upon some visible distress. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leisure to the wrath of Achilles to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where described as a person of a stubborn resentment, and consequently ought not to be easily reconciled) but also as it highly contributes to the honour of Achilles, which was to be fully satisfied before he could relent. P.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose; 5
With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the Gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands! 10

Ver. 7.] After this verse an omission by the translator might be thus supplied :

No sumptuous hecatombs to fav'ring heaven,
By them to shield the ships and stores, were given.

Ver. 9. *Without the Gods, how short a period, &c.*] Homer here teaches a truth conformable to sacred scripture, and almost in the very words of the Psalmist; *Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.* P.

This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
 While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
 But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
 And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
 Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore, 15
 Then Ida's summits pour'd their wat'ry store;

Ver. 13.] Our poet has comprehended in this couplet with wonderful dexterity *four* verses of his author, which run literally thus :

But, when the noblest sons of Troy were dead,
 And many Greeks were slain, whilst some surviv'd;
 When the tenth year saw Priam's city waste,
 And to their much-lov'd home the Greeks were gone.

Ver. 15. *Then Neptune and Apollo, &c.*] This whole episode of the destruction of the wall is spoken as a kind of prophecy, where Homer in a poetical enthusiasm relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from hence that our author flourished not long after the Trojan war; for had he lived at a greater distance, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a wall, which would have been lost and worn away by time alone. Homer (says Aristotle) foresaw the question might be asked, how it came to pass that no ruins remained of so great a work? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the nearest resemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest works of man, so as not to leave the least remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: we see Apollo turning the course of the rivers against the wall, Jupiter opening the cataracts of heaven, and Neptune rending the foundations with his trident: that is, the sun exhales the vapours, which descend in rain from the air or Æther: this rain causes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of Homer, like magick, first raises a stupendous object, and then immediately causes it to vanish.

What farther strengthens the opinion that Homer was particularly careful to avoid the objection which those of his own age

Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Carefus roaring down the stony hills,

might raise against the probability of this fiction, is, that the verses which contain this account of the destruction of the wall seem to be added after the first writing of the Iliad, by Homer himself. I believe the reader will incline to my opinion, if he considers the manner in which they are introduced, both here and in the seventh book, where first this wall is mentioned. There describing how it was made, he ends with this line,

Ὡς οἱ μὲν πολέοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί.

After which is inserted the debate of the Gods concerning the method of its destruction, at the conclusion whereof immediately follows a verse that seems exactly to connect with the former.

Δύσσετο δ' ἡέλιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

In like manner in the present book, after the fourth verse,

Τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὑπερθεῖν.

That which is now the thirty-sixth, seems originally to have followed.

Τεῖχος εὐδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δῦρατα πύργων, &c.

And all the lines between (which break the course of narration, and are introduced in a manner not usual in Homer) seem to have been added for the reason abovesaid. I do not insist much upon this observation, but I doubt not several will agree to it upon the review of the passages. P.

There is more brevity than our poet usually attempts in a place susceptible of ornament, and sublimity; and so nobly represented by him. The following effort is more faithful to Homer:

Then Neptune and Apollo jointly call
Each other's counsel to efface the wall;
The force of congregated streams they bring,
All that from Ida's wat'ry summits spring.

And our translator's note, like many others, is chiefly *pillaged* from Dacier, without acknowledgement: for, as Cicero somewhere expresses himself on a like occasion, "Si fateris, *sumpsisti* multa; si negas, *surripuisti*."

Ver. 18.] Chapman has two accurate verses here:

Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
 And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;
 And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main 21
 Helmets, and shields, and god-like heroes slain:
 These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
 Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
 The weight of waters saps the yielding wall, 25
 And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
 Incessant cataracts the Thund'rer pours,
 And half the skies descend in fluicy show'rs.

Neptune and Phœbus tumbled downe, from the Idalian hills,
 An inundation of all floods, that thence the brode sea fills.

And I suppose our poet cast a glance on Ogilby :

They muster'd all those rivers, streams, and rills,
 Which seek the ocean from Idæan hills.

Ver. 24. *Nine continual days.*] Some of the ancients thought it incredible that a wall which was built in one day by the Greeks, should resist the joint efforts of three deities nine days: to solve this difficulty, Crates the Mallefian was of opinion, that it should be writ, ἐν ἡμέρᾳ, *one day*. But there is no occasion to have recourse to so forced a solution; it being sufficient to observe, that nothing but such an extraordinary power could have so entirely ruined the wall, that not the least remains of it should appear; but such a one, as we have before said, Homer stood in need of. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 27.] Ogilby, also has a good couplet here :

Whilst Jove expended deluges of rain,
 Which swept their floating bulwarks to the main.

This is very faithful, and wants but small correction to supreme excellence. Thus?

Jove pour'd incessant deluges of rain,
 To sweep their floating bulwarks to the main.

The God of Ocean, marching stern before,
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling
 shore, 30
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
 And whelms the smoaky ruin in the waves.
 Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
 No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again, 35
 Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
 But this the Gods in later times perform;
 As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;
 The strokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;
 War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd
 the tow'rs. 40

Ver. 32.] Thus, more exactly, with an expression from Chapman:

And the proud toil of Greece o'erwhelms with waves.

Ver. 34.] A noble line, invented from a single word of his author, or suggested by Dacier: "Pour empêcher que la postérité ne pût jamais reconnoître le lieu même où ce mur avoit été élevé."

Ver. 36.] A verse truly poetical, but adventitious to his author. He might be thinking of his own Eloisa:

The wand'ring streams, that shine between the hills.

Ver. 38.] He has changed the metaphor of Homer, who runs literally thus:

This the two gods in after times propos'd:
 Then round the bulwark clamorous battle blaz'd.

Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
 Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
 Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
 And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear. 44
 He, like a whirlwind, tofs'd the scatt'ring throng,
 Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
 So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
 Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
 Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
 And hissing jav'lines rain an iron storm: 50
 His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
 And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:

Ver. 41.] There is a tameness in the rhyming word of the next verse unfuitable to so magnificent a passage. The following attempt is literal:

Tamed by the scourge of Jove, the Græcian host
 Close in their hollow ships were kept condens'd.

Ver. 43.] This line is the translator's own invention, and he has before interpolated the same thought. Might not Chapman suggest it here?

———— by Hector's hand, who was *in everie thought*.

Mr. Gray's verse is well known:

They hear a voice in every wind.

Ver. 46.] A supplemental line, judiciously introduced by our translator to prevent an intermixture of the two comparisons.

Ver. 50.] Homer says to a word,

And brandish frequent javelins from their hands:

but our translator borrowed an ornament from Chapman:

———— pouring on, of darts *an iron shower*.

He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
 With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows; 55
 Exhorts his armies and the trenches shows.
 The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
 But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
 Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
 And the turf trembles, and the skies resound. 60
 Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
 Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
 The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
 And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
 The foot alone this strong defence could force, 65
 And try the pass impervious to the horse.

Ver. 55.] By the term *encompassed*, which corresponds to nothing in his author, our poet shews himself to have misconceived the purport of the *simile*. I would propose this correction:

Thus, *on all sides assailing*, Hector glows.

Ver. 59.] Some of the amplification in this passage seems to have been suggested by Chapman:

———— but trample, snore, and on the verie brinke,
 To neigh with spirit, yet still stand off.

Ogilby's version is very exact:

But their swift steeds durst not goe on, but shrink
 And neighing stood upon the rising brink.
 Deep precipices sunk on either side,
 With ranks of palisados fortify'd,
 Deterred them.

All the rest in Pope, within this compass, is his own invention.

Ver. 61.] Compare Par. Lost, vii. 211.

This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
 Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
 And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands! 70
 What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
 The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
 No pass thro' those, without a thousand wounds,
 No space for combat in yon' narrow bounds.
 Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown, 75
 On certain dangers we too rashly run:
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
 Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
 Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
 And one great day destroy, and bury all! 80
 But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
 Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,

Ver. 72.] Thus Chapman:

———— ye see the stakes, the wall,
 Impossible for horse to take.

Ver. 75.] This couplet has nothing correspondent to it in the original, and might be rescinded with this alteration of verse 77.

If *thundering Jove resolves* our foes to tame:
 especially as the rhymes are not to be endured in so chaste a poet.

Ver. 81.] Better, and more exactly,

But should they turn, and here *repel* our train.

Ver. 84.] The concluding words of this verse seem not well associated at all, and much less in their present order. Thus?

All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail, 85
 Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
 Hear then ye warriors! and obey with speed;
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
 Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way. 90
 So Greece shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
 And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd: the god-like Hector
 sprung
 Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.
 The chief's example follow'd by his train, 95
 Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
 By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
 Compel the courfers to their ranks behind.

Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops *annoy'd*,
 In one promiscuous carnage *all destroy'd*.
 Thus Troy must perish —.

Ver. 86.] With more dignity, "Nor shall *one* Trojan."

Ver. 87.] Ogilby is somewhat more faithful; nor will his version be slighted after a few trivial corrections:

Come, let my counsel *now with all* prevail:
Let us on foot, *well-arm'd*, their bulwarks scale;
Here with our horses let *the* servants stay,
And we as one our *warrior* prince obey.
 Nor *will* the daunted foe our charge sustain,
 If now their *final* ruin Fate ordain.

Ver. 97.] This wants perspicuity. Ogilby is prosaic, but close:
 Ordering their charioteers to keep their ranks
 In readiness upon the hostile banks.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
 And all obey'd their sev'ral chief's commands.
 The best and bravest in the first conspire, 101
 Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
 Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
 Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
 Before the next the graceful Paris shines, 105
 And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
 The sons of Priam with the third appear,
 Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer;
 In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
 Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood, 110

Ver. 99. *The forces part in five distinguish'd bands.*] The Trojan army is divided into five parts, perhaps because there were five gates in the wall, so that an attack might be made upon every gate at the same instant: by this means the Greeks would be obliged to disunite, and form themselves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the same time.

The poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and stops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: by this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 104.] Here is an omission by our poet, thus rendered by Mr. Cowper:

————— for Hector had his steeds
 Consign'd, and chariots to inferior care:
 because at other times Cebriones was his charioteer.

Ver. 108.] Homer mentions the latter chief without an epithet; but Chapman has,

————— to th' *augure* Hellenus.

And whom Arisba's yellow courfers bore,
 The courfers fed on Selle's winding shore.
 Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
 And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
 Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd, 115
 Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid,
 Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields in close array,
 The moving legions speed their headlong way:
 Already in their hopes they fire the fleet, 121
 And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
 Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
 Asius alone, confiding in his car, 125
 His vaunted courfers urg'd to meet the war.

Ver. 111.] More accurately thus :

*Steeds, bay and stately, from Arisba bore;
 Steeds, nurtur'd on Selleis' winding shore.*

Or with Chapman's rhymes :

*Steeds, fiery-red, he from Arisba rode,
 Steeds, huge and stately, where Selleis flow'd.*

Ver. 120.] Homer says,

Went straight against the Greeks with eager souls :

but our poet seems to have cast an eye on Chapman :

*Thus fitted with their well-wrought shields, downe the steepe dike
 they go.*

Ver. 125. *Asius alone, confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion, were

Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;
 No more those courfers with triumphant joy
 Restore their master to the gates of Troy! 130
 Black Death attends behind the Grecian wall,
 And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall!
 Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,
 The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
 Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past,
 The gates half-open'd to receive the last. 136
 Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
 His following host with clamours rend the skies:

not subordinate one to the other, but commanded separately, each being empowered to order his own troops as he thought fit: for otherwise Asius had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the rest were on foot. One may observe from hence, that Homer does not attribute the same regular discipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his Grecians; and he makes some use too of this defect, to cast the more variety over this part of the description. Dacier. P.

Ver. 127. *Unhappy hero! &c.*] Homer observes a poetical justice in relation to Asius; he punishes his folly and impiety with death, and shews the danger of despising wise counsel, and blaspheming the Gods. In pursuance of this prophecy, Asius is killed in the thirteenth book by Idomeneus. P.

Ver. 136.] This is beautifully and dextrously comprehensive. Chapman's version is very faithful, and has simplicity, I think, without meanness:

Which both unbard and ope he found; that so the easier might
 An entrie be for any friend, that was behind in flight.

Ver. 138.] Homer says simply, "They followed, or accompanied, with shrill shouts." Ogilby, with small chastisement, has a good couplet:

To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were
vain! 140

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths warlike race descend;
This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise; 145
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
Whose spreading arms with leafy honours
crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots forever brave the storm. 150

Hither his course with *rushing* steeds he bends :
His course with clamours *all* his troop attends.

Ver. 143. *Polypœtes—And that Leonteus, &c.*] These heroes are the originals of Pandarus and Bitias in Virgil. We see two gallant officers exhorting their soldiers to act bravely; but being deserted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the pass against the united force of the battalions of Ælius. Nor does the poet transgress the bounds of probability in the story: the Greeks from above beat off some of the Trojans with stones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was easy to be defended. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 146.] This appears to me unseasonably hyperbolic. The translation may be thus abridged and adjusted, without any additional unfaithfulness to his original :

Fix'd were these chiefs before the lofty wall;
As two broad oaks, majestically tall
High on the hills uplift their stately form,
And deeply rooted brave th' eternal storm.

So graceful these, and so the flock they stand
 Of raging Afius, and his furious band.
 Orestes, Acamas in front appear,
 And Oenomaus and Thoön close the rear:
 In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields, 155
 In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
 The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
 To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
 Ev'n when they saw Troy's fable troops impend,
 And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs de-
 scend, 160
 Forth from the portals rush'd the intrepid pair,
 Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the
 war.
 So two wild boars spring furious from their
 den,
 Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
 On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear, 165
 And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;

Ver. 162.] The *den* of boars, I think, is not common, though Chapman furnisht our poet with an example of the phrase:

 but as a brace of bores
 Coucht in their own bred hill, that heare a fort of hunters showt.
 And hounds in hote trail coming on, then from their *dens* breake
 out.

I would propose the following alterations:

Undaunted thus two savage boars engage
 Of hounds and huntsmen the combining rage.

They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls
roll,

'Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.

Around their heads the whistling jav'lines sung, 169

With founding strokes their brazen targets rung;

Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs

Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:

To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,

And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings,

The dreary winter on his frozen wings; 176

Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow

Descend, and whiten all the fields below:

So fast the darts on either army pour,

So down the rampires roll the rocky show'r; 180

Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,

And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,

The frantic Asius thus accuses Heav'n.

Ver. 167.] The latter clause of this verse is due to the fancy of our translator.

Ver. 181.] More exactly,

Their helmets ring; resound their batter'd shields.

The whole of this description, like every other sublime and animated passage, is nobly executed by our poet. He never fails to sympathize with all the fire and enthusiasm of his author.

Ver. 183.] With more fidelity, thus:

Indignant Asius, with wild fury driv'n,

Smites on his thigh, and thus accuses Heav'n.

In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe? 185
 Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
 What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
 Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
 But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
 To guard the ent'rance of their common hive, 190
 Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
 They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;
 A race determin'd, that to death contend:
 So fierce, these Greeks their last retreats defend.

Ver. 185. *The speech of Afius.*] This speech of Afius is very extravagant: he exclaims against Jupiter for a breach of promise, not because he had broken his word, but because he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in Afius, is very natural to persons under a disappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 189.] Thus, agreeably to his author:
As wasps, or bees, from rocky crannies drive:

and, I presume, he had an eye on Chapman:

Yet they as yellow waspes, or bees, that having made their nest
 The *gasping cranny* of a hill —.

The passage in the *first* edition slightly varies:

But *look how* wasps —.

Ver. 193.] A supplemental verse by the translator, like one in Hobbes; whose entire stanza is otherwise exact, and will bear quotation:

Who like so many motly wasps or bees,
 That in the hollow way their houses build,
 And for their young resist their enemies,
 Till they repel them, or themselves be kill'd.

Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates? 196

These empty accents, mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To God-like Hector and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200
Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
The spirit of a God my breast inspire, 205
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;

Ver. 195.] This and the foregoing couplet are spun from *two* verses of Homer to the following purport:

Thus these, though two alone, refuse to quit
The gates, resolv'd to slay, or to be slain.

Ver. 197.] Homer says only,
He spake: nor mov'd his words the mind of Jove:
but our translator, I presume, caught a hint from Ogilby:
These words affected Jove no more than *wind*.

Ver. 204.] The *fire* in his original is *metaphorical* only: I would therefore presume on the following correction:

Through the long walls *resounds* the stony show'r:
Through all their ranks the flames of war devour.

Ver. 206.] Our poet seems to imitate Chapman, who copies his author with greater truth:

it were no easie thing,
Had I the bosome of a God, *to tune to life, and sing.*

And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,
 With unassisting arms deplor'd the day. 210
 Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
 The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
 First Damafus, by Polypætēs' steel,
 Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell; 214
 The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
 The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
 Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:
 Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death;
 First thro' the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
 Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword; 220
 Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
 The falchion struck, and Fate pursu'd the stroke;
 Iämenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
 And round him rose a monument of dead.

Ver. 214.] There are several strokes in this description, guided by Dacier: "Le redoutable Polypoëtēs porta un coup de lance à Damafus, et donna dans la visière de son casque,—et renverse mort à terre ce terrible ennemi."

Ver. 215.] Ogilby, in strains sufficiently humble, very accurately expresses the force of Homer's peculiar expression:

Nor could his cask, though strong, the point restrain
 Untill it made a medley of his brain.

Ver. 224.] A line of his original is here omitted, to this effect:

Whilst these of glittering arms the dead divest:

and I would thus continue the passage for the sake of fidelity:

Polydamas and Hector led the best

Of Troy; impatient on the works to fall —.

Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew, 225
 Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;
 Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
 And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
 These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
 By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd: 230
 A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
 Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
 Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;
 A bleeding serpent of enormous size,

Ver. 231.] This distich is chiefly an interpolation by our translator.

Ver. 233. *Jove's bird on sounding pinions, &c.*] Virgil has imitated this passage in the eleventh Æneid, ver. 751.

“ Utque volans altè raptum cùm fulva draconem
 “ Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæsit;
 “ Saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
 “ Arrectisque horret squamis, & sibilat ora
 “ Arduus insurgens; illa haud minùs urget obunco
 “ Luctantem rostro simul æthera verberat alis.”

Which Macrobius compares with this of Homer, and gives the preference to the original, on account of Virgil's having neglected to specify the omen. *His prætermisiss (quod sinistrâ veniens vincentium prohibebat accessum, & accepto à serpente morsu prædam dolore dejecit factoque Tripudio solistimo, cum clamore dolorem testante, prætervolat) quæ animam parabolæ dabant, velut exanime in latinis versibus corpus remansit.* Sat. l. v. c. 14. But methinks this criticism might have been spared, had he considered that Virgil had no design, or occasion to make an omen of it; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the posture of two warriors struggling with each other. P.

Ver. 234.] The word *Φεινέτω*, which is the epithet to the serpent in the original, is variously interpreted by the scholiasts and

His talons trufs'd; alive, and curling round, 235
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the
wound:

Mad with the smart he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with
cries:

Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies. 240
They, pale with terrour, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke.

lexicographers, but by none in the acceptation of our poet: so that he probably followed Chapman,

————— and sustaind, a dragon, all *engorde*;
or Dacier: "Il tenoit dans ses ferres un épouvantable dragon, tout
" *sanglant*."

Ver. 237.] Thus Chapman:

So stung the eagles gorge, that downe, she cast her servent prey,
Amongst the multitude; and tooke, upon the winds, her way,
Crying with anguish.

Ver. 241.] More exactly,

They, *stiff* with terrour —:

and the latter clause of this verse, which amplifies on his original, might have its origin in Chapman's coarse expression:

————— when they saw, a branded serpent *sprawle*.

Ver. 244.] The former part of this verse is adventitious also, and might be improved from Chapman:

————— *their cause*
Polydamas *thought just*, and spake.

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, 245
 For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere?
 True to those counsels which I judge the best,
 I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
 To speak his thoughts is ev'ry freeman's right,
 In peace and war, in council and in fight; 250
 And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
 But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey.
 Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain:
 Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;
 For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent, 255
 And thus my mind explains its clear event.
 The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
 Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,

Ver. 245. *The speech of Polydamas.*] The address of Polydamas to Hector in this speech is admirable: he knew that the daring spirit of that hero would not suffer him to listen to any mention of a retreat: he had already stormed the walls in imagination, and consequently the advice of Polydamas was sure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore softens every expression, and endeavours to flatter Hector into an assent; and though he is assured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he seems to be diffident: but that his personated distrust may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but science, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 249.] This passage, which does not express the sense of Homer, may be brought to more correspondence by one or two changes of little words.

To speak his thought, *tho'* ev'ry freeman's right—
Yet all he moves deferring to thy sway,
Should tend to raise that pow'r, which *we* obey.

Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
 Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize; 260
 Thus tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
 Tho' these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
 Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
 More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
 So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise; 265
 For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.
 To him then Hector with disdain return'd;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)

Ver. 257.] The following blank translation is literally true to Homer;

The bird, high soaring on our left, repress
 The host, impetuous now to pass the trench:
 A serpent, huge and red, his talons bore,
 But down dismiss, before he reacht his home,
 Or safe convey'd the plunder to his young.

Ver. 261.] This is very inaccurate and dissimilar to his author. Ogilby corrected is more faithful:

So should we force our way, and *burst* at length
 Through these proud bulwarks with united strength,
 The routed Grecians to their *navy* beat;
Exp & no safe and orderly retreat.

Ver. 264.] More exactly,

With Argive spears shall numerous heroes bleed.

Ver. 267. *The speech of Hector.*] This speech of Hector's is full of spirit: his valour is greater than the skill of Polydamas, and he is not to be argued into a retreat. There is something very heroick in that line,

——— His sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being so well

Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong: 270
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
 Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsels would thy madness move,
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
 The leading sign, the irrevocable nod, 275
 And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,
 These shall I flight? and guide my wav'ring mind
 By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?

adapted to the character of him who speaks it, who is every where described as a great lover of his country.

It may seem at first view that Hector uses Polydamas with too much severity in the conclusion of his speech: but he will be sufficiently justified, if we consider that the interpretation of the omen given by Polydamas might have discouraged the army; and this makes it necessary for him to decry the prediction, and insinuate that the advice proceeded not from his skill but his cowardice. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 268.] Homer says,

Him sternly viewing, crested Hector spake:

but Dacier had amplified before our poet: "Hector, le regardant
 "avec des yeux terribles et pleins d'indignation."—

Ver. 272.] This is satirical beyond his author. Hobbes is good:

Polydamas, this counsel I like not;

You have a better, which you from me hide.

But, if indeed it be your very thought,

The gods have sure depriv'd you of your sense.

Yet I must observe in justice to Pope on this occasion, that, as he far surpasses all translators at all times, so in this speech of Hector, he surpasses himself, and leaves a specimen of excellence, which no time probably will equal.

Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend; 280
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
 Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause. 284
 But why should'st thou suspect the war's success?
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
 Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ships expire,
 Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
 Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
 But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave. 290

Ver. 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] Eustathius has found out four meanings in these two lines, and tells us that the words may signify east, west, north, and south. This is writ in the true spirit of a critick, who can find out a mystery in the plainest words, and is ever learnedly obscure: for my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly expressed; I care not, says Hector, whether the eagle flew on the right towards the sun-rising, which was propitious, or on the left towards his setting, which was unlucky. P.

Ver. 282.] Somewhat more closely thus:

Whilst I great Jove's almighty will obey.

Ogilby chastised will please the reader:

For me to right or left *these birds may fly,*

Where *lights* the sun or *where* forsakes the sky:

'Tis mine to meet Jove's will without delay;

Jove, whom mankind and deathless gods obey.

Ver. 288.] This is a bad line: it is presumptuous to offer an amendment here, but the nature of my engagement prompts me to an attempt:

Though 'midst the ships one danger overwhelm our host,

What danger, warrior! that thy life be lost?

Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
 Spread their cold poison thro' our soldiers breasts,
 My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall, 295
 Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
 With ardour follow where their leader flies:
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
 Joves breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide: 300

Ver. 291.] Chapman thus:

———— thy *warie heart* will never trust thee

Ver. 295.] In preference to this amplification, notwithstanding the beauty of verse 296, I should be pleased with a single couplet to represent but little more than one verse of his original. Thus?

Furious he spake; and *rushes* to the wall:
With thundering shouts the host obey his call.

Ver. 298.] Our poet might follow Ogilby, who is very fond of introducing this idea on all occasions:

This said, he leads: with shouts all following march;
 And horrid clamours rend heav'n's crystal arch.

Ver. 299. *Jove breathes a whirlwind.*] It is worth our notice to observe how the least circumstance grows in the hands of a great poet. In this battle it is to be supposed that the Trojans had got the advantage of the wind of the Grecians, so that a cloud of dust was blown upon their army: this gave room for this fiction of Homer, which supposes that Jove, or the air, raised the dust, and drove it in the face of the Grecians. Eustathius. P.

Better, perhaps,

Jove breathes a whirlwind from *th' Idean hills*,
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy fills.

He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
 And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid,
 Close to their works their rigid siege they laid.
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend, 305
 While these they undermine, and those they rend;
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
 Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms;
 The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
 Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row; 311
 Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
 The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r,
 And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.
 The gen'rous impulse ev'ry Greek obeys; 315
 Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.

Ver. 302.] I should prefer a literal adherence to the original:
 And gives to Troy *the glory* of the day.

Ver. 312.] Homer says in general,
 From them they smote the foe beneath the wall.

But Chapman has:

——— From thence, they pour'd downe stones *in showers*,
 Upon the underminers heads:

And so Dacier: "Ils faisoient *pleuvoir* une grêle de traits sur
 " ceux qui s'approchoient du pied de la muraille."

Ogilby's rhymes will help to an accurate couplet here.

Nor shrink the Greeks, but *close* withstand the foe,
 And, *safe* beneath their bucklers, wound below.

Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to
Fame,

And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part! 320
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; 325
Seek not your fleet, but fally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs;
And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs. 330
As when high Jove his sharp artill'ry forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;

Ver. 317.] There is much amplification in the translation of this speech, and considerable latitude in exhibiting the sentiments of his original: but the general execution is highly animated and ingenious.

Ver. 323.] The following attempt is more exact:

Ye know this well yourselves: then be not fear'd
By the loud threatenings of this noisy chief.

Ver. 331.] Our poet here adopts the phraseology of Ogilby:

As thick as flakes of snow in winter fall,
When Jove sets open his vast *arsenall*,
And from the middle region of the skie
Dischargeth all his cold *artillery*.

He might also glance on Dacier: "Lorsque Jupiter a com-
mencé d'ouvrir les *trésors* de ses frimats et de ses tempêtes."

In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
 A snowy inundation hides the plain;
 He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep; 335
 Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
 And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
 Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
 Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
 And one bright waste hides all the works of
 men :

340

The circling seas alone absorbing all,
 Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
 So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
 And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Ver. 337.] The phrase *cover'd o'er* at the end of a verse, too common in so polished an author as Pope, is very offensive to my taste. Might I propose an alteration thus, with some advantage to fidelity?

Hill-tops and cliffs the fleecy veil o'er spreads,
 Sea's foaming shore, and ports, and flowery meads.

Ver. 339.] This verse is a fine supplement by the translator.

Ver. 341.] Homer only says,

Th' approaching wave repels it :

but our poet consulted Dacier's translation: "Car pour ce fou-
 "geux élément, il engloutit dans ses ondes écumeuses celles qui
 " tombent dans son sein."

Ver. 343.] Our poet cast his eye on Ogilby: whose version is more accurate here than his own, and becomes truly so, and not inelegant at the same time, with slight emendation :

*The bulwarks tumult fills. These upward cast
 Huge stones, the Grecians rain them down as fast.*

Thus god-like Hector and his troops contend
 To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend; 346
 Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would
 yield,
 Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field;
 For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
 His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350
 In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
 Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:

Ver. 345.] The following attempt will serve to point out the inaccuracies, the omissions, and redundancies of our translator:

Nor yet illustrious Hector and his host
 The bulwark's gates, and barriers huge, had burst;
 But Jove all-wise against the Greeks his son
 Sarpedon urg'd, a lion 'midst the herd.

And this couplet appeared thus originally, in Dryden's miscellanies:

Thus Hector, great in arms, contends in vain,
 To fix the fortune of the fatal plain:

but was altered no doubt, on account of the rhymes.

Ver. 348. *Till great Sarpedon, &c.*] The poet here ushers in Sarpedon with abundance of pomp: he forces him upon the observation of the reader by the greatness of the description, and raises our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the sequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of Patroclus. Eustathius. P.

This line stood at first,

Till *bold* Sarpedon *rush'd* into the field.

Ver. 350.] Originally,

His *god-like* son.

Ver. 351.] The rhymes are vicious. Thus?

And while two pointed jav'lines arm his hands, 355
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So prefs'd with hunger, from the mountain's
brow

Descends a lion on the flocks below ;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain : 360
In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war ;

In arms he shone conspicuous, and *before*
His noble form an ample buckler bore.

Ver. 353.] More exactly,
Within whose orb thick hides *the artist* roll'd—

Ver. 356.] The latter clause is supplemental, after Chapman :
————— and with two darts prepar'd
He leads his people.

Ver. 357. *So prefs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Descends a lion.*] This comparison very much resembles that of the prophet Isaiah, ch. xxxi. ver. 4. where God himself is compared to a lion : *Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them : so shall the Lord of Hosts come down that he may fight upon mount Sion.* Dacier. P.

Ver. 359.] This is exuberant and unfaithful. Thus ?
With stately step, in conscious vigour bold,
To try the sheep, and dare the fenced fold.
He, though loud mastives bay him from afar,
And shepherds gaul him with an iron war,
Regardless, furious, still pursues his way,
Nor unattempted leaves the trembling prey ;
But leaps the fold and bears away his prize.
Or by a sturdy arm, advancing, dies.

Regardless, furious, he pursues his way ;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows 365
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke. 370

Why boast we, Glaucus ! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,

Ver. 367.] Our poet is uncommonly diffusive here. The following couplet comprises nothing less of his original.

To pass the ramparts, and the walls to break :
Then thus to Glaucus his associate spake.

Ver. 368.] It was originally,

————— the Grecian wall.

Ver. 371. *The speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.*] In former times kings were looked upon as the generals of armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expose themselves first in battle, and be an example to their soldiers. Upon this Sarpedon grounds his discourse, which is full of generosity and nobleness. We are, says he, honoured like gods ; and what can be more unjust, than not to behave ourselves like men ? he ought to be superior in virtue, who is superior in dignity. What strength is there, and what greatness in that thought ? It includes justice, gratitude, and magnanimity ; justice, in that he scorns to enjoy what he does not merit ; gratitude, because he would endeavour to recompense his obligations to his subjects ; and magnanimity, in that he despises death, and thinks of nothing but glory. Eustathius. Dacier. P.

The general spirit of this address, so much and so deservedly admired, is admirably preserved in Pope's translation ; but a more faithful copyist, than the complexion of rhyming couplets will always allow even the most dextrous versifyer to approve himself,

Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, 375
 Our feasts enhanc'd with musick's sprightly sound?
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above. 380
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,

will shew a variety of deviations from his original. I refer the lover of accuracy to Mr. Cowper, whose plan admitted more fidelity, and who will recompence the reader notwithstanding by the elegance of his taste and the originality of his genius. Our author's parody on this speech, in his *Rape of the Lock*, is too well known, even to excuse, perhaps, any intimation of it in this place.

Ver. 375.] He first wrote,

————— with *gen'rous* nectar crown'd.

Ver. 376.] Denham, and not his author, furnisht the *music*.
 Thus that chaste and vigorous versifyer :

Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
 Of the rich grape, whilst *music charms* their ears.

Ver. 377.] This is closely imitated from the same translation.

Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore
 As gods behold us, and as gods adore ?

Ver. 384.] Thus Denham :

Since what they act transcends what they command.

Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate! 386
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,

Ver. 385.] Ogilby is much more steady to his model, and some lines of his version in this place, with correction, will be no disagreeable variety to the reader.

*See glorious princes, worthy of our care!
 Delicious wines they drink, and richly fare,
 But yet themselves in hottest dangers throw,
 And still in battle foremost dare the foe.
 Could we, dear friend! our bloom and vigour save,
 And 'scape, by shunning war, the gloomy grave;
 Nor first would I adventure in the fight,
 Nor thee to this bold enterprize invite.
 But, since with sable pinions round us wait
 All-various Death and all-involving Fate;
 Come, let us bravely to the conflict go,
 And glory give, or gain it from the foe.*

Ver. 387. *Could all our care, &c.*] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men condemn dangers, and seek glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory purchased with the loss of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at last, though perhaps late, must end. It is ordained that all men shall die, nor can our escaping danger secure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in disgrace, and even that continuance will be but short, though the infamy everlasting. This is incontestible, and whoever weighs his actions in these scales, can never hesitate in his choice: but what is most worthy of remark is, that Homer does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary person, but ascribes it to the son of Jupiter. Eustathius. Dacier.

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind, that this speech of Sarpedon is excellently translated by Sir John Denham, and if I have done it with any spirit, it is partly owing to him. P.

It stood at first,

elude the greedy grave.

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. 390
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease and death's inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe;
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give! 396

He said; his words the list'ning chief inspire
 With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;
 The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
 Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
 Menestheus from on high the storm beheld, 401
 Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;

Ver. 389.] The rhymes of this and the next couplet are imperfect: but to note every instance of this kind were tedious and unnecessary.

Ver. 391.] Denham is in one respect more faithful:
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread.

Ver. 396.] This verse seems to have been indebted to Hobbes, whose concluding stanza of the speech seems to me uncommonly laudable, and worthy of appearing here:

You know the ways to death are infinite;
 Though we ne'er fight, we cannot always live:
 Therefore come on, and let us bravely fight,
 And either honour gain or honour give.

Ver. 401.] Homer's literal sense is,
 Stiff horror seiz'd Menestheus at the fight;
 For 'gainst his tower they came with mischief fraught:

Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
 What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
 And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood, 405
 Of fight infatiate, prodigal of blood.

In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
 Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields,
 The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
 Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders
 all the ground. 410

so that Ogilby might supply our poet with his metaphor; whose version is exact:

Menestheus first this gather'd *tempest* saw
 Against his tow'r, bearing destruction, draw:

and he might take the hint from Chapman:

————— his haire stood up on end,
 For at the towre, where he had charge, he saw Calamitie bend
 Her horrid browes in their approach.

Ver. 406.] This line stood originally, and to my taste more agreeably, thus:

Infatiate of the fight, and prodigal of blood:
 see my note on our poet's Messiah, verse 84.

Ver. 409.] His original is but little seen in this couplet. The following plain attempt bears a greater resemblance to the verbal meaning of his author:

The gates resound, the foe assail'd them all,
 And strain their utmost force to burst the wall.

Our poet wrote originally,

The gates resound, the brazen hinges fly,
 While each is bent to conquer or to die!

Then thus to Thoös;—Hence with speed, (he
said)

And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course, 415
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe. 420

Swift at the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands! 425
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands,

Ver. 413.] Shocking rhymes! Thus?
Their *forces join'd* may help *us* to *maintain*
The bloody labours of the doubtful *plain*.

Ver. 416.] It stood at first,
————— of the Trojan force.

Ver. 422.] Originally,
————— through the *warlike* throng:
but was changed on account of verse 425.

Ver. 423.] This couplet is the entire offspring of our translator's
fancy.

Your strength, united, best may help to bear
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
 Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
 The best and bravest of the hostile force. 430
 But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
 At least, let Telamon those tow'rs defend,
 And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
 To share the danger, and repel the foe. 434

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
 And thus bespoke his brothers of the war.
 Now valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
 And brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight:
 To you I trust the fortune of the field,
 'Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd; 440
 That done, expect me to complete the day—
 Then, with his sev'nfold shield, he strode away.
 With equal steps bold Teucer prefs'd the shore,
 Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore. 444

Ver. 440.] Or, with a proper rhyme,

'Till to my conq'ring arm the foe shall yield.

Ver. 444. *Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.*] It is remarkable that Teucer, who is excellent for his skill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it borne after him by Pandion: I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reason of its unusualness. It may be supposed that Teucer had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigence of the battle, which was about the wall; he might judge that some other weapon might

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs,
Like some black tempest gath'ring round the
tow'rs;

The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;

The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in
the skies. 450

Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain 455
Could heaveth' unwieldy burthen from the plain.

be more necessary upon this occasion, and therefore committed his
bow to the care of Pandion. Eustathius. P.

After this verse our poet passes over *two* of his original, whose
sense is well exhibited by Ogilby:

But, when they to Menestheus' turret got,
They found them busie, and the service hot.

Ver. 454. *A rocky fragment, &c.*] In this book both Ajax and
Hector are described throwing stones of a prodigious size. But the
poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates
the action much to the advantage of Ajax: Ajax, by his natural
strength, performs what Hector could not do without the assistance
of Jupiter. Eustathius. P.

More exactly,

On the wall-top a rocky fragment lay.

Ver. 455. *In modern ages.*] The difference which our author
makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is
so great, that some have made use of it as an argument that Homer

Hepois'd, and swung it round; then tofs'd on high,
 It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
 Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
 The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
 As skilful divers from some airy steep, 461
 Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep;

lived many ages after the war of Troy: but this argument does not seem to be of any weight; for supposing Homer to have writ two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and sixty years after the destruction of Troy, this space is long enough to make such a change as he speaks of; Peace, Luxury, or Effeminacy would do it in a much less time. Dacier. P.

Ver. 456.] His original would dictate,
With both his hands could heave it from the plain:
 as Ogilby, not contemptibly:
 No man this marble could with both hands raise
 Such as spent Nature brings forth now adays.

Ver. 457.] It is plain, that our poet had in mind throughout this passage, Dryden's translation of the parallel place in the *Æneid*, xii. 896:

So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
 Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
 He heav'd it at a lift: and, pois'd on high,
 Ran staggering on against his enemy.

Compare above book 5, ver. 371, and below ver. 539.—And this couplet is principally an interpolation by our author: one clause of which may have been suggested by Dacier: “*et la jettant vigoureuxment.*”

Ver. 461.] These *four* verses are woven with great ingenuity from *one and a half* of his author, to this effect:

————— he, like a diver, fell
 From the high tower; and life forsook his bones.

So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew; 466
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.

The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host, 470
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.

Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field; 474
His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.

Ver. 464.] This verse was formerly an Alexandrine, thus:
And murm'ring from the corps th' unwilling soul retires.

Ver. 469.] Homer says,

————— his ardour it repress.
The chief leapt down in silence, lest some Greek
Observant should with scoffs insult his wound:

so that our poet evidently cast his eye on Chapman's version:

————— lest some Greeke, with an insulting threat,
Beholding it, might fright the rest.

Ver. 475.] This couplet is wrought from *five* words of his author: "He did not however forget the battle." There is some stiffness of phrase in the *second* verse, and I should prefer, as strictly conformable to the spirit of the passage,

He springs *with* doubled vigour on the foes.

Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel;
 Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
 Then from the yawning wound with fury tore
 The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore; 480
 Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
 His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
 Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;

Ver. 477.] More accurately thus,

Alcmæon, *Thestor's son*, was doom'd to feel
The fatal fury of his pointed steel.

Ver. 479.] The following attempt includes the whole sense of the original:

The spear pluck'd forth, prone tumbles on the ground
 Th' expiring chief; his brazen arms resound.

Ver. 481.] Ogilby has the same exaggeration in *two* lines of but a vulgar texture to the eye of modern refinement:

Clear'd of the lance he tumbles on his back;
 His armour rattling like a *thunder crack.*

Ver. 483. *Swift to the battlements the victor flies.*] From what Sarpedon here performs, we may gather that this wall of the Greeks was not higher than a tall man; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is described just before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwise from this passage; and consequently the thickness of the wall was answerable to the wideness of the ditch. Eustathius. P.

These *four* verses represent less than *two* of his author, whose purport is thus fully expressed by Chapman:

— then fierce Sarpedon tooke
 In his strong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite.

It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield;
 The rolling ruins smoke along the field. 486
 A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
 And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
 At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
 And Ajax sends his jav'lin at the foe; 490
 Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
 And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
 But Jove was present in the dire debate,
 To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
 The prince gave back, not meditating flight, 495
 But urging vengeance, and feverer fight;

Ver. 489.] Our poet, studious of too much brevity on this occasion, has thrown a considerable obscurity on the passage before us, through which the true sense of his author cannot be discerned. Mr. Cowper's version is elegant and true; and, if I have the hardihood to run in this field myself, rather than refer to him, it does not arise from a silly ambition to emulate so superiour a genius, but to avoid an imputation of indolence in the discharge of my duty as a criticising editor, and to furnish some variety of entertainment to the reader, sensible as I am that coarser fare may be acceptable after such a profusion of dainties in these noble writers; as in the case of Horace:

Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.

This then is a literal representation of the passage:

Ajax and Teucer smote the chief at once;
This with a feather'd shaft, where round his breast
 Ran the bright baldrick of his circling shield:
 Jove fav'd, nor there allow'd his son to die:
That, fiercely springing, pierc'd his buckler through,
 And gave the warrior's warmth a rough repulse.
 The Lycian shrinks, but shrinks with short recoil;
 Such thirst of glory fir'd his generous soul!

Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's
charms,

His fainting squadrons to new fury warms,
O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost! 500
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew, 505
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew;
Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war:
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds, 511
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their
bounds;

Ver. 508.] Better, perhaps,

And, fix'd, support the *growing* weight of war.

Ver. 509.] I wonder at this brevity in our translator, when
two couplets would have represented to such advantage the perspi-
cuous simplicity and proportionate regularity of his original. Thus?

Nor could the prowess of the Lycian powers
A passage force, and burst the Græcian towers;
Nor Greeks, with such impetuous force they fell!
Bold Lycia's squadrons from their wall repell.

Ver. 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.*] This simile,
Eustathius, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumstance that

They tug, they sweat; but neither gain, nor
yield,

One foot, one inch, of the contended field:

Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall; 515

Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.

Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a
wound,

Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,

The copious slaughter covers all the shore, 519

And the high ramparts drop with human gore.

is seldom to be found in Homer's allusions; it corresponds in every point with the subject it was intended to illustrate: the measures of the two neighbours represent the spears of the combatants: the confines of the field shew that they engaged hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies gives us a lively idea of the large stones that were fixed to determine the bounds of adjoining fields. P.

Ver. 513.] Ogilby might supply his rhymes:

But, as two farmers will to neither *yield*,

Measuring the bounds, which part a common *field* —.

Hobbes too seems to have been consulted:

As two men on the confines of their ground

At two ends of a measure tugging stand,

Contending earnestly about their bound,

And each of them would fain enlarge his land —.

Ver. 517.] His author is much more circumstantial, as follows:

Close wounds on numbers the sharp steel inflicts,

If chance the fugitive his shoulders bar'd;

Nor e'en th' involving shield protected all.

Ver. 519.] More accurately thus:

The Greeks e'en yet the fierce assault withstood,

Though their high ramparts ran with streams of blood.

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful
 loads,
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,
 (While some laborious matron just and poor,
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
 'Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525
 Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:
 So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
 With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.

Ver. 521. *As when two scales, &c.*] This comparison is excellent on account of its justness; for there is nothing better represents an exact equality than a balance; but Homer was particularly exact, in having neither described a woman of wealth and condition, for such a one is never very exact, not valuing a small inequality; nor a slave, for such a one is ever regardless of his master's interest: but he speaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the same time just and honest; for she will neither defraud others nor be defrauded herself. She therefore takes care that the scales be exactly of the same weight.

It was an ancient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of Homer's life ascribed to Herodotus) that the poet drew this comparison from his own family; being himself the son of a woman who maintained herself by her own industry; he therefore to extol her honesty (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 523.] So Chapman:

But, as a spinster *poor and just* —.

Ver. 527.] In the same manner, Ogilby:

So stood the fight:

and, as the original simply says,

In equal balance thus the battle stood,

'Till Jove to Priam's son, great Hector, gave

Superiour glory, who first leapt the wall:

our poet I presume, had his eye on Chapman:

Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
 And fires his host with loud repeated cries. 530
 Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
 Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!
 They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
 Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:
 Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears 535
 Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
 A pond'rous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
 Not two strong men th'enormous weight could
 raise,
 Such men as live in these degen'rate days. 540

So evenly stood it with these foes, till Jove to Hector gave
The turning of the scales.

Our poet gave the passage originally more at large in the following manner:

So Conquest, loath for either to declare,
 Levels her wings, and hov'ring hangs in air:
 'Till Hector came, to whose superior might
 Jove ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight.

Ver. 533.] Ogilby is accurate:

Who, all at once obeying his commands,
 Leapt on the towers, strong javelins in their hands:

so that Chapman seems to have guided our translator on this occasion also:

———— all heard, and all in neapes
 Got *scaling ladders*.

Ver. 535.] From a clause in the original, which appears at the end of Ogilby's couplet just quoted, are both these beautiful lines constructed.

Ver. 539.] See Dryden above, at ver. 437.—And the following alterations would more accurately represent his original:

Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
 The snowy fleece, he tofs'd, and shook in air:
 For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
 Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
 Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came, 545
 Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
 With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
 On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
 Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful
 sway, 549
 Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,
 The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
 Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
 Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
 Gloomy as Night! and shakes two shining spears:

*Up to a swain not two strong men could raise
 That weight with ease, the men of modern days.*

Ver. 541.] It stood at first, more properly, I think,
 ———— as a swain *wou'd* bear.

Ver. 549.] More exactly,
His step firm fixes, and with forceful sway:
 but he seems to have received a hint from Chapman:
 ———— and *through* the fervent little rocke
Thundered a passage.

And thus Dryden, *Æn.* v. 666:

Hippocoon's was the first: *with forceful sway*
 It flew; and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.

Ver. 553.] Our poet has not managed his translation well in
 this place by separating the *gloomy aspect* and *shining arms*, in conse-

A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came, 555
 And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
 He moves a God, resistless in his course,
 And seems a match for more than mortal force.
 Then pouring after, thro' the gaping space,
 A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place; 560

quence of an unseasonable transposition, and thus annihilating the beauty of the contrast. Might I trust the following corrections to the candour of the reader?

Now rushing in the furious chief was seen,
 The gloom of night hung on his lowering mien,
Whilst dreadful gleams from his bright armour came,
 And *vivid* eye-balls glar'd *with* living flame;
Terrific, furious! graspt each hand a spear:
Nor less than gods had check'd his wild career.

But, though I thus follow the interpretation of our poet, which is the same with that of Hobbes and Cowper, and is authorized by Milton's imitation, Par. Lost. ii. 670, where he says of *Death*,

————— black it flood as Night:

(who indeed might also have in view Odyss. xi. 605. referred to by bishop Newton at the place) it is most evident, notwithstanding the scholiasts and editors, ancient and modern, that *νυκτι θυῖ* means *a rapid tempest*, and is descriptive of Hector's formidable *impetuosity*: and so Chapman, Ogilby, and Dacier, rightly understood the phrase. It is well known, that Virgil uses *nox* in this sense: and so Cicero in a fine translation from Æschylus in Tusc. Quest. ii. 9:

————— navem ut horrifono freto,
Noctem pavente, timidi adnectunt navitæ.

Thus Milton again, Par. Lost. vi, 831:

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night.

Ver. 559.] Our translator is guilty of an omission here, which may be thus inadequately supplied:

The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult
rends the sky.

Through the close files he darts; to scale the wall
Exhorts his troops: his troops obey his call,
Thick pouring after.—

Ver. 561.] Ogilby is not exact; whom Pope, however, imitates:

The routed Grecians to their navy fly,
The Trojans following: *shouts ascend the sky.*

For the sake of a close adherence to the author, I would propose,
Greece to her fleet in consternation flies,
And mingled tumults from each host arise.



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